













Engraved by H. Dudley.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

THE HOLY GHOST DESCENDS UPON THE APOSTLES, AND GIVES TO THEM THE GIFT OF SPEAKING IN ALL LANGUAGES.

PLATE I.—HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—Copied by permission of the Dusseldorf Society for Religious Pictures.

From the Window in Cologne Cathedral.

Presented to the Work by the Ladies of the Congregation of St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham.

THE
RAMBLER.

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VIGNETTE MAP OF PALESTINE, ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY AND TIMES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

(Given by the Bishop of Shrewsbury.)



JOSEPH IS SOLD BY THE ISMAELITES TO POTIPHAR THE OFFICER OF PHARAO.

(Given by the Bishop of Birmingham.)

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. III. *New Series.* JANUARY 1855.

PART XIII.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

“GRATITUDE,” says a certain caustic definition, “is a lively sense of future favours.” If this be true of the world in general, it emphatically holds good in the case of editors in their feelings towards their readers. Whether or not, in our own case, some less interested motives mingle with our “gratitude” of this purely selfish kind, we plead guilty to the charge, that in now addressing the subscribers to our Journal, we have a hopeful eye to the future, as well as a grateful recollection of the past. A year ago we ventured to express to our friends our hopes, that the improvement we were about to make in the character of the *Rambler* would ensure it some addition to its number of subscribers; and the first twelve-month of our new Series being now completed, it seems but graceful and natural once more to step forward in our proper person, and to state that the result has more than answered our utmost expectations. Our circulation has increased by more than fifty per cent; while we have reason to believe that the *Rambler* has found its way into quarters where no such publication was ever before permitted to enter. Such an advance, we may say with unaffected sincerity, is not only a cause for more than mere editorial gratitude for the past, but is a stimulus to renewed exertions, that we may not fail in answering the wishes and expectations of our many friends. From causes, indeed, over which they have no control, we have not reaped the full amount of advantage which might be supposed from the increase in our sale. The rise of prices during the last year has in no quarter been more felt than in the production of paper; to say nothing of other items of cost. Chiefly from the great scarcity of materials, paper is now a far more formidable portion of our monthly bills than it used to be; and we need hardly remind the reader, that in the case of a journal which gives for 4s. 6d. the same amount of matter which Quarterlies give for 6s., the cost of paper is always a

serious matter. In some instances Journals have actually raised their selling-price to the public in consequence of this rise in the paper-market. We have, however, continued to give the same quantity of matter as before,—indeed, we have to some extent increased it,—and our price remains unchanged.

As to the future, no observant person can watch the changes of the times without perceiving that the position of those who put forth their opinions to the world becomes every day more responsible; and that the duties of a Catholic journalist are more important, and in some respects more difficult, than ever. Year after year, She whom we feebly but sincerely serve is assuming a more prominent station before the people of this country, and developing more widely and practically her own resources. Presumptuous, therefore, in no slight degree, must those be who could venture to publish their own ideas on questions of the most intense interest and vital moment, without at times almost shrinking from their self-imposed task, and trembling at what must almost appear their own audacity. If there are any who may have thought that such *ought* to be the feelings of the conductors of the *Rambler*, we can honestly assure them that such they *are*. If we occasionally seem to speak dogmatically, it is from no real dogmatism or rash self-confidence: but simply because they who feel warmly naturally write strongly; and because it is impossible for a writer to be perpetually stating the precise degree of modesty and consciousness of fallibility which is actually present in his mind. Impressed, then, with such sentiments, we address ourselves to our work at the beginning of another year; again asking of our readers at once their support, their sympathy, and their kind forbearance.

JESUITISM AND ANTI-JESUITISM.

THE rise, progress, and fall of the Society of Jesus constitute one of the greatest facts in the history of the Church since the Reformation. Born at a period of disaster, of conflict, and of reform, the Society experienced in its infancy a course of difficulties much the same as that which has attended the first years of other influential religious orders. Once established, it started to maturity with extraordinary speed; and when mature, it acquired an influence, and held a position, unprecedented in the annals of religion. Then, almost suddenly, after two centuries of existence, a storm burst upon it from within and from without the Church; its powers of practical resist-

ance seemed stricken with a mortal paralysis; and in a few years, amidst the shouts of its enemies, and the tears of its friends, it fell; and its memory alone remained behind it.

Scarcely had a generation passed away, when the destroyed Society was recalled to life by the same supreme authority which had laid it low. Its second creation was as easy of execution as its extinction; but the Society has never regained its old pre-eminence and power. Its works have been noble; its spirit undying; the animosity of its foes, and the attachment of its friends, have alike been resuscitated; but it is no more the one most prominent object which attracts the eyes of the observer in the existing state of things. It is still, in many respects, the first of religious orders; but its position in the Church it has never regained.

Of the links which unite the Jesuits of the present time to their predecessors before the suppression, perhaps the most remarkable is the vehemence of feeling with which their cause is espoused or opposed by almost every one who comes across them, whether in the way of historical criticism or personal intercourse. The intensity of the agitation which shook Catholic Christendom at the time of their suppression, can, indeed, be scarcely estimated by us who live in quieter times. Still, it is rare to find the subject of Jesuitism discussed without some degree of the heat of partisanship. There is a certain something in the Society which rouses the sensibilities, the suspicions, or the admiration of Catholics of all grades to a most unusual extent. Wherever the Jesuit goes, he is ordinarily a marked man; and he cannot pursue his way without encountering far more of severe censure or extravagant eulogy than generally falls to the lot of Catholics, whether priests or laymen, seculars or religious.

The old bitterness of the anti-Jesuit controversy has recently, as most of our readers know, been revived by the publication of a book on the suppression of the Society by Father Theiner, the very learned and able Prussian ecclesiastic resident in Rome. The conduct of Clement XIV., the Pope who suppressed the Society, has from the first proved one of the most exciting, and at the same time one of the most delicate subjects which can exercise the judgment of the historian. From Protestants and anti-Jesuits, that Pontiff has naturally met with little else but extravagant eulogy; and he has been cited as the most courageous, the most enlightened, the most anti-ultramontane of Popes. No suspicion of inferior motives, no imputation of timidity or bondage, has for once been fastened by the critical world upon a Roman Pontiff. Others, writing usually from the Catholic point of view, and seeing in

the Jesuits nothing but a body of persecuted saints, and eager at all risks to hold them up to admiration, have adopted the opposite extreme of opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned Clement XIV. for his treatment of his devoted followers. Of this class of writers, Cretineau-Joly is the most conspicuous. As it has been said, in his eagerness to exonerate the children, he has slain the father; while the opposing party, in order to justify the Pope, have slain the children.

Father Theiner has entered heart and soul into the ranks of the anti-Jesuits. He holds, in a word, that the Jesuits *deserved* to be suppressed. His *History of the Pontificate of Clement XIV.* is not a justification of Clement on the ground that circumstances compelled him to make a frightful sacrifice, and that he could not have done otherwise; but on the ground that the services of the Jesuits were no longer in themselves, and as a whole, desirable to the Church. The object professed by its writer,—and we have no right to say that he had any other object in view,—was to do honour to the Holy See, and that alone. His book, however, has by no means been accepted in this light, even by many who are far from being thorough partisans of the Jesuits. It is considered that, so far from elevating the reputation of Clement, he has compromised it, by holding him up as actually led away by the malicious imputations of infidels and bad Catholics, and as insensible to the true character of the Society which was the subject of his decree.

As might have been expected, various replies have been called forth by Father Theiner's work. They have had more or less success; but will all, it seems likely, be thrown into the shade by the answer of one of the Jesuits themselves. The late general of the Society, Father Roothaan, not long before his death, wrote to Father de Ravignan on the subject of Theiner's book, expressing his own views as to the right line to be adopted in order to put the question in its true light; and acting on this, De Ravignan has brought out his *Clement XIII. and Clement XIV.* We cannot better express our sense of the results of F. de Ravignan's labours, than by saying that it is emphatically the work, not of a partisan, but of an historian. Calm, temperate, forcible, and with that self-possessed yet intense earnestness which belongs only to the highest class of French minds, it furnishes a complete picture of the historical part of the question, presented with an amount of lucid arrangement and unaffected vivacity of style which entitles its author to a very high place in the ranks of historical writers. To those who know Father de Ravignan, it is enough to say that his book is precisely what might have been ex-

pected from him. Simple, modest, shrinking from exaggeration, aiming at truth rather than originality, thinking not of himself but of his subject, and possessing a perfect mastery over the bearings and facts of that subject, he has done more than perhaps was ever done by any one person before to set this painfully-interesting question in a clear light before the eyes of every unprejudiced Catholic. That it must tell strongly in favour of the Society, which he loves with all the fervour of an honest heart, and at the same time rescue Pope Clement XIV. from the imputations which have been cast upon him, cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment. And if an augury were wanted in favour of the future progress of the Society in the respect and the affections of all good Catholics, it is surely to be found in the production of a book on one of the most exciting and blinding of subjects so free from rancour and passion, and so honourably fulfilling the promise of the motto which Father de Ravignan has placed upon his title-page:—"The Popes need nothing but the truth."

The conclusion which Father de Ravignan draws from the history of the times can be briefly stated. It is as follows:—that Clement XIV. was forced by the relations which he found subsisting between the Holy See and the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to destroy the Society of Jesus. He never condemned the Jesuits; he never wished to condemn them; in his early days he was much attached to them. He did his utmost, according to that policy which he held to be best for the interests of religion, to postpone, if possible altogether, the suppression of the Society. In accordance, finally, with the same policy, he yielded to the demands made upon him; accounting that in the end the Catholic faith would suffer less from the loss of the Jesuits than from an open rupture with their innumerable and powerful enemies. Whether, abstractedly considered, Clement's view was correct or not, Father de Ravignan gives no opinion of his own. He merely reminds the reader, that the hostility of the anti-Jesuit monarchs to the Papacy was not, in fact, destroyed by the immense concession made to them; and that infidelity consummated its triumph after the Jesuits' fall. But he gives no hint that he believes that the Bourbons and the atheists would really have done *less* deadly mischief to Christianity if the Pope had braved their anger to the utmost, and defied them to do their worst. For ourselves, we follow Father de Ravignan's example, and express no opinion on the question; not alone out of prudence, but because the subject is really most obscure and complicated, and because it is always perilous to speculate on what would have taken place had Almighty Wisdom ruled

the world in a different manner from that which it has pleased It to adopt.

At the same time, the history of the fall of the Jesuits is so pregnant with suggestion to us, who are enabled to contemplate it with the equanimity of a subsequent century, that it is impossible not to derive some measure of practical instruction from the record of that most extraordinary event. No reflecting person can help forming some sort of an opinion as to the Jesuit question, both as respects the past history of the Society, and their present condition and future prospects. No one who has the interests of religion and humanity at heart can avoid speculating at times on that violent agitation of the mind of Christendom which ended in the suppression of so astonishingly powerful a community, or asking himself at times whether there was not some real evil, great or little, involved in the existence of a Society which Catholic princes united to assail, and which a pious, amiable, and liberal-minded Pontiff was willing to destroy.

Is it possible, then, to find any clue to guide the ordinary observer through the mazes of that wide-spread and confused controversy? With Catholic arrayed against Catholic in opinion; with such a mountain of books and pamphlets on the Jesuits and Jesuitism piled up before the eyes, that a whole life would scarcely suffice for mastering their contents; and with the strange fact that even now there exists in many minds deserving of much respect a most manifest tendency to irritability and partisanship either on one side or the other, the moment the Jesuits are brought under discussion,—is there any hope for the candid looker-on, whose sole desire it is to know facts as they were and as they are, and who aims only at doing justice to the Jesuits, without pledging himself to an indiscriminating defence of every act that has emanated from them? It may seem presumptuous if we answer this question in the affirmative. When, in the midst of the innumerable host of publications on the Society, it is difficult to lay our hands on any one book which is not distinctly devoted either to attack or to extol the Jesuits without limit, what chance can any fresh writer have of indicating a path through the controversial wilderness, which seems to have confused the eyesight of so many, so learned, and so able men before him?

We think, nevertheless, that this preliminary objection to any professed solution of the difficulty disappears when the whole case is fairly stated. The true case we conceive to be this, that while few persons have *written* on the question, except as an advocate or an enemy, many have existed, and do exist, who have thought and conversed in the most perfect

spirit of judicial impartiality. The pro and anti-Jesuit literature of the last century-and-a-half is not a fair representative of Catholic opinion. The immense mass of persons whose views have been guided by justice and moderation have usually kept silence, so far as the press is concerned; and the result has been a remarkable contrast between the candour and good sense of private life and the heat and exaggeration of public statements. If, then, we express a conviction that, after all, it is not so difficult to see one's way through the labyrinth, we are but placing on paper the ideas which are entertained by reasonable persons in every part of the Church, whose observations have led them to a satisfactory conclusion, without assuming that every Jesuit is either more or less than man.

As for the most prominent feature in the history of the suppression of the Society, it is sufficiently indicated in F. de Ravignan's book, of which we have been speaking; of which book, indeed, it is the burden. No good Catholic can avoid the conclusion, that a suppression which was the especial work of the open enemies of Jesus Christ was undeserved. Whether or not, if we may venture to introduce so awfully sacred a parallel, "it was expedient that one man should die for the people," it is one of the most incontrovertible facts in history, that the men who pushed on the suppression of the Jesuits had no regard whatever for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; they were not pious, devoted, self-sacrificing persons, whether ecclesiastic or lay, who conscientiously disapproved of the conduct and principles of the Jesuits. Here and there, no doubt, such persons were to be found in the Church, who did not resist the suppression, who might even desire it, and who feebly joined to swell the cry against the Society; but it is not fair to pretend that the Society fell before the assaults of such respectable foes as these; its real destroyers were of two classes—kings and politicians, who openly disobeyed the moral precepts of Christianity, and avowed the principle that Christianity ought to be obedient, as an instrument, to the temporal power, which alone is practically supreme; and the infidels of the modern school of "philosophy," which, originating with English atheists of the school of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, found its final development under the leadership of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the rest of the French sceptics. We cannot, of course, enter into any very lengthened proof of these facts; but a few illustrations will be amply sufficient to enable an observer to form his opinion.

The Pope himself, Clement XIV., saw through the whole pretences of the enemies of the Jesuits as clearly as any one.

Monino, the ambassador of Charles III. of Spain, one of the most bitter of the anti-Jesuit sovereigns, relates in a despatch, that the Pope had told him distinctly that he saw the real aim of his master. "I have long seen," said Clement, "to what they wish to arrive: it is the ruin of the Catholic religion; schism, perhaps heresy,—this is the secret intention of the monarchs."

D'Alembert, one of the most distinguished and influential of the infidel party, openly exulted in the knowledge that the French parliament and the Jansenists were but the tools of the atheistical "encyclopædists" in attacking the Jesuits. "The parliaments," he writes to Voltaire (May 4, 1762), "think they are serving religion; but they are serving reason without regarding it; they are exacting strict justice on behalf of philosophy, whose orders they receive without knowing it. It is not the Jansenists alone who are killing the Jesuits, *it is the encyclopædia.*"

Voltaire's horrible blasphemy would be too revolting for quotation, but that it is necessary to show that the cause of the Society was identified with that of Him whose name it bore. "Once," said he, writing to Helvetius, in 1761, "that we have destroyed the Jesuits, we shall have fine sport with Jesus Christ."*

When the work was done, Voltaire thus congratulated the Marquis of Villeveille: "I rejoice with my brave chevalier in the expulsion of the Jesuits. Oh, that we could exterminate all monks, who are worth nothing more than these knaves of Loyola!"

As for the kings, who gave an appearance of decency and regard for authority to a movement which aimed at the subversion of all laws, divine and human, they betrayed incessantly by the tone of their language that their sole object was the repression of a spiritual power which they found it impossible to reduce to submission to their selfish tyranny. At this fatal period the Catholic sovereigns of Europe were united in a deadly war against every thing that opposed their personal absolutism; themselves, for the most part, feeble in intellect, they were served by ministers who to a considerable degree of skill in the art of controlling the people and the nobles united an utter disregard of religious principle, and made the abolition of the Papal Supremacy over each national Church the key-stone of their political systems. In the carrying out these hateful theories the Jesuits were an unconquerable obstacle. Yielding to the purely secular demands of the sove-

* We suppress the frightful term which Voltaire was wont to apply to our Blessed Lord, and which he here uses in the original.

reigns to an extent which we think occasionally mistaken, on the point of the Papal Supremacy they stood invincible and incorruptible. With education and the guidance of souls in the hands of the "knaves of Loyola," the establishment of national Churches against the authority of Rome was simply impossible.

The Jesuits, therefore, must be destroyed; they must be destroyed, however, perfectly legally, with decency, propriety, and at the same time effectively. No banishment from the soil of this or that country would suffice; if they existed on the face of the earth, they might return and trouble the repose of deified despotism. For this end no authority less than that of the Holy See would suffice; as one Pope had created the Society of Jesus, another must annihilate it. A league, accordingly, was entered into by these eminently "Catholic" princes, to force the Pope to abolish Jesuitism altogether. Their plan was, to threaten the Holy Father with menaces which must make him tremble for the general interests of religion, in case he refused to grant their desires. The whole matter resolved itself into a question of policy: would it be better to sacrifice the Jesuits, or to see France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Parma, Venice, erect themselves into so many schismatic kingdoms, to be led on from one crime to another, and finally, perhaps, to emulate the example of the English Henry and Elizabeth, the open persecutors of the Catholic Church? One Catholic potentate alone stood firm. The greatest woman, nay, the greatest sovereign of her age, Maria Teresa of Austria, stood aloof from this conspiracy, in which the house of Bourbon led the way in trampling alike on the rights of the Christian and the liberties of mankind. Frightful and shameful indeed has been the after-destiny of this bitter anti-Jesuit family. The children of Maria Teresa have sat firmly on her throne; and after the shocks of a century of revolutions, her descendant is the only monarch of the old Catholic reigning families who now remains great and popular. The Bourbons, who seemed to have Catholic Europe almost in their grasp, have become a by-word for all that is feeble or faithless; and Europe pities every people that may still come under their sway.

While Benedict XIV. lived, it was supposed by some persons that it was possible that an arrangement might be made under the auspices of that great Pontiff, by which a reconciliation should be effected between the Jesuits and their enemies. On his death, Clement XIII. (Rezzonico) opposed the whole tenacity of his character and devotion to the resistance of the demands of the kings. When Clement died, the monarchs prepared for the crisis without a vestige of scruple

or hesitation; their intrigues in the conclave which was to elect the new Pope assumed the character of an unconcealed dictation, the one point on which they insisted being the destruction of the Jesuits by the Pontiff about to be chosen. Their power among the Cardinals was so skilfully employed, that though the anti-Jesuit Cardinals were decidedly in the minority, a Cardinal was chosen of whom the suppression of the Society was undoubtingly expected. Ganganelli, a Franciscan, amiable, accomplished, pious, and of excellent abilities, was placed in the Chair of Peter, and took the title of Clement XIV. From the moment of his accession he suffered no rest from the Bourbons and their fellow-conspirators; at length he gave a promise in writing that he would suppress the Jesuits, and when that step was taken, he was persecuted till the Society should be no more. On the 21st of July, 1773, the brief of abolition was signed. The entire history of the machinations of the kings and the philosophers is given at length in F. de Ravignan's history; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that a more mournful and distressingly-interesting episode is scarcely to be read in the pages of the history of the Christian Church. As for the Jesuits themselves, they proved that many of the charges against them were false, by the absolute and unrepining submission which they rendered to the decree of the Supreme Pontiff.*

Such, then, is the great palpable fact which meets the eye of the inquirer at the outset of his investigation; so far the question is solved: the Jesuits were offered up a sacrifice, to appease the wrath of those who either avowedly hated Jesus Christ, or who sought to bind His Vicar in the chains of kingly domination. On this point we cannot forbear quoting the noble and affecting words with which F. de Ravignan concludes his history; words fervent with simplicity, and touching from the humility they breathe in every syllable. He quotes the well-known saying of M. de Ronald: "All the world knows that the expulsion of the Jesuits was the work of the passions, and the triumph of false doctrines; . . . if a Pope under constraint suppressed the Jesuits, a Pope in freedom re-established them;" and then he breaks out, with all the eloquence of a wounded heart:

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding the weightiest testimonies, notwithstanding the reparation made by true and impartial history, notwithstanding the solemn restoration pronounced by the Vicars of Jesus Christ, I cannot conceal from myself

* It ought always to be remembered, that the Brief of Abolition, while reciting the crimes of which the Jesuits were *accused*, pointedly abstains from expressing any belief that those accusations were deserved.

that the Society of Jesus always meets with hostile opinions, blind prejudices, and an opposition lasting and often full of hatred. Whence comes, then, I ask myself, this permanent aversion, of which the children of St. Ignatius have been the object at all times and in all places? I declare, in sincerity of conscience, and after a long study supported by facts, that this is a condition of affairs which I believe to be, humanly speaking, inexplicable. Whence, in fact, comes this hatred, this horror of the very name of Jesuit, in the minds not only of men condemned by public opinion for their impiety and anti-social doctrines, but also of certain men whose conduct, morals, learning, and perhaps piety, are well known?

“I willingly bow my head and humble myself without a reply, submitting myself to the justice of the Supreme Judge; but with the most confident conviction that this is an error, involuntarily adopted by these honourable adversaries.

“Nevertheless, I allow myself to ask in my turn a question:

“If the accusations urged against the Jesuits are well founded; if it is true that they have corrupted the morals of Christianity; that by a fatal laxity they have opened the door to all kinds of vice, under the mask of piety, as Pascal accused them of doing; if it is true that they have preached insubordination, instigated people to rise against their rulers, and even sharpened the regicide’s dagger; if, on the other hand, they have fostered tyrannical and retrograde notions and changes; if, by the nature of their institute and spirit, they are and must be given to disturbance, to chicanery and intrigue; if they are thus guilty of the most contradictory prevarications, imbued at the same time with the most revolutionary and the most oppressive opinions and principles,—how is it that tyrants have hated them and banished them? How is it that those who are the disturbers of the public peace, the enemies of all social order and all authority, have reviled them, persecuted them, and proscribed them in every way? Whence comes the inextinguishable hatred of these men, who ought to find in the morals and conduct of the Jesuits a justification of their own vices and crimes? How is it that they have not loved and caressed these prevaricating religious, since they must have found in them their own accomplices? How is it that they have not recognised and accepted these intriguers and busy-bodies (as they were called by Charles III. of Spain) as useful and powerful auxiliaries? How?—but I stop; these questions are my reply. Injustice has lied against itself, says the Holy Ghost: these contradictions are inexplicable, on the supposition that the accusations are true; grant them to be false, and then every contradiction, every difficulty disappears.

Here, then, is the true case: against the Jesuits all the enemies of the Church, all the enemies of social happiness and order, have leagued with a savage union and steadfastness; on the other side, the Jesuits have had,—and, thanks be to God, they still have,—among their defenders the most devoted of all the chief supporters of religion and society; they have them for their most illustrious, their truest, their most venerable friends. What is the conclusion?

“But once more: how shall I account for certain honest prepossessions existing against us? In truth, I cannot do it satisfactorily: for I examine myself; I question my conscience, my intimate knowledge of the institute, of those who have embraced it; I take into consideration the matters which make up our life, and which made up those of our fathers; and I answer to myself, No! we deserve neither this hatred nor those prepossessions. But I believe that God has heard the prayer of my blessed Father, who asked of the Lord that His children should always be the object of persecutions and trials. I believe in the hereditary traditions of certain professions and certain families, who think they would be renouncing their ancestors, if they loved and honoured that which their fathers hated—the name of Jesuit. I believe that many persons accept prejudices and opinions without judging for themselves; that they do not think it necessary to condescend to understand us better by means of studying us more close at hand. I feel also, to the bottom of my heart, that men outrage good sense, not less than justice, when they suppose us, without proof, to be capable of the greatest wickedness, or at least of intrigues, plots, machinations, and a fabulous duplicity. It would rather be true and just to accuse us of too great a confidence in the persons who surround us, and often of unskillful management only too real; and this I say most sincerely.

“But I am bound to speak the language of serious reason and faith. We are priests, religious, and men like others; like other men, we have a right that the world should suppose we have a conscience, and Christian motives for what we think and do, until our acts are shown to belie our duties. The Jesuits alone are excepted from this law of fair judgment; and here, I own, I find an inexplicable enigma. God can explain it; in the designs of His wisdom, which I adore, it is His will that a small society of religious should be the object of unceasing prejudice, hatred, and even persecution. Blessed be His Name!

“Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, owed His triumph to His poor and suffering life, to His ignominies, to His re-

nunciation of His own will, to the pains of His passion, to His death, to His burial.

“It is enough for us to understand what is our lot upon earth, and to thank the Lord for ever for it. It is in humiliations, calumnies, persecutions, labours, pains and labours misunderstood, in death itself, that we acquire our strength and our life; and it is with these arms that the Gospel has vanquished the world and hell. This is enough for my understanding and for my heart; I am silent, and I am comforted.”

Such, then, is the interpretation of the fact, that the Catholic monarchs (such as they were) of Europe united to demand the destruction of the Jesuits, and that an enlightened Pontiff granted their request. The Christian man who can see in such a fact a proof or a presumption that the Jesuits deserved the suppression, estimates human affairs by a test which is to us incomprehensible. We pass on to some other considerations, explanatory of the popular feelings against the Society of Jesus, to which Father de Ravignan does not refer, but which bear directly on the question at issue, and which we think will furnish the candid observer with a light to guide him through the gloom of controversy.

It appears, then, to us purely impossible that, were not the Jesuits, as a body, thoroughly Christian, self-denying, and upright in their motives, and perfectly sound in their practical morals, their works should have been and be what they have been and are. We say nothing of individual exceptions; we do not attempt to justify even questionable cases of conduct or casuistry; nor do we claim for the Society any such preposterous superiority to other religious orders and other men as some of its eulogists pretend to on its behalf. We speak only of the Society as a whole; as a corporation in which some influence or other, whether bad or good, must be *predominant*; and which must give its character, as a character, to the Society, and by which, as a Society, it has an indefeasible claim to be judged. What, then, have the Jesuits done, and been doing, up to this very time, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in missions among the heathen, in dogmatic, moral, and spiritual theology, and in general science and literature? The question can be answered in a moment by every person who possesses the mere elements of a Catholic library? Turn to your shelves and take down one after another the most important and admirable treatises you know of, on dogmatic, on moral, on spiritual subjects. See who are the writers who, as a class, stand unquestionably pre-eminent for

the last three centuries; whose insight into Divine things has been most clear, whose spiritual perceptions have been most delicate and penetrating, whose grasp of theological science has been most large and vigorous. Read the record of missionary enterprise in America, in China, in Africa, among the rich, among the poor, among the free, among the slaves, among the prisoners; count up the names of those who have suffered martyrdom and all horrible sufferings for Christ's sake; cast your eye down the long list of classical editors, professors of mathematical and physical science, and labourers in general literature;—and then inquire how many of these have been members of the Society of Jesus; and when the extraordinary and astonishing sum-total has been added up, admit with us, that it is beyond the range of all possibility that such industry, such zeal, such self-sacrifice, such knowledge of spiritual things, should have come forth from a body of men governed by any spirit but that of Jesus Christ, or debased by a devotion to craft and dishonest selfishness, or antagonistic to the free cultivation of the human intelligence. If the Jesuits have not been devoted Catholic Christians, what men have been?

As to the mere *number* of books that have been published by members of the Society, it is, to those who have not examined the subject, absolutely amazing, and unquestionably betokens an activity of mind perfectly incompatible with that peculiar, slavish, designing, subtle, and intriguing character which is popularly attributed to them.* Who ever heard before, in the history of man, of persons such as the Jesuits are supposed to be, devoting themselves to such works as the Jesuits have accomplished in a profusion perfectly unparalleled? Their enemies may rage and denounce; their lukewarm friends may damn them with faint praise, and wish them all the while well out of the way; but the facts of what they have written, done, and suffered, cannot be obliterated from the past: and we declare that these facts cannot be reconciled with any theory except that which the Jesuits themselves profess regarding themselves. Observe, we do not say that they prove those extravagant encomiums which some of the *friends* of the Jesuits have put forward; or that they require us, in defending the Jesuits, to disparage other Catholics, or other men of science and letters;—all we say is, that,

* A catalogue is now in course of publication containing the names of the Jesuits who have published books, large or small, since the foundation of the Society; with lists of their writings, and the various editions they have gone through. The number of *authors* amounts to more than *ten thousand*; and the first volume, which contains the catalogue of the works of only between seven and eight hundred of these, is a closely-printed imperial octavo nearly 800 pages long.

puzzle a man as you please with *rifaccimenti* from Pascal, stories about the Molinists, rumours of craft and intrigue, and accounts of the ill-will of many good Catholics against them,—there the facts of Jesuit literature and history remain. If *they* have not served God with all their hearts and souls, who among us has thus served Him?

Another circumstance, which strongly impresses on an observer the importance of the utmost caution in believing anti-Jesuit stories, no matter by whom propagated, is the fact that these stories are almost always imputations of motives, and charges of conduct which cannot possibly be really known in all its bearings; and further, that when investigated, they usually turn out to be either entire fabrications or gross misrepresentations. Take, for instance, the notion that the Roman Jesuits were very rich,—a general idea before the last Roman Revolution. When the Revolution came, and the Jesuits were banished, the report proved totally untrue.¹ Again, it is universally known that the Jesuits succeed remarkably well with the rich and educated; and an addition is very frequently made to this fact, to the effect that they study exclusively, or almost exclusively, to ingratiate themselves with the higher classes, leaving the poor and outcast to the secular clergy and other religious orders. But what is the fair interpretation, and the whole truth? Surely it is not to be imputed to any man, or any society, as a fault, that he or it succeeds remarkably well with the cultivated and noble? Is it wrong in a priest to attract the regard of men and women of any rank, provided it is done by lawful means? or is a skilful use of lawful means a thing to be condemned? Really, when this part of the anti-Jesuit charge is put into plain English, it evaporates into something too ridiculous to be maintained for a moment. If they neglect the poor for the sake of the rich, that is a very different matter; though even here a society has quite as much right as a private person to choose its own special work for the glory of God. If a literary man thinks fit to write or edit books for the educated few, and to leave the uncultivated multitude to others, on the ground that he succeeds better with the rich than the poor, is he to be blamed for his choice? The supposition is absurd. Just so would it be with a similar accusation against the Jesuits, if it were founded on facts; but it is not so. Read the lists of martyrs in China, and see how very many have been Jesuit. Who was Blessed Bobola, the Polish victim of Russian cruelty, but a Jesuit? who was the apostle of the negroes but a Jesuit? who worked the wonderful reforms among the convicts in the French hulks?—certain Jesuit preachers. Who lately offered him-

self at a moment's notice to penetrate and find certain death in the interior of Africa, after holding one of the most distinguished intellectual positions in the Christian world, but a Jesuit? With these things before us, we look again at the accusation, and it is gone.

Or, to turn nearer home, if we may venture on such delicate ground, the Jesuits have recently opened a handsome, comfortable, and agreeable church in the west end of London, which is naturally a very attractive place to fine ladies and gentlemen. Whether they are to be blamed for this, it is not for us to say; but *truth* requires us to state, that they have *also* taken in hand one of the poorest and most miserable of the London districts, and that they work quite as hard for the souls of the poor in the back slums of Westminster, as for the peeresses and honourables in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

"How, then," rejoins the reflecting Catholic, "do you account for that peculiarity of feeling which is undeniably to be found among many Catholics with regard to the Society of Jesus? After all, with all your facts, there is a certain something about the Society, or its members, which often awakes the suspicion, and arouses the jealousies of good men. If the Jesuits are just like other good Catholics; why does this singular state of mind exist in their regard? Surely it is a striking phenomenon, to say the least, and demands an explanation consistent with the whole facts of the case. Take for instance the history of their suppression. *Why* were they unable to stem the torrent against them? With such extraordinary advantages in the way of position, and having long had such an immense portion of the education of Catholic Europe in their hands, why were their friends either so few, or so unwilling, or so powerless, to save them from destruction in their hour of trial?" This question, and other kindred difficulties alluded to, we shall now endeavour to answer.

The whole secret of the Jesuit successes, Jesuit failures, and anti-Jesuit feelings, we believe, then, is to be found in Jesuitism itself. One cause, as it appears to us, is at the root of all the varied results connected with the history of the Society. That cause is at once the source of its strength, the origin of its weakness, and the palliation, though not the justification, of those unreasonable feelings which are and have been entertained by some good Catholics against it. Of the bitter hatred of avowed infidels, and of those debased Catholics of whom the Bourbons of the last century were the type, we say nothing. Their animosity was palpably excited by what

all good Catholics think undoubtedly good in the Jesuits ; and so far from awaking doubts as to their character in the minds of devout Christians, it is rather a convincing proof that the men thus hated *must have been* most efficient soldiers in the army of Jesus Christ. Of this frenzied bitterness, whether shown by an encyclopædist, or a Bourbon in the eighteenth century, or by a Roman red-republican in the nineteenth, we do not therefore take account. *Noscitur ab inimicis* is as true an adage as *noscitur a sociis*; and we may safely conclude that the objects of Voltaire's hatred were at any rate good Christians. It is to a very different class of observers we now address ourselves.

What, then, is the distinguishing mark of Jesuitism, which gives it its own special character ? and what is the one prominent principle on which it has acted in the effort to fulfil its labours for the greater glory of God ? Like every individual man, a religious order, if it is to rise above mediocrity, and be really a *power* among men, must have some definite character of its own. God has not given to societies, any more than to individuals, the privilege of uniting in themselves all human perfections, so as to attain so extraordinary a harmony of greatness as that no one feature shall predominate over the rest. Imperfection is the inevitable lot of humanity, whether in isolation or in union. Men who appear to possess minds equally well furnished in all respects, and who consequently have no striking defects and run into no decided extremes, are invariably people of no strongly-marked character at all. They are all one vast defect, one dull huge mediocrity. We do not remark on their faults, because their virtues are so feeble that there is nothing to bring out their shortcomings by contrast. We are not disappointed in them, because we never look for any thing beyond a mechanical or respectable routine. It is when the sun's light is most intensely bright on the landscape, that the shadows appear darkest and most sharply defined.

Our nature being thus imperfect, we are not surprised at finding in our course through life, that the faults of every great man almost invariably spring from the excessive action of certain portions of his character, through the want of a balance or a correcting power, which is denied to mortals. The instrument of their successes is incessantly the origin of their failures. Hence the truth and justice of the common maxim, "That we must take every man as he is," and not require an impossible perfection before giving him our confidence, or applauding his good deeds. When he does well, he

has a right to his reward; when he fails, charity has a right to step in and repeat that he is but a man after all.

Now the essence of Jesuitism, in the formation of itself, is obedience to the acting authority to which it owes allegiance. This need only be stated to be accepted. It was the one great duty inculcated by St. Ignatius Loyola. It is the Jesuit's boast, it is the Jesuit's strength; in the eye of the world, it is the Jesuit's reproach. All religious orders are based upon this principle; but it is no reproach to others to say that the Society of Jesus has carried out this principle to an extent unequalled elsewhere. Other orders, undoubtedly, have been as wise in carrying out the system of obedience with a less degree of rigour, because they have sought their influence by some means which interfered with this absolute annihilation of the individual in the will of the superior. The same differences are seen in the discipline of the English army and navy. Each is based on the system of obedience to a superior; but the necessities of a ship have naturally induced a more rigorous annihilation of the individual will in the navy than in the army.

By the Jesuits, however, the principle of obedience has been carried out to the fullest extent. They have ever acted on St. Ignatius' great idea, viz. a body of religious with a military organisation, of which the great features are unity, readiness for action, unquestioning submission to the decree of the commanding-officer, whether a subordinate or a chief, and generally, that entire merging of the individual opinion in the decision of the acting authorities, which is pre-eminently the duty of every soldier in the armies of the world. We do not, we beg the reader to observe, say that Jesuitism necessarily obliterates the peculiarities of the individual *character*. This we believe to be a mistake, or a calumny; though we do not deny that Jesuitism adds a certain distinct element to the natural varieties of the mind. This is just the case in a secular soldiery. In action, individual opinion is annihilated, its sphere being solely private. Whatever may be the discussions among commanding-officers, they are not made public; the world sees the results in action, when each person, whether private soldier or officer, has simply to obey. At the same time, the military cast of mind is peculiar to itself. It is not always palatable to civilians; but it exists, and it always will exist, as a concomitant, or, if it pleases us better, as an infirmity, which is the necessary result of that unity and obedience without which an army is worthless. It exists, precisely like the peculiarity of Jesuitism, as an addition to the natural character; which it unquestionably modifies, though it

does not destroy its individuality. To complain of this *esprit de corps* in military men, is to expect from them a moral and intellectual perfection of which human nature is not capable.

The extraordinary advantages which the Society of Jesus has gained by thus carrying out to the fullest extent its fundamental principle, are, of course, palpable. It has achieved results which without it would have been impossible. Not only has it preserved the Society, even when most widely spread, from falling into that relaxation of spirit which would have called for reform from the Supreme Pontiff; but it has filled Christendom with preachers, confessors, authors, and teachers, and has poured upon the Pagan world a flood of missionaries, ready and rejoicing, even at the first hint from their superiors, to do all, to suffer all, even tortures and death, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Whether each individual Jesuit has always adopted the wisest, or even perfectly justifiable means for the attainment of his glorious end, is quite another question. Nobody but fanatical eulogists pretends that they have not sometimes erred; but this was because they were men, not because they were Jesuits. Has no one else erred? Is any man immaculate? Must a Christian be omniscient and all-wise, as well as all-holy, before he is accounted either a hero or a saint? Granting that the Jesuits have made all the mistakes which can possibly be established against them, and allowing for the extravagances of casuistry into which some may have fallen, yet see what remains. See what a gigantic, what a self-sacrificing, what a heroic work has that principle of their keen-sighted founder accomplished,—a work which it is no disparagement to others to call wholly unparalleled in these modern days. Such is the result of the unity of action which unhesitating obedience ensures.

Surely, then, we cannot reasonably complain if, with this unity of action, we find at times certain peculiarities mixed up with Jesuit proceedings, which do not harmonise with the actions of others, or which create occasional “difficulties,” requiring candour, forbearance, and forgiveness, among all parties concerned. Men among whom unity, organisation, and obedience are thus predominant, must now and then seem disagreeably close and cautious in their intercourse with those who are not bound by the same ties. Nor can we think it any thing more than a very pardonable weakness, if here and there a Jesuit is disposed to exaggerate the merits of other Jesuits, and to show too little sympathy with what does not emanate from his own body. We must remember that it is pre-eminently the Jesuits’ plan to *mind their own affairs*; and, considering what human nature is, it is impossible but

that occasionally they should seem to wish to mind nobody else's good works. We cannot have every thing from any man; and we may rest assured, that while man is man, a corporate body which is united, active, and really effective and useful, will tend to a little exclusiveness, and will present a cautious exterior to those who are not under its jurisdiction. The idea that the Jesuits do really sympathise but little with what is external to themselves we regard as purely fictitious.

Again, those striking developments of individual genius and power, which are sometimes of such immense value among other Catholics, cannot be fairly looked for in such a Society as that of the Jesuits. Unity of action tends directly to the checking the peculiarities of the powers of those minds in which originality is strongly marked. How many persons we all of us know, of whom it is natural to say, "Such a one is not the material of which a Jesuit *could* be made." Such men are capable of accomplishing an extraordinary amount of benefit to their fellow-creatures; but it must be rather as individuals than in close union with a large body of others. Of course, this does not hold good of religious orders in their commencement, or in their local revivals; for in these cases the few great and original minds give their tone to those around them who are inferior in capacity and willing to be led. But in a large and long-established order, a man of deeply-stamped originality, and who is formed by nature for the meeting and conquering the novelties of error, finds himself cramped and overpowered by that very traditional element which is at once the guide and the sustaining life of those whose character is less unlike that of other men.

A religious order, by its very nature, when once firmly established, is essentially conservative, and unequal to rapid and extensive changes, however urgently called for. And the more compact it is, the more numerous, the more efficient in its own peculiar line, so much the more will it be devoted to the maintenance of that system, and the preservation of those traditions, under which it has achieved its noblest exploits. Its responsibilities have become so great, its *momentum* (to use a scientific term) is so largely dependent on its *vis inertiae*, that it is compelled to sacrifice some degree of that pliability, speed, and experimentalising, which are called for in our dealings with the ever-shifting world in which we live. Its members can never forget that every thing they say or do more or less compromises the entire body to which they belong. Prudence *must* become for them the most important of virtues; and if their prudence sometimes degenerates into cautiousness, and their sobriety now and then sinks into slow-

ness, we have no right to criticise them as dull, obstinate, impracticable, or as unworthy successors to their illustrious ancestors. To look for a Loyola, a Xavier, a Laynez, a Bellarmine, or a Suarez, among the Jesuits of the middle of the eighteenth century, is to mistake the action of the laws of humanity, and to expect from a person of sixty the activity and originality of a man of half his age. It is much more reasonable to look for such great men now, when the Society is again rejuvenescent, comparatively small in its numbers, and with the world once more before it.

A recognition of this truth goes, we think, a great way to explain the phenomenon of the rapidity and ease of the fall of the Jesuits before the assaults of the kings and the "philosophers." They had become so powerful *in position*, that they had lost much of their real moral and intellectual power. In fact, they were too powerful, so far as the possession of place went, to be allowed by human jealousy to stand. They had too many seminaries, too many professors' chairs, too many pulpits, too many confessionals, not to awaken the anger of the bad, and to irritate the infirmities of the weak. Their own energies were dissipated in the management of affairs too extensive and too complicated for any one society to conduct with success, except in a time of peace and quiet. All they could do was to endeavour to keep things as they were, to avoid change, to stave off the evil day, to keep their penitents or flocks out of harm's way, to avoid doing wrong or giving real scandal themselves, to oppose sincerity and self-devotion to the attacks of their enemies, and to deny the grossest of the accusations heaped upon their heads. But against such foes as the infidels and the Bourbons, and in an age when the Catholicism even of pious Catholics was often dull, cold, and hesitating, what could such conservatism as this avail? All that could be said for them was what Clement XIII., their zealous friend, replied to the demand of the French king: "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*"—"Let them be what they are, or let them not be at all." They were unequal, by their very weight and numbers and historical position, to throw themselves into the combat with any such daring as would give them a chance of victory.

Their fall was also doubtless accelerated by a feature which has in some places and at times characterised their system of education, and which was a natural, but, as we think, a mistaken application of their internal system to the guidance of intellects and conscience. The great source of their strength, as every one will admit, and as we have already intimated, has been that obedience and peculiar moral character which results

from a thorough and systematic *training*. For we must not overlook the fact, that if it is obedience which makes the Jesuit, it is the *novitiate* which creates that obedience. It is during that period—and a happy and holy period it is—that the Jesuit is formed; without a long and thorough novitiate a Jesuit is a moral impossibility. And we know that the Jesuit novitiate is unsurpassed by any other religious order, and is rivalled by few; its power—gentle, sweet, and amiable as it is—is extraordinary and enduring to an extent not easily comprehended by the casual observer.

What, then, more natural than that, perceiving how satisfactory were the results of this species of training in the formation of themselves, the Jesuits should in some instances have imagined that the same system would answer equally well in the formation of pious Christians to live in the world? If a good Jesuit can be made by rigidly shutting-out the world and its temptations, and by practising the young mind in the virtues of obedience, simplicity, cheerfulness, confidence in superiors, and in a general merging of the individual in the body corporate,—it was easy to pass on to the conclusion that precisely this method would enable a man to pass through the trials of secular life uninjured, and preserving to the last his youthful innocence. Hence followed, to a certain extent, an exaggerated estimate of the value of *safeguards*, and an under-estimate of the importance of training the young mind to go alone. Hence a partial forgetfulness of the character of that personal independence which is certain to be the lot of those who are not Jesuits, or monks, or friars,—an independence which, if it be not anticipated by degrees in the years of childhood and youth, so often breaks out into unbridled license and daring pride, when the emancipated pupil first learns the full meaning of what it is *to be a man*. We know there exist among Catholics different opinions on this subject; but for ourselves, we cannot but think that as the after-life of a religious is to be essentially different from that of a man living in the world, so it is of first-rate importance that the education of the two classes should be essentially different in the impress to be produced on the character. Of each we wish to make a devoted Christian; but of the one we want to make a man who, in things indifferent, will always obey a superior; of the other, a man who in things also indifferent, but of the most trying and momentous kind, will usually be obliged to stand entirely alone. And it was by failing to grasp this truth (as we conceive it to be) in a time of universal shock and change like the latter half of the eighteenth century, that the Jesuits were often unable to retain a hold on the life-long allegiance

of their pupils, or to send into secular life a band of well-trained and Christian intellects devotedly Catholic, yet strong and independent, and equal to the emergencies of the times, whether political, philosophical, or theological.

As to the charge that the Jesuits are "obscurantists;" that it is their aim to keep men in intellectual leading-strings; that they are afraid of cultivation and independence of mind, as such,—we believe that a more baseless accusation was never uttered. No doubt here and there examples can be named, in which individuals of the Society have shown a timidity in the face of advancing science, or an old-world clinging to existing literary traditions, or a special horror of the progress of certain schools in politics, or of change simply because it was change. But no such stigma can be reasonably fastened on the Society. We believe that their sole desire is that intellectual cultivation shall be Christian; and that they have no fear whatever of the independence of the human mind, provided it is guarded by an unswerving faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, and accompanied by that modesty and humility which no man in his senses can call a fault. If they now and then err, we are confident that it is solely in thinking that this Christian independence will result from a system of education which is too like their own novitiate in some of its features; because they have not always remembered that from the earliest years a child must be trained, morally and intellectually, as well as physically, to stand alone. As we have before said, we claim for them no superhuman perfection: the question is simply one of comparison; and we fear no *refutation* (whatever may be said in the way of contradiction), when we allege, that since their foundation the Jesuits have done more for science and literature than any other body of ecclesiastics in the world, of equal numbers, whether Catholic or Protestant. Even since their revival, when they have had little leisure for purely literary and scientific studies, they will stand a comparison with any other equally numerous class. Place them side by side with the wealthy, leisurely, and aristocratic English Establishment, remembering that in numbers they are nothing to the fifteen thousand clergy of Anglicanism, and see the result. Where is the clerical astronomer like De Vico? Where the antiquarian and discoverer like Marchi? Where, in an age of mediæval restoration and devotedness to the Gothic art, where is the Anglican clergyman who is to be named with Fathers Martin and Cahour? Where is the English clerical philosopher who has reconciled the discoveries of geology with the Mosaic cosmogony, with the vigour, courage, and success of Pianciani?

And observe, that when Protestant clergymen become great in science or literature, they almost, if not quite invariably, cease to be clergymen, except in name and position. They put-off the clerical and professional tone of mind altogether, finding it a bondage and dead weight in the free prosecution of secular studies. But the Jesuit, whether calculating the advent of a comet, or exploring the catacombs, or copying the windows of a Gothic cathedral, is a Jesuit still; a Jesuit (as we say) to the backbone. He feels no natural antagonism between Jesuitism and science or philosophy; he has no fear that the more he knows of the natural works of God or the history of man, the less he will like the recollection of St. Ignatius, or the more difficult he will find it to believe in Transubstantiation. The Jesuit can reply to Protestant assailants, as every one of us Catholics can reply to those who taunt us with slavery: "*You think we are slaves: we know that we are free.*"

Such, then, appears to us a fair explanation of those peculiarities which characterise Jesuitism, and which inflame the anger of those who are not Catholics, and sometimes puzzle or annoy those who are. They are to be judged by a just standard, and one that is applicable to all humanity. "*Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto,*" said the Roman poet, amid the raptures of a sympathising audience. Such is the Jesuit's unanswerable reply, when he is charged with impossible crimes, or condemned because he has not in equal perfection all the virtues and all the requirements which have ever been found in mortal man. If it is desirable for the Church to cherish religious orders, for the sake of the unity, the self-sacrifice, and the learned leisure which they ensure, we have no right to condemn them if they do not display all the qualifications and capacities which are incompatible with the organisation of a vigorous society. God has stamped imperfection upon us all; and it is as irrational to expect the Jesuits to be more than man, as to eulogise them as never falling into error of any kind.

What will be their future, in the present condition of Christendom, none can foresee. For ourselves, any restoration to the position they once held in the Church appears to us extremely improbable. The extraordinary predominance which has been attained by a few religious orders, in different ages, was attained for the last time—if we read aright the progress of society—by the children of St. Ignatius. They were called for; they arose; they did their work; they received their reward in the ingratitude of kings and the hostility of

nations. Henceforth a great work is still before them; but we doubt whether they, or any society of men, can hold the Catholic intelligence of the age in their grasp, as they once did. The universal and high cultivation of the middle and upper ranks of society has so completely altered the intellectual condition of Christendom, that the close union of bodies of men for purposes of action, is less called for, less attractive, and less possible. There are far more numerous spheres of action open for every man of energy, zeal, and commanding intellect, than have been afforded by any age since the earlier centuries of Christianity. Individualism is becoming as prominent as it was in the first three or four centuries after Christ. Not only secular learning, but ecclesiastical and purely theological studies, are cultivated by the laity to an extent unknown in any previous age of the Church, except her earliest era; while the gradual improvements in social order, and the advance of the liberty of the subject, has rendered the protection afforded by powerful orders less necessary to men of literary and scientific habits. We do not think, therefore, that any religious body will again hold the position which has, in different times, been gained by the followers of St. Benedict, St. Dominick, St. Francis, and St. Ignatius; and far less do we anticipate any similar advance on the part of any other more recent order. Still, making every deduction on the score of the changes in modern life, an immense work yet remains, not only for the Society of Jesus, but for every other order which can revive or carry on its ancient moral and intellectual greatness, with such adaptations of its detailed practice as may suit the exigencies of an age whose peculiarities are so strongly marked and so new. Some, indeed, identify the progress of religious orders with a semi-barbarous state of civilisation, and imagine that they will find it difficult to accomplish their work in a day of excessive refinement and general cultivation. For ourselves, we have no share in this opinion. We regard the religious orders as the natural allies of all that is liberal, learned, and energetic, as well as of all that is holy and self-renouncing. And while we no more expect of them, than of single individuals, that they should be exempt from errors and failures in prosecuting their noble aims, we anticipate for them a career scarcely less really illustrious than that which has extorted the homage even of the enemies of the Catholic faith. Prudence, and the danger of compromising a large body of brothers and superiors, may prevent them from taking, as formerly, the foremost ranks in the intellectual conflict with the delusions of the times. They cannot be the skirmishers, the sharpshooters,

the light infantry of the battle-field; but on their example, on their firm and steady march, on their final charges, will the issue of the day more or less depend.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT I AM, AND HOW I BEGAN LIFE. HOW MY GODFATHER PRACTISED THE PRECEPT, "TRAIN UP A CHILD, ETC."

I AM what is called a fortunate man. My friends call me a lucky dog. Those who don't like me call me a lucky rascal. All agree that where hundreds fail, I have succeeded. They generally put down my success to pure chance. I, on the contrary, am convinced that, though chance *has* favoured me, nineteen men out of every twenty would have failed to profit as I have done by an equal amount of chances in their favour.

At present my affairs stand as follows: I am forty-five years of age; unmarried; five feet eleven inches high, weighing fourteen stone; without a grey hair or a trace of baldness; pulse sixty-five,—full, round, and equable; the digestion perfect, and sleep sound. Nerves, I know, do exist, for I have seen them figured in books of anatomy; and I believe, on excellent testimony, that they are the plague of many people's lives; but I know nothing of them by experience. I live in a well-situated house north of Hyde Park, not large or showy, but gentlemanlike and thoroughly comfortable. My furniture is luxurious, my cook unexceptionable, my wines first-rate. I don't care for driving; but I give usually about eighty guineas for my park hack. My library is capital; my acquaintance numerous; and I belong to two good clubs. My balance at my bankers' (the most respectable in Lombard-street) is eminently satisfactory; and my income perfectly equal to providing, with judicious economy, all these desirable accompaniments of life. On the whole, I *am* a lucky dog, as my friends say.

All this, moreover, is the fruit of my own labours. I did not inherit it, nor does it come to me by way of pension, sinecure, or snug office. Nor did I win my position by trade, or law, or physic, or speculation. My supreme "luck" consists in this, that I belong to that unlucky, ill-to-do, seedy race, the *gentlemen of the press*. Rather, I belong to them some-

what in the same way as Lord Byron and Walter Scott were attached to the fraternity of Grub-street. I am at the top of the tree; while they climb, or try to climb, up its lowest branches. But whatever a "gentleman of the press" is, I have been; saving always that I have never been in real difficulties.

How it is that I have steered clear of the disasters which wreck so many of those unfortunate beings who people the literary world, it is not easy to say. Perhaps it is that I am not hot-blooded; or it may be because I have a natural distaste for what is low or riotous, or that I hate the sensation of tipsiness; or it may be the simple result of my mental "organisation," as they call it now-a-days. I have no veneration; I am not a bit of an enthusiast. I have a few likings and dislikings; but withal I am eminently prudent. I have a good temper; I bear little or no malice. Yet my "organisation" is, as the phrenologists say, a very general one. My tastes, though not keen, are various. I *like* music, painting, poetry, history, philosophy, political economy, politics, and science; though I can't say I *love* any of them. I have a tolerable aptitude for figures. I am a punctual man. I am a good listener. I don't talk too much, though I have plenty to say. I can laugh (without shamming) at other men's jokes, though I seldom venture on a pun myself. I know the weak side of most persons, and particularly the weak side of that polycephalous personage, the public. I can make a very fair after-dinner speech; and I can write, at any hour of the day or night, on any subject whatever, and always seem to be perfectly acquainted with all its bearings. Give me a *little* knowledge on any question, and I can persuade nearly every body that no man ever knew so much about it since the world began. I can write well also. I am apt at quotations and allusions. I see the absurd aspect of all questions, and I have a knack of hitting an adversary hardest just when I have raised a laugh at his expense; which I take to be one of the profoundest secrets of journalist writers. On the whole, I don't think I am conceited in attributing a good deal of my success, not to luck, but to myself.

Next to myself, I owe my advancement in life to my godfather, Erasmus Dillwyn. From my boyhood it was my good fortune to be continually in his society, and I had always the good sense to profit by his earnest advice. My mother, indeed, sometimes thought this advice questionable; but my father approved it. "Benjamin," my godfather would say to me, "Benjamin, my dear boy, you have your fortune to make, and every thing depends on your following the soundest and

wisest maxims. Honesty, be sure, is the best policy; remember, accordingly, always to be what you seem, and to seem what you are. The great thing is, never to aim too high; thus, attempting no ideal standard, your conduct and your professions will be in harmony. You will be emphatically an honest man. Recollect the grand object of human life, which is to succeed. Be a practical man, therefore; a prudent man. Nothing is so respectable, so thoroughly admirable, as duty. Always, then, do your duty, especially to yourself. Observe the character of the age in which you are cast. Religion tells you that it is *Providence* which has placed you in that age; and if you judiciously select whatever is held in highest esteem by the most worthy and successful persons of the time, and fix your standard accordingly, I have no doubt you will always find circumstances providentially disposed in your favour, and you will be a prosperous man."

One fine sunny afternoon, in particular, I remember calling on my godfather. He was in a most benevolent and sensible frame of mind. He had just been the means of getting an itinerant Methodist preacher put into the stocks, and he had received his half-year's rents in full. I found him sitting in a summer-house in his garden, placidly smoking his pipe after the dinner which it was his habit to take at an early hour. He presented me with a new bright guinea; and after questioning me as to my progress with my books, he began to moralise. "Benjamin," said he, "I hope you will always avoid fanaticism. It is a very silly vice; and besides, it is extremely unprofitable. Always be on the safe side. I don't say always be on the side of the majority; *that* would be foolish, cowardly, unworthy of the dignity of our nature. But always be safe in whatever you undertake, and never make enemies needlessly. Take the word of an old man, there is nothing that succeeds so well as virtue. But virtue, without friends, is not respectable, and cannot succeed; remember, therefore, your duty to yourself, and be virtuous. And now, my dear boy, I have some business to attend to; so good bye, and God bless you."

Such was my excellent godfather. I don't say that his ideas are exactly scientific in their accuracy; but they are practical, and he was eminently a practical man. And I take it, that to succeed, one *must* be practical, and not theoretical. At any rate, I find that my godfather's notions are shared very much by most people; and, as he used to say, Providence sends us here to get on in life; and I have reason to be grateful to my godfather for his instructions, and to Providence also. If I had not been early taught such sound practical

sense, I should not, in all probability, have been so prosperous a man as I am at my present time of life. My excellent godfather is now no more. He died, as he had lived, at peace with every one, and especially with himself. For many years he remarked my career with pleasure, and ended his days worthily of one who had lived so respectably. Peace be to his ashes!

I had a certain schoolfellow who was singularly unlike my godfather, but to whom nevertheless I was much attached. Indeed I think my godfather and Roger Walton (as my friend was called) were the only two persons towards whom I ever experienced any very warm feelings. My godfather did not like poor Roger much. I always called him poor Roger. Poor fellow! he was of great service to me, by way of showing me the way in which I should *not* go. My godfather always predicted that Roger would fail in life.

“What’s the use of his wit and cleverness,” he used to say to me, “when he wants common sense? Mark my words, Benjamin; Roger will never get on. He is too impulsive; he is not prudent; he always says what he thinks,—a very bad habit, let me tell you, especially for a boy or a young man. Roger’s ideas are too fine and romantic for real life. You must take men as they are, and avoid romance. I’m afraid Roger’s good sayings and grand notions will never procure him an appointment of five hundred a-year.”

Nor was my godfather much pleased when it turned out that Roger was going up to London at the very time that I went there myself to begin the world. I had been at first placed in a bank in the flourishing country-town where I was born; but I did not like the occupation. Still, I remained there some years; for I did not want to be in a hurry, and I was not quite sure of my own mind. During my stay at the bank I learnt a good deal of useful information, and I acquired an insight into a good many of the tricks of the “moneyed interest.” There were three partners in the concern, Messrs. Broadhead, Slim, and Brown. Broadhead and Brown were men of the steady school; but Slim was a sharp practitioner, and spent a good deal of money. Soon after I left, the house failed, and Slim proved to be a rogue. I had seen something of what was going on under the rose,—for I was an observant lad,—though I said nothing. However, it deeply impressed on my mind the paramount importance of doing nothing that was likely to be found out.

At last I could endure the bank no longer. I had always intended to be a literary man; and my father, seeing my steadiness, and observing that I had none of the faults of

literary men in general, after a time let me go up to London; especially as he had no capital with which to start me in life. My godfather's chief objection lay in the circumstance that Roger Walton had the same wishes as myself. He dreaded his influence on me; but at last he withdrew his opposition, and we went to London with a warm introduction from an influential country banker to the chief proprietor of the powerful metropolitan journal, the *Daily Press*.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO "LEAD PUBLIC OPINION."

This introduction was the first piece of my "luck." Let no aspirants to journalist success imagine that my fortune will probably be theirs! It is not every embryo reporter and critic who can start in the world as I did, with an invitation to dinner from so great a man as Mr. John Grimwood, at that time the most influential personage in connection with the London newspaper world. He was not a literary man, but eminently a man of business; of untiring energy, and rare insight into the best modes of overcoming difficulties, and of hunting out all available means for accomplishing his ends. It was Cardinal Richelieu, I think, who was once asked how it was that he had so uniformly succeeded in his various enterprises. "By always estimating the true magnitude of the obstacles I have had to encounter," was his reply. Somebody else has defined "a difficulty" as "a thing to be overcome." Such were Mr. John Grimwood's maxims; and his journal was the proof of their wisdom. He had his amiable points, as well as his business capacities. He was a grateful man. In former days my father had done him good service in some rather ticklish circumstances, and he had never forgotten it. When Roger and I called at his house, he received us civilly, and myself almost cordially; and next morning he sent me an invitation to dine with him that same afternoon, though poor Roger was left unnoticed. Slightly palpitating at heart, but by no means losing my composure, I presented myself in the drawing-room as six o'clock struck the appointed dinner-hour. No one was there but the host himself. He welcomed me politely, applauded my punctuality, pointed to a table covered with books, and bade me amuse myself till the guests were arrived, while he plunged into a heap of newspapers.

The political world was just then in a flame. Peel and the Duke had "ratted" on Catholic Emancipation, and the storms in the atmosphere of opinion were so violent and changing, that the most glibly-revolving weathercock could not tell

“which way the wind blew.” Like many others, it was whispered that the *Daily Press* was totally at fault. I was a raw youth, and of course was rather carried away with certain political predilections; but I was not so simple as to imagine that so business-like a man as Mr. John Grimwood would ruin his journal for the sake of a personal whim.

The guests soon assembled. They were all of the male sex; some literary, some commercial, and one or two of them men of fashion. There was an immense deal of talking; but the host, though I saw he listened intensely to what went on, said little or nothing. I followed his example, and I knew that he watched me. Between nine and ten o'clock many left, and the conversation seemed insensibly to grow more confidential. Presently Grimwood was called out of the room. Shortly after he sent up a message to summon me to join him. I found him in his library, adjoining the dining-room. It was a handsome apartment, well furnished with books. He was sealing a letter as I entered.

“Mr. Walker,” said he, looking me full in the face, with his small, keen eyes, “I want a confidential messenger to take this letter to Windsor instantly, and bring me back a reply. Will you do it?”

I made no hesitation, and assented. He took four 5*l.* notes from a pocket-book, and putting them into my hand, said, “A post-chaise and four will be here in five minutes. You must take four horses at every stage; pay the post-boys well, and make them drive as fast as the horses' legs can run; go to the —— (naming an inn at Windsor); ask for Lord ——; give him this letter, take his answer, and be back here by—good heavens! it's nearly ten o'clock. Well, well; do your utmost to return without one instant's delay. I shall tell the servants to show you in to me the moment you return, at whatever hour in the night. I shall not be gone to bed.”

In one minute I was in the chaise, and the wheels rattled through Russell Square westward. It was a brilliant night; the moon was up. Nothing occurred to cause delay; I found Lord —— at the inn to which I was directed; and a little after two o'clock in the morning I dashed up to Mr. Grimwood's door with the reply to his despatch. I was immediately taken up into a small room which opened out of his back drawing-room. He entered almost at the same moment, took the letter without speaking a word, opened it, read it at a glance, turned and asked if I was knocked up, or if I was willing to wait a short time to see if my services were again wanted. I professed myself not a bit tired; on which Grimwood rang the bell, ordered some supper to be brought to me, and suggesting

a nap after I should have refreshed myself, re-entered the drawing-rooms, carefully shutting the door behind him.

As I ate a hurried supper, I could hear voices in animated conversation in the further drawing-room; though the closed doors rendered it impossible to distinguish their actual words. Presently the door by which Grimwood had left me proved to be really unfastened; for the lock gave way of itself, and the door opened so far as to allow me to peer into the darkness of the adjoining apartment; but the voices of the speakers were almost intelligible. Excited as I was by the novelty of the scene, and by my rapid journey to Windsor, I could not restrain my curiosity, and I listened eagerly to catch what was going on; but I could only hear just enough to tantalise me. Suddenly the folding-doors between the two drawing-rooms were thrown open, and one of the party came forward and opened a window, complaining of the heat and closeness of the night. I had put out my candles, with the hope of snatching a few minutes' sleep, so that there was no indication that the further room, which I occupied, was tenanted by any chance listener. The gentleman who had opened the window then returned to his companions; and the conversation being manifestly very excited, in his eagerness to join in it he left the folding-doors between the two drawing-rooms wide open. Without stirring an inch, accordingly, I had a full view of the whole company. I knew that my host would have been not a little astonished at such a revelation of his affairs to a stranger youth; but his back was turned towards me, and the rest of the party knew nothing of my presence. Some scrupulous people might have felt uncomfortable at finding themselves thus placed; but fortunately for me, I never was scrupulous. I always held fast the golden maxims, "Never lose an opportunity;" "Why should a man stand in his own light?" and "Recognise the goodness of Providence in every thing that befalls you." I therefore sat still, and quietly observed and listened.

Four gentlemen, besides Mr. Grimwood himself, sat round a table covered with pamphlets and newspapers. Their countenances betrayed the deep interest they felt in the subject of their conversation.

"A splendid time for us," said one of them—a comfortable-looking, bald-headed old fellow, in a brown coat and yellow waistcoat, and who seemed to be thrusting snuff up his round snub nose by an ounce at a time;—"a splendid time for us, if we could but tell how to trim the boat."

"Confound that fellow Peel!" cried another; "why on earth can't he stick to his old ways? Until now, I always thought my shares in the *Press* the very safest and steadiest

investment I ever ventured on; and now this cursed cotton-spinner comes, and upsets all one's calculations with his rattling. What is the country to come to next, I wonder! Nothing will be safe; no man will know what to do with his money."

"Peel has a tremendous tailor's bill to pay, they say," responded the snuff-taking personage, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Why so?" asked the other.

"For turning his coat, to be sure," said the bald-headed gentleman, chuckling violently at his jest.

"Pish!" growled the other speaker. "Really, really, Wetherby, I'm astonished that you can joke at such a time as this; and with such a question before you. Pray be serious, if you can. It's now half-past two o'clock, and we have not yet decided which side we will take. We shall have that wild fellow Bisse here, I expect, every moment, crying out that the printers are waiting, and that we must choose our line instantly."

"Well, gentlemen," interposed a third speaker, "we wait only for the opinion of our friend Grimwood. None of us has so large an interest in the prosperity of the *Press* as he has; and the ability he has always shown in improving the value of the property has, I make no doubt, impressed us all with a high sense of the value of his opinion. I confess I shall be considerably biassed by his views. If he thinks it won't do to go against the government, I am quite of his opinion. If, on the other hand, he is for nailing our colours to the mast, and so forth,—why, as I say, in *my* ideas, he knows best. Come, Mr. Grimwood, haven't you yet made up your mind?"

"To tell you the truth, gentlemen," replied Grimwood, "I have. Within the last half hour I have come to a decision. I have received information from a perfectly trustworthy source, which sets my mind at rest as to what will be the issue of the present struggle. I need not remind you, gentlemen, of the principle on which our journal is conducted. Our motto is, always be on the winning side. I admit that to carry out this principle without risk of error is impossible. Still, with prudence, skill, a careful watching of the spirit of the times, and especially with a perfect knowledge of the temper of the English people, I think the principle can be acted on more successfully than any other which newspaper proprietors can recognise. At any rate, our balance-sheet is a cogent argument in its favour. Few journals pay like ours. You will excuse my talking a little at length, because I wish to state the grounds for my conclusion at once. Now, our *only*

consideration is, will this Emancipation Act be carried? If it will, of course we must heart and soul uphold it; if Peel and the Duke will be turned out, then it is equally clear that it would be madness in us not to oppose them. It appears, then, to me, that, after all, every thing depends on the course the King takes. We know he hates O'Connell, and still more he hates Peel. But he is awfully afraid of the Duke; and if the Duke tells him that he won't answer for the army, in my opinion the King will give in. However, to make all sure, I have set in motion certain means for obtaining information; and this night I have learnt, on the best authority, that the King *will* yield. Therefore, gentlemen, my voice is for the government measure."

As he stopped speaking, a loud rapping was heard at the street-door.

"That's old Bisse, as I'm alive," exclaimed Wetherby, "come to see what side he's to take."

In a wonderfully short space of time there rushed into the room a burly individual, with a huge red face, surrounded with masses of whitish hair, looking uncommonly like a dissipated old lion. He strode up to the table where the party sat, dashed upon it a printed sheet of paper, and roared out, "Now, gentlemen, there's not a moment to lose! There's a leader for either side of the question. Take it as it stands, it's on one side; scratch out here and there a word or a phrase, and it's on the other. Which is it to be?"

With that he threw himself into a chair.

"What say you to my reading the article aloud, gentlemen?" asked Grimwood, taking up the wet proof. The requisite assent being given, he then read as follows:

"It is the peculiar glory of the constitution under which we have the happiness to live ——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Bisse; "but I should be infinitely obliged by some brandy and soda-water."

This was speedily brought, and the reading resumed.

"It is the peculiar glory of the constitution under which we have the happiness to live, that it is self-consistent in all its parts. Sprung neither from the frenzy of revolution, nor from the caprices of a paradoxical despot, nor from the reveries of a doctrinaire constitution-monger, it has been the natural growth of centuries; as, we trust and believe, it will endure for centuries yet to come. The vacillation of monarchs will not dishonour it; the intrigues of courtiers will not undermine it; and no assaults of rebels will avail to make a breach in its walls. It has its foundations deep in the nature of all humanity; and consequently its vitality is to be esti-

mated by the vitality of our common being. Hence it is self-consistent, harmonious, and uniform in its action.

“Like every thing, accordingly, which lives, it possesses the power of self-reparation. Amid the lapse of events, the decay of races, and the progress of civilisation, a crisis will frequently arrive which requires the introduction of some modifying change, not in the principles of the British constitution (for these can never be changed), but in the details of its working. It is the province of the true statesman to discern the advents of these important epochs while yet distant; to prepare for their approach; and at the right moment, and not before, to come forward and himself introduce those alterations which may be imperatively called for. It is said that one of these crises has now arrived; and we think it most *unfortunate* for the destinies of this great nation, that the helm of government should at such a season be committed to men so perfectly *unworthy* of the noble duties they are called to fulfil.—”

Here the reader broke off, and exclaimed, “What’s the meaning of these italics, Bisse?”

“Don’t you see?” replied Bisse; “if you cut out the syllables and words in italics, the whole thing reads just the other way.”

Grimwood then proceeded:—

“—of the noble duties they are called to fulfil. They have been hitherto reputed to be among the most devoted adherents to our ancient monarchy, and to those Protestant institutions with which the wisdom of our ancestors has so happily surrounded it. *That reputation is now gone for ever.* They have *not* succeeded in interpreting the signs of the times. They have *misunderstood* the true genius of the British constitution, and have *not* recognised the fundamental principle on which it is based,—the principle of upholding the monarchy by conciliating the affections of all loyal subjects and citizens, *and of loyal ones alone.* Who can allege that the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland are *not* traitors to the monarchy of these realms?”

And thus the article proceeded to the end; so arranged, that with a few minutes’ correction it would be ready for printing on either side of the question.

I confess I was hardly prepared for the scene I thus witnessed. It was the first time I had thoroughly realised the idea that certain journalists are perfectly willing to write on either side of a momentous question at an instant’s notice. But I was then young. I have since learnt that, after all, it is the best method of carrying on that noble institution,—the free

and independent press of the British empire. I am surprised, indeed, that it is not universally acted on.

As soon as the reading was over, the assembled party lost no time in adapting the article to the ministerial side; and Bisse hurried off with it. I myself thought it advisable quietly to close the door of the room whence I had witnessed the proceeding. I then threw myself on a sofa, and, worn out with the unwonted fatigue and excitement, I really fell asleep. I was awoke by the voice of Mr. Grimwood, who dismissed me without delay, and bade me call on him at a fixed hour in the ensuing afternoon.

Roger and I had taken lodgings in the same house, and for economical reasons shared the same sitting-room. Roger was an ardent, affectionate fellow, and had been so anxious to learn what Grimwood was going to do for me, that he had not gone to bed when I reached home. I found him amazed at the extraordinary hour of my return; and in my anxiety to convince him that we had not been carousing the whole evening, added to a juvenile desire to show-off the importance of the business I had been engaged in, I told him every thing that had happened.

“What a scoundrel that rogue of an editor must be!” he exclaimed.

“I don’t see that,” I replied. “He is paid to write; and I don’t see why a man shouldn’t sell his brains to a newspaper proprietor as well as to a client, as lawyers do.”

“I never could do it,” said he; “and I never *will* do it.”

“Then you’ll never get on in this world,” said I.

And so we separated for the night.

Roger was a grievously lazy fellow; and I was at breakfast long before he appeared the next morning. His bedroom adjoined the sitting-room; and as I sat eating and meditating over my prospects, he suddenly thrust his rough head in at the door, exclaiming,

“I say, Benjamin, what was that rascally editor’s name who was so amazingly quick in providing a double-faced article for his masters last night. Wasn’t it Bisse, eh?”

“Yes,” said I.

“I thought so,” replied Roger,—“a fit name. *Bisse dat qui citò dat*, you know.”

And grinning at the joke, he withdrew.

In five minutes he returned, not half-dressed, and protested he could waste no more time at his toilet. He was, in fact, a grievous sloven; his clothes and his mind I always considered to be equally in a mess. But remonstrance was useless. How-

ever, as he sat eating his breakfast, I could not help pondering on the undesirableness of the companionship of such an extraordinarily disreputable waistcoat as he displayed; and I resolved not to be seen much with him, unless he would reform his appearance. At length, by some astonishing feat of clumsiness, he contrived to bespatter the said waistcoat with nearly half the yolk of an egg that he was eating,—a catastrophe which he regarded with the most unruffled equanimity. Having made a few ineffectual attempts to repair the mischief, he quietly observed,

“Rather a bore this. It’s the only waistcoat I’ve got; but, after all, it’s only a little egg!”

“You don’t mean to say that you intend to present yourself to Mr. Grimwood in that state, I hope, Roger,” said I.

“Why not?” said he.

I saw from his looks that it would be in vain to reason with him; so I took up a book, quietly observing, “that it was a pity he did not hold the standard English maxim, that ‘cleanliness is next to godliness.’”

“My dear fellow,” retorted he, “I do hold it; I hold them to be so near akin as to be within the prohibited degrees.”

I could not help admiring his wit, but I thought that prudence in good clothes would get on better than brilliancy in a greasy waistcoat and a coat out at elbows; and such I have found to be the case throughout life.

In the present instance, it was not to be thought of that I should present myself to Mr. Grimwood in company with so disreputably-dressed an individual as Roger, if he should really persist in his intention. I therefore absolutely refused to let him know Grimwood’s address, which luckily he had not asked me, except on the condition that he should borrow a respectable garment from me for the occasion. Having him thus on the hip, he was obliged to yield.

Our patron received us politely, and offered us situations in the advertisement department of his journal; subordinate ones, it is true, and requiring little better than mere routine and mechanical work, and at low salaries. Roger’s face betrayed an inclination to decline any thing so little responding to the ardour of a youthful literary aspirant. But I took the word out of his mouth; and before he could put his objections into shape, I closed with Grimwood’s proposals, with (I must own) more cordial and humble expressions of gratitude than were altogether genuine. However, they cost nothing; and it is a pity not to say the civillest things one can, both to superiors, equals, and inferiors. It is surprising how much people think

of a few phrases, which really any body with the slightest readiness can produce when called for. Some persons, I know, despise this sort of means for advancing in life; but I do not. There is no investment so safe and so cheap as a few civil speeches, a somewhat hearty manner (not overdone), and brief but pointed expressions of the obligation one feels to any person who does one the slightest service.

As soon as the arrangement with Grimwood was concluded, Roger was for opening a political conversation; but I felt that it would not do, and instantly rose, and we took our leave.

CHAPTER III.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

I have made it a rule through life to lose no opportunity of acquiring useful information. I say *useful* information; for that which cannot be turned to profit is evidently not worth the trouble of gaining. In pursuance of this maxim, as soon as I was fairly installed in my post in the advertisement department of the *Daily Press*, I always kept my eyes open for such knowledge of mankind as the office-business might throw in my way. And a vast amount of most curious information there was to be gleaned, and precisely of that sort which I hold to be most valuable; namely, a knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, and of those secrets of daily life which the world is most anxious to keep out of sight. For getting-on in life there is nothing like a knowledge of man; and the best knowledge of man is the knowledge of his infirmities and private mysteries. Other knowledge is speculative rather than profitable, while this can be turned to advantage in a thousand ways, by a person of coolness, judgment, and readiness.

I don't suppose that I should have found the advertisement department of a newspaper so fertile in practical information, had it not been for the assistance of poor Roger. Roger had a taste for adventure and romance; and if an affair promised any little peril, it was all the more attractive to him. Receiving, therefore, as we did, advertisements of all sorts and kinds, and being frequently consulted as to their proper wording by the parties who brought them to the office, Roger's curiosity (and, I must add, my own also) was frequently excited, and we contrived some very pretty adventures out of the hints we thus gathered. I was always careful not to involve myself in any scheme that might turn out to my discredit. Roger and I planned them together, or rather, he

acted on my suggestions; and he had such a fondness for pursuing any whims that he took up, that it would have been positively Quixotic in me to have put myself forward where it was likely I might get into a scrape. We certainly did see some curious scenes, and learnt a few things that the people who only read the newspapers had very small inkling of. And as we were young men, with no domestic ties, and some idle hours when we wanted amusement, scarcely a week passed without our coming across something odd, or eccentric, or scandalous, or amusing.

One of the chief sources of our fun was the matrimonial advertisements. Some people fancy these advertisements never come to any thing, or that they are devices for communicating information on subjects with which matrimony has nothing to do. I can assure them this is quite a mistake.* They may sometimes be a kind of thieves' cipher, or simply hoaxes; but they are usually the actual productions of hymeneally inclined men and women, young, middle-aged, and elderly. Now and then they lead to consequences not a little unexpected, as my own and Roger's experience will testify.

I did not often give in to schemes which Roger himself originated. I thought them mostly dangerous and profitless; and there was always something of the wild-goose-chase character about them. Once, however, he over-persuaded me, and it was in connection with these same matrimonial communications. He was burning, and I confess myself to have felt a decided inclination, to reply to one of these advertisements in our own persons, or rather under some convenient *alias*, and to pursue the adventure to its termination. We had a friend, one Dick Wilder, who was just the sort of fellow to enter into such a scheme, and whom (luckily for us, as it turned out) we admitted to our counsels. After much consideration, we decided on the advertisement to be answered. It

* It would seem from the subjoined advertisement, which we copy from the *Spectator* of May 13, 1854, and which has repeatedly appeared in that respectable journal, and doubtless elsewhere also, that marriage by advertisement is still carried on to a considerable extent. [Ed. Rambler.]

“MATRIMONIAL INSTITUTION, Offices, 12 John Street, Adelphi, London, and 18 Nassau Street, New York. Founded in 1846. Bankers, the Royal British Bank.—This institution has been established many years (with great success) as a medium for the introduction of parties unknown to each other, who are desirous of forming Matrimonial Alliances, but who, from some cause or other, cannot find partners in their own circle of acquaintance suitable in position, &c. The strictest honour and secrecy is maintained in every case—Prospectuses, applications, forms, rules, and every information, sent free to any name, initials, or address, on receipt of twelve postage-stamps.

By order of the Directors,
12 John Street, Adelphi, London.

LAURENCE CUTHBURT.

was sent to the office by letter, with money to pay for its insertion, so that we had no clue to its authorship. It ran thus:

“MATRIMONY.—A young lady, of good birth, excellent education, and unexceptionable connections, is anxious to meet with a partner for life. Circumstances of a most painful character, arising from the tyranny of wealthy relatives, render it impossible for her to enter into the society to which she rightfully belongs, so that, being kept in entire seclusion, she is unable to make her choice in the usual way. Should any gentleman of corresponding station, and suitable personal recommendations, be disposed to make her acquaintance, with a view (if found agreeable) to enter into a matrimonial engagement, the lady in question will be glad to have a line from him, preparatory to a personal interview, directed to A. B. C., Post-Office, ———.”*

This we answered in a similar strain, giving an address for a reply. I need not detail the particulars of the correspondence. It is sufficient to say, that it was finally arranged that the supposed admirer of the fair unknown should present himself at a certain spot, not particularly retired, at the locality specified in the original advertisement. It was also stated that the gentleman was to go unaccompanied by any friend, either male or female. We did not think ourselves bound to observe this stipulation, except so far as that two of the party kept out of sight, hiding themselves behind a neighbouring hedge, while the third presented himself to the expectant husband-seeker. We had some discussion as to which of our trio should personate the anxious lover. For myself, I preferred to look on, and to enjoy the joke without fear of consequences; but neither Roger nor Dick Wilder were by any means satisfied with the position of a subordinate. On the whole, I preferred that Roger should be the man; for Dick was a rough and wild specimen, and I thought would carry the joke too far, and perhaps annoy and insult the lady; whereas Roger was a brilliant, clever, and amiable fellow, and withal so good an actor, that we felt sure he would assume the tender passion with considerable skill. We did not intend any real mischief to the lady, who we thought must be either a simpleton, or a designing woman who meant to entrap some foolish swain into bondage. After long discussion, Roger and Dick agreed to toss up for the coveted honour. Dick won; and mightily pleased I afterwards was that the lot had fallen to him.

When the appointed day came we dined together in my

* We suppress the name, not wishing to identify the place at which the occurrence here related actually happened, at least in substance.

rooms, very merry, and eager for the entertainment about to follow. The rendezvous was to be just before dusk. Poor Roger was rather nervous, and was suddenly taken with a qualm of conscience.

"Benjamin," said he, as we sat smoking a cigar apiece previous to our departure, "do you know, I'm thinking we're three confounded rascals?"

"Rather a severe view of the case," I replied.

"Well, I do think so," said Roger. "It really is too bad to trifle with a woman's feelings in this way."

"Feelings? Fiddle-strings!" ejaculated Wilder. "Do you suppose any woman with three grains of feeling would advertise for a husband in the newspapers? I'll bet you a sovereign that I shall be a far more respectable sort of a wooer than nine-tenths of the men that answer these husband-hunting spinsters."

"I don't know that," rejoined Roger. "At any rate, I hope you'll be civil to the girl, or woman, whichever she is. The joke's all very well to talk about beforehand, but now the time's up, I almost wish we were well out of it."

"Then stay at home like a good boy," said Wilder. "Or go first, and tell the charming unknown that you've been a party to a gang of scoundrels; but that you're truly penitent, and are come to offer your hand and heart. That's the right way to redress the wrongs of damsels in distress."

"No," said Roger; "I shall do neither of the two; I shall go and see fair play; and I trust Walker here will stand by me, and allow no harm to be done."

"I can't commit myself," said I, "in *any* way. But I really think we need not alter our play at all. The joke is a perfectly harmless one. Roger and I will be on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time, and take up our position behind the hedge where we settled it; and you shall follow as agreed."

With that we started. On arriving at the appointed spot, not a creature was to be seen. We lost no time, however, in speculating or staring about us; but ensconced ourselves behind the hedge, so placed that we could see and hear without risk of detection. At last a neighbouring church-clock struck, and at the same moment we could discern a woman turning out of a lane at a short distance, and advancing along the road to the place of meeting.

"By Jove, she's a big one!" whispered Roger to me, as the lady came near.

We strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of her face; but

in vain, for a thick and long veil effectually concealed all that we wished to see.

“ Splendidly got up, indeed !” ejaculated my companion, in a low tone. “ What a bonnet ! and what a cloak for a hot evening like this ! I wonder who the deuce she really is !”

“ No signs of Wilder yet,” said I. “ Surely he can’t have turned spooney at the last moment.”

“ Not he !” replied Roger. “ What will you bet that the lady doesn’t make him really marry her after all ?”

“ She looks as if she *could* do it, as sure as I’m alive,” said I. “ That woman’s formed to be the gray mare, or I know nothing of a horse’s paces, or a woman’s either.”

“ She *does* step out with a vengeance,” answered Roger. “ She seems as cool and unconcerned as if she were doing the most ordinary and every-day work in the world. By Jove ! why she treads on the pathway like an elephant ! I wish we could see her face.”

The subject of our observations now passed close by us ; and in silence we watched her as she proceeded in the direction of London, evidently looking out for the expected friend. She shortly turned, continued her promenade, and passed us. When she turned again she caught sight of Wilder rapidly advancing towards her, and they met just opposite our place of concealment. On coming up to his fair one, Wilder’s countenance exhibited such signs of astonishment and perplexity that it was with the utmost difficulty we restrained our laughter into a silent convulsion. The lady was unquestionably the taller and stouter of the two, though Wilder was by no means short or puny ; and the style of her movements displayed a masculine vigour which told the bewildered Dick that she would prove an awkward subject for impertinence or trifling.

“ Three to one she makes him marry her,” muttered Roger in my ear.

“ Done !” returned I ; “ in crown-pieces.”

Meanwhile Dick commenced his operations ; but it was clear that he was quite at fault. The signs of recognition which had been agreed upon having been exchanged, he proceeded respectfully to offer her his arm, mumbling something about conversing with greater ease while walking. The lady accepted the offer, and seized rather than took Dick’s arm ; but without uttering a word. As they walked away, we heard Dick requesting her to lift her veil, on the plea that the air was close, and that the veil would interfere with conversation. To this the lady replied by pulling the said veil closer down than before, to Dick’s palpable disgust.

“Two to one she’s five-and-forty, at the very least,” whispered my companion. “I never beheld such a dragon in all my life before. Look, look, she won’t speak to him! Upon my word, I’m coming to think my compassion ought to be transferred to Dick himself. Here they come again! Why, Dick’s as pale as a ghost!”

In a minute or two they approached our hiding-place, and it was plain the lady was labouring under some violent emotion, of what kind it was not easy to say. Certainly, she shook very decidedly, and placed her hand to her side, as if in severe pain; while strange noises escaping from beneath her veil (which, by the way, was quite impervious to the sight,) indicated the struggle she was endeavouring to control. In a few moments she burst into a coughing-fit of a most peculiar character, and of astonishing loudness. Dick now redoubled his attentions; but she waved him off with a very decided gesture, and coughed till we fairly stared with surprise. When the fit was subdued, she quietly took Dick’s arm, but without speaking, and they recommenced their promenade. We were growing more and more puzzled, when we saw them turn towards us, Dick urgently talking, and she averting her head; when, just as they once more approached us, the lady suddenly started from her companion, gave a shrill whistle, and then throwing her arms around Dick’s neck, clasped him with the gripe of a wild-bear. Dick was nearly prostrated with the unexpected embrace; and before either he or we had recovered from our amazement, a troop of some twenty or thirty boys came dashing along the road, shouting, “Hurrah! bravo, old fellow! Hold him till we come up!” with similar exclamations; while the supposed lady’s bonnet and veil dropped off, and displayed the whiskered face of an athletic young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age. Dick struggled to be free, and shouted to us to come to his aid; and the boys coming up, it was evident there was no time to be lost. We sprang from behind the hedge; and luckily being provided with stout walking-sticks, we assaulted the assailant with vigour, and just as the boys reached the spot, had torn Dick from his grasp. The young gentlemen, however, who we immediately guessed belonged to — School, had no notion of giving up the game, and sprung upon us like a pack of fox-hounds. We had sticks, and they had nothing but their clenched fists, and were most of them not above fifteen or sixteen years old. Still, they were about six to one, and we were getting pretty considerably mauled: the blood was streaming down Wilder’s face, Roger was nearly doubled-up with a blow scientifically planted on the stomach, and all kinds of lights were dancing in my eyes,

which were already half "bunged up," when the sound of the horn of a mail-coach rose above the shouts and laughter of our foes, and at the same moment a stroke of Wilder's stick broke the arm of his quondam fair one, who dropped to the ground in agony. For a minute or so the boys debated whether to run, or face the chances of defeat and detection; but the sight of an approaching party of pedestrians giving fresh force to the suggestions of prudence, they helped their leader from the ground, and disappeared almost as rapidly as they had presented themselves. As for ourselves, we had no wish to run the risk of a catechising, either from coachman or passenger; and we retreated through a gap in the hedge, and fled across the fields, feeling not a little rejoiced that our adventure had not come to a worse termination. Wilder was utterly crest-fallen; Roger protested that it served us right, and consoled himself with thinking that his physiognomy was not much damaged; while I found the fifteen shillings I had won but a poor compensation for the pair of black eyes which I felt would adorn me for at least a week to come. I went to bed cursing myself for my folly in having had to do with such a mad scheme, and resolved that it should be the only time in my life when I should have to reproach myself with such senseless imprudence.

[To be continued.]

A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been strongly and repeatedly urged to publish a very interesting narrative in my possession, written by Lady A——, I now send it you, word for word as it was penned by that noble lady at my earnest request.

At Prior Park, in the spring of 1840, being at breakfast with her ladyship, our conversation turned on conversions from Anglicanism; a subject that interested me the more, as she herself was a convert from it. After exemplifying various remarks by reference to her own experience, she then also brought forward the example of her own mother, whose peculiar and edifying conduct, under surprising difficulties, is briefly but vividly depicted in the following narrative.

On this occasion I was so impressed and gratified by what I heard, that for hours after I could with difficulty direct my mind to any thing else. And on the following morning, when we met at breakfast again, on reverting to the same subject, and making further inquiries, I was gratified with still further particulars about her

mother's conversion, and the strange and fearful difficulties she had to go through for the sake of her faith; so that at length I requested, as earnestly as I could, that she would commit to paper for me what she had told me by word of mouth. In the course of a few days she put the manuscript narrative into my hands.

Of course, in writing this, her ladyship never anticipated its publication. But, at the same time, while on the one hand that circumstance in the case only makes her narrative the more natural and real; on the other, one feels that she never would have been offended at the liberty I am taking; seeing, in the first place, the edification its perusal will give to many; and, in the second, the encouragement her mother's noble and admirable example will afford to those who so often now have similar difficulties to go through in the same great cause.

Hoping, then, to see the narrative in an early Number of the *Rambler*, believe me yours faithfully,

THOMAS BRINDLE, D.D.

Prior Park, 13th November, 1854.

I regret that it is not in my power to give you many details relating to my mother's conversion; I know of none of the arguments or the train of reasoning which induced her to embrace the truth, or what first led her to doubt the validity of the Anglican doctrines in which she had been educated.

Her father, descended from a long line of Catholic ancestors, and the head of a family none of which had ever deserted their faith, unhappily for himself sought relief from the sorrow which attended the death of his first wife in the society of the gay and profligate; and while yet in early life became entangled in intimacies with men deeply engaged in the politics of the day. He caught the fatal contagion of ambition; and as the penal laws then in force against Catholics forbade any one professing that faith to sit in parliament, he abandoned his religion, and outwardly professed the Anglican doctrines; but his neglect of all religious forms or duties, and the laxity of his morals, were sufficient proofs that in apparently renouncing the faith of his forefathers, he had adopted no other. Indifferent to every thing that regarded religion, but most anxious to prove the sincerity of his Protestantism to the world, he educated his only daughter, the fruit of a subsequent marriage, as an Anglican. She was naturally of a very religious disposition, and did not fail to remark that whenever company was in the house (and it was the rendezvous of all the leading politicians, wits, and authors of the day), her father ostentatiously, and with much parade, attended the parish-church, inviting all his guests to accompany him; whilst,

when the family was alone, or residing (as they did for several months in the year) in London, he never entered any place of worship. His language, however, often advocated the cause to which he did not betray any attachment by his conduct; conscious, probably, that as an apostate his sentiments might be doubtful, to proclaim the sincerity of his Protestantism he dealt out invectives against the true faith. Of an authoritative and violent temper, his daughter early learnt to fear him, and to bow to the decisive opinions which he launched forth; but though she was entirely ignorant of the Catholic religion, and attached to that in which she was educated, she found it difficult to believe that Catholicity taught the monstrous errors which she heard imputed to it, or at least to think that two persons who were the objects of her tenderest affection and respect, could adhere to a creed which appeared to her to be so absurd and superstitious.

The one was a sister of her father's, who stood in regard to her in the place of the mother whom she had lost. Strongly attached to the true faith, Miss N—— bitterly lamented her brother's apostasy; but many years younger than himself, and of a gentle and submissive temper, she feared him too much to venture on remonstrance, or to break the strict command he had laid on her, to refrain from speaking on religion to his daughter. She could only pray, endeavouring to interest heaven in behalf of the child whom she loved as her own.

The other person to whom my mother looked up with feelings which yielded only to those which bound her to her aunt, was an Italian governess. Anxious to secure for his daughter the best instruction in every accomplishment, Lord N—— had engaged this lady, that the Italian language might be learnt in all its purity; but she was also restrained by the severest prohibitions from speaking on religion to her pupil, though her piety and amiability were forcible arguments in favour of the religion which she professed. After being for three years the instructress of my mother, she left the situation to fulfil a matrimonial engagement with a gentleman of her own faith, and of independent fortune, residing in London.

Lord N—— had a great dread of the want of principle and conduct which he had often observed in persons selected as governesses, and therefore hesitated long in replacing one whom he so much esteemed. He finally determined not to appoint any successor, lest he might discover what he should not approve,—though my mother was at that time but fourteen years of age; thinking that under his sister's guidance, and with different masters for the various branches of knowledge and the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire, she

would not need an instructress. After making this decision, he took his family in the spring to his house in the country, where my mother hourly had reason to regret the friend whose society had been so agreeable to her. To divert her many solitary hours, she had recourse to a large and well-filled library, the contents of which, even at that early age, she had already learned to appreciate.

Ranging over the shelves, her eye was caught by a collection of books in old bindings, which occupied the upper compartment of one side of the room. These proved to be many of the most approved works on spirituality, and many on the subject of controversy,—being a collection once belonging to a Catholic ancestor. The controversial writings first attracted my mother's attention,—surprising as it may seem that so young a girl should relish a study so deep and abstruse. Providence directed that Lord N—— should be absent from home during the greatest part of this summer and the ensuing autumn. Left alone with her aunt, there was therefore no one who could prevent her devoting several hours daily to a subject which also daily became more interesting to her. The books which filled these upper shelves of the library were entirely written by Catholic authors. Often has she shown me the library-steps, on the top of which she has passed whole mornings reading. But the arguments which tended to prove the truth of Catholicity were at first startling; and she thought that they must be easily answered by Protestant divines, of whose writings a large collection also filled another part of this library. To these she had recourse, with all the ardour which this question had awakened in a naturally eager and enlightened mind; but it was in vain that she sought for satisfactory answers to the reasoning, the doubts, and arguments displayed in the works of the Catholic authors; their attacks on the (so-called) reformed doctrines, and their assertions of the authority, truth, and consistency of their own, were alike unanswerable. To a mind so candid and so full of quick perceptions as was my mother's, the conviction which gradually stole upon her was inevitable; she was disappointed in finding that Protestant writers, whom she had been taught to respect and to look to as unerring authorities, failed to diminish the force of the more powerful advocacy of Truth,—for such she was now, as in spite of herself, compelled to admit it to be. She detected in her hitherto esteemed and valued champions of Protestantism weakness in argument, sophistry, inconsistency, and want of candour. Such a discovery revolted her; and she soon learnt to detest the errors she had ignorantly believed, and the impositions by which her mind had been worked on

to adopt them, and to give implicit faith to the calumnies which were spread against that Church which now appeared to her to be that only one which Christ came upon earth to found,—that Rock against which hell should not prevail.

To this conviction a determination could not fail to succeed that she would run all risks to embrace this one true faith, and brave every difficulty rather than forego her hopes of heaven, which she now felt depended on her professing the faith which had thus been mercifully revealed to her.

The first obstacle which presented itself to her mind was the displeasure of a father whom she knew to be terrible in his anger, and who, as she was ignorant of his apostasy, she deemed to be attached to the creed which he professed, or at all events detesting that which he so virulently maligned. Winter having now commenced, Lord N—— removed with his family to London, and the ardent young convert lost no time in seeking to procure for herself further instruction. Many difficulties presented themselves, which might have deterred a less energetic or less determined mind than hers. At that time, 1772, most of the penal laws against Catholics were still in force: priests dared not to appear publicly; for saying Mass a priest incurred the penalty of death; and the individual at whose house it could be proved that Mass had been celebrated suffered forfeiture of property and transportation for life. Great difficulty existed in finding a priest; but very few of them lived in London, concealed, and known only to their scattered flocks. My mother knew that her aunt attended Mass; but fearing to disobey Lord N——, she dared not help her niece. After a short deliberation, my mother resolved upon confiding in her late governess, to whose house Lord N—— had always allowed her to go unattended. Her friend entered with joyful eagerness into the pious views of her former pupil, and resolved to run every risk to aid the execution of so praiseworthy a resolve. But she found it impossible to prevail upon the priest who had been accustomed to attend her family to meet at her house a young lady of rank, whose conversion would, when known, attract general attention and surprise, as well as the anger and persecution of her own family, which, falling on him, would be, as his timidity suggested, the means of his being sent out of England, and rendering him useless to a mission he long had served. His refusal was a severe disappointment, and it was long ere another priest could be found.

Providence, however, prospered Mrs. C.'s researches, and she succeeded in arranging certain days and hours, during which the zealous young convert could be absent from her

father's house, without any apparent attempt at concealment; announcing that she intended passing the morning with her friend and former instructress, to whose house she walked through the park attended by a maid and a servant, whom she dismissed at the door, desiring them to call for her in the afternoon,—the priest taking care to be at Mrs. C.'s house before her arrival. After having for some weeks continued in this way to receive instructions, she sometimes ventured to walk unattended at an early hour to Mrs. C.'s; but her appearance attracted attention, and once being alarmed by the rude admiration of some young men who followed her, yet not frightened from her stedfast purpose, she ever after, when she went unattended, muffled her face in the hood worn in those days, and limped in her gait, to assume the appearance of age. When her instructions were completed, she was privately received into the Church,—being conditionally baptised, with only her friend Mrs. C. as a witness, in a small back-parlour in her house, where she subsequently assisted at Mass, and as privately made her first communion. I must again, at this part of my narrative, express my regret that I know not what were the doubts which still existed in my mother's mind when she first asked for instruction, or what principally struck her as being the most forcible proofs of the truth of Catholicity.

The train of reasoning and the arguments which enlightened and induced a mind so strong as hers to see and embrace the truth, would be highly interesting and most useful. She had committed the history of her conversion to writing, and at her death my father gave me all her papers; but I in vain searched for what was most valuable to me, and had afterwards reason to believe that it was purposely destroyed by a servant, who mistook the writing for testamentary dispositions, which it was her interest to prevent coming into my possession and that of my father.

Once received into the Church, my mother felt her happiness to be unbounded, her peace of mind secured; and, with the sanguine temperament of youth, anticipated no difficulties except those attending on keeping her religion a profound secret from her father. Two years now passed in the tranquil, though concealed, practice of it: she had, however, scarcely completed her sixteenth year, when, as the declared heiress of Lord N——'s large estates, many suitors presented themselves; and she began to dread the possibility of being constrained by her father to contract a marriage with a Protestant. However, he in some measure consulted his daughter's welfare, by refusing to listen to the proposals of several, whose

brilliant positions in life would have otherwise tempted him, had not the laxity of their morals indisposed him to intrust her happiness to the keeping of a libertine; till she began to hope that he would not find one whose character would stand the test of his inquiries. Her suspense, however, was quickly ended; she was aware that her inclinations would not be considered, and that her father's approval alone would be necessary to decide her fate for life; she therefore regarded it as sealed, when he told her that he had long arranged a marriage for her with the nephew and heir of his friend the Earl of T——, who at that time held a conspicuous place in the cabinet.

Young Mr. G—— was just returned from a foreign tour, to enter upon the career of politics, which subsequently engrossed the greater part of his life, and in which his uncle, his father, and all his family, were deeply engaged. He was one of the leading young men of the day; and in moral character he was as far above those who had hitherto aspired to my mother's hand, as his expectations and actual position were above most of them. Heir to an earldom and large property, with a high character for talents and acquirements, and of a family possessing at that time the greatest political influence;—while all this realised the most sanguine hopes which Lord N——'s ambition had formed for his daughter, she duly appreciated all that was amiable and attractive in his manners and character, and soon became devotedly attached to him; thus also becoming blinded to a sternness of disposition and firmness of resolve, which threatened to endanger the happiness of her future life, when directed towards a subject of vital importance to herself. Mr. G—— had been educated in violent prejudices against the Catholic religion; and their engagement had subsisted some time without his in the least suspecting what were the religious sentiments of his intended bride. She attempted by insinuations and hints to convey to him, as by degrees, the information which she thought it her duty to impart to him before their marriage; but she found the task to be most difficult, as he appeared unable to admit the possibility of any reasonable being professing doctrines so monstrous and absurd as those of Catholicity. When at last she announced the fact to him, she was thunderstruck when he replied, "I had rather that you had owned to me that you were a Mohammedan; but your somewhat tardy avowal makes no difference in my sentiments towards you. I have no doubt that I shall soon succeed in persuading you to renounce this folly; meanwhile, depend upon it, that, once my wife, you shall never again be allowed to see a Popish priest or attend your Popish mummeries, but regularly accompany

me every Sunday to the only reasonable worship, that of the Church of England."

In vain she endeavoured to mollify him, in vain she attempted even to frighten him from concluding the marriage; an effort she had recourse to in despair, when she found his prejudices and resolutions alike unconquerable. He threatened to communicate what she had told him to her father; till her extreme terror moved his compassion, and extorted from him a promise of silence. Her misery now was great; she dared not brave the terrible anger of her father, by refusing to conclude a marriage now on the point of taking place; nor could she do so without assigning the reason, which would, she knew, increase his anger to an ungovernable height. Without a friend to support her, she dared take no step; she trusted to the influence she hoped to gain over Mr. G——, whose ardent attachment to her seemed to justify that hope; and despairingly she resigned herself to a fate which no longer presented to her a brilliant or unchequered prospect, but in which both her happiness here and hereafter seemed most doubtful, unless a constancy hardly to be expected in one so young had power to keep her true to religion, and to bear unmoved the trials which awaited her.

The day before that fixed for the marriage, April 15th, 1774, she as usual stole privately at an early hour to the house of her friend, where Mass was celebrated; at which, having previously approached the tribunal of Penance, she received the Holy Communion; and the solemn service being concluded, the priest, with earnest and impressive solicitations, not unmixed with tears, exhorted her to perseverance, patience, and endurance; to seek support and comfort from constant prayer, and in God alone; to supplicate continually for His grace, to guide her amid the dangers that would surround her, and to omit nothing that might induce her husband to allow her the practice of her religion, or that might remove his prejudices, and place before him in its true colours the one holy Church of Christ. Receiving her solemn promises to do all that he enjoined, he gave her a parting benediction; and the recollection of it, and of his exhortations, as well as of the Holy Communion, in which she had participated, were her sole comforts and supports during after-years of coercion and restraint.

The first Sunday after their marriage Mr. G—— entered on the line of conduct he had resolved on, and insisted on her accompanying him to the parish-church. Too much attached to her, and of too polished a mind and manners to use violence, he was, nevertheless, not to be resisted; and she was

compelled to sit and weep through the long monotonous service, to which she always refused even apparently to attend; never opening the Prayer-book offered to her, and evidently showing her horror of a worship which she knew to be false. Every succeeding Sunday brought a repetition of this misery; and often have I, walking with her in the avenue of trees which led to the church, listened to her melancholy descriptions of her wretchedness as she trod that path, praying inwardly that the next time she passed under those trees, it might be in her coffin;—so completely did this persecution subdue her spirits, and blight all the happiness which otherwise would have been hers. Always on the watch for an excuse to avoid this weekly infliction, sometimes the weather was friendly to her hopes; and how has she described to me the anxiety with which, on these dreaded Sunday mornings, she watched the clouds, and prayed for a continuance of the storm! Indisposition, too, occasionally served as an excuse; she, as may be supposed, exaggerated as best she could any slight illness that could be assigned as a pretext; for her husband, indulgent on every point but one, always instantly yielded, if there appeared to be the slightest risk attending her leaving the house. But these reprieves, purchased by subterfuge and anxiety, by no means served to alleviate the miseries of her position. It was remarkable that from the first, in the long course of a union which subsisted eight-and-thirty years, Mr. G—— never attempted to argue or reason with her, or endeavour to discover what were the foundations for an attachment and conviction so strong as those which bound her to her faith. Nor did he ever suggest to her any controversial studies, or to consult or listen to the opinions of any clergyman of the Anglican Church, though many frequented the house.

Amongst others was one who had been tutor to Mr. G——, and through life remained his friend, and as such attained to high rank in the prelacy. He loved and admired my mother, appreciated her virtues and talents, and great mutual regard subsisted between them. In the first years of their acquaintance, he, unsolicited, took frequent opportunities of attacking her faith, and remonstrating with her, endeavouring to draw her back to Anglicanism; but though a man of sense and talent, and by no means deficient in theological information, her arguments soon baffled him; it was then her turn to attack, and he, completely foiled, sought in every way to avoid the subject, which, however, she used often in after-years, sometimes playfully, often seriously, to renew, though without any hope of producing any conviction in one whose

provision for his numerous family depended on his bishopric. My father's sole object seemed to be the concealment of her religious opinions,—he appeared to despair of changing them, conscious perhaps that he had none to offer in exchange; yet this concealment had, as he ought to have considered it would, the effect of lowering my mother in the opinions of those who otherwise would have esteemed as much as they loved her.

Two sisters of my father's, one rather younger, the other two years older than my mother, came to reside with them. One of my aunts has often lamented it to me. They loved and respected my mother. The decorum of her manners and conduct; the firmness of principle and excellent sentiments she so constantly exhibited and expressed; her steadiness when launched in extreme youth into the vortex of the world, with all the temptations that accompany rank, beauty, and riches, with a husband too much engrossed by political avocations to guide her inexperience or attend her in the scenes of gaiety and splendour in which she mixed;—all this seemed so strange a contradiction to her evident avoidance of all attendance on public worship, and reluctance to converse on religious subjects, that it shocked and grieved them; and after some time the elder sister remonstrated. What she said was received mildly and kindly, but of course did not alter my mother's conduct; and till some years afterwards, when they began to suspect the truth, they almost reproached themselves for their affection for one, whose apparent neglect of all religious duties they could not but condemn. Six dreary years thus passed away. A son had been born, and my mother had the additional sorrow of seeing him baptised, and his early education commencing in a false religion. The Sundays' persecution had, however, for some time relaxed, till by degrees it had been entirely discontinued; still she was debarred the practice of her religion, and any hint which she occasionally ventured to give on the subject was received by my father with great displeasure, and repetitions of the assurance that no religious practice would ever be allowed to her.

He at that time, by the death of his uncle, succeeded to his title and very large property, added to that of his father, which he already enjoyed. This, as it obliged my mother to remove to a very large family-seat in the country always filled with company, and placed her at the head of a very extensive establishment, and in a still more constant round of gaiety and worldliness than that in which she had already been obliged to mix, only increased the irksomeness of her situation; and the disquiet of her mind, on which anxiety and

coercion so long had preyed, probably aided in bringing on a severe attack of typhus-fever, which in a few days threatened to terminate seriously. She has often described to me the agonies of her mind, as she felt her illness daily increasing, and read the truth in the alarmed countenances of her husband and the medical-attendants; for she felt that she would be left to die bereft of all religious assistance or consolation. Her aunt, Miss N——, who often resided with her, and was her only earthly consolation, was gone abroad. She had not a Catholic near her. She feared, too, that if she expressed a wish for religious attendance, her husband might bring an Anglican minister to her, perhaps insist upon her listening to his prayers. After some days of this dreadful mental combat, the fever daily increasing, she felt that she was dying. No human prudence or respects had any longer power to restrain her; all fear of her husband's anger or its consequences vanished before that dreadful and paramount terror that she should die an alien to the Church. She screamed loudly for a priest; proclaimed that she was a Catholic debarred from the practice of her religion; exclaimed at the cruelty of persevering in that deprivation when she was on her deathbed,—of causing the eternal loss of her soul. Her affrighted attendants thought her raving; the physicians were summoned; but they, soon feeling convinced that it was not delirium, but some real terror, that acted on her mind, were leaving the room to summon my father, when he, entering the house, heard her screams, which resounded now through every part of it; and hastily entering her room, was overwhelmed by her exclamations and reproaches, and still more by finding that, to the physicians and a crowd of servants attracted by their lady's cries, the secret was divulged which he had vainly hoped would for ever remain unknown. He approached her, whispering the most earnest entreaties that she would be pacified, and all should be as she wished. Nothing would satisfy her but a formal promise; giving as a reason the six years of persecution she had endured,—thus further informing the astonished listeners of what she had hitherto endured in silence. He turned all out of the room; though it was useless to do so. Perhaps he could not bring himself before witnesses to make the promise required; but after vainly endeavouring to evade it, or to quiet her by general assurances, he promised her solemnly that she should be attended by a priest, and through her future life be allowed, under certain restrictions, the practice of her religion. So blessed a hope instantly calmed her; she consented to obey the physicians' injunctions, to take the composing medicines prescribed, to observe a perfect silence

on all that had passed; and, her mind probably in great measure influencing the state of her health, her recovery was surprising in its progress.

In his joy at witnessing it, my father's usual reserve on the subject nearest to her heart gave way; and he more than once during her convalescence gave her the assurance that they should move to London as soon as she could bear the journey, and that he would, when there, lose no time in finding a priest who should be allowed to see her. He had not the slightest idea of what she had to do when the priest should be introduced to her, or why she should not be contented with being permitted to pray as she pleased, and not to be compelled to attend any other service. To attend Mass regularly on Sundays and festivals she found that she should not be allowed to do, however privately; but that an interview once in each year with a priest was all that she could hope for. *That*, however, was so great a gain, that, fearful of losing it if she asked for more, she resolved to lose no opportunity of gaining a further boon by degrees, if possible, and meanwhile to profit by what would at least enable her to keep in communion with the Church, and not force upon her the misery of appearing what she was not, by attending the Anglican worship. She succeeded, however, in making my father understand that it was right and desirable to receive the Sacrament, and that therefore she felt so much anxiety to see a priest.

The journey to London took place. She had hastened it as much as possible, by endeavouring to appear to have recovered her health more than she really had; but as her nerves were still much shaken, she could not help tormenting herself with the fear, that as her husband was not acquainted with any Catholics, he would not know how to find a priest, as they kept themselves so much concealed, and that it might be possible that he might be imposed upon, and introduce one to her not authorised as a missionary or approved by the bishop. She therefore, in this uncertainty, felt less joy than she otherwise would, when in a few days he announced to her that the priest was found. On her beginning to question him how and when he had made the discovery, he angrily refused to answer, saying, "I have taken care to provide a priest whom I am sure of; no meddling Jesuit shall interfere in my family-affairs, or be an adviser to my wife. Set your mind at rest. I have found a proper priest; but he shall not enter my house. I will accompany you to the place where you can see him and receive your Sacrament." It was then necessary to inform him that Confession must precede Holy Communion, and that she therefore must see the priest alone. This nearly

proved a stumbling-block to her hopes. "Auricular confession," of which he had never heard but in terms of ridicule, contempt, and reprobation,—the tool by which priests governed their flocks, intermeddled between parents and children, husband and wife;—a rite which he supposed had now been found to be so objectionable as to have been abandoned by the educated and enlightened amongst the Catholics themselves; that his wife should submit to this,—that the affairs of his family were to be made known to a Popish priest, who was to be the judge of every thing, no arrangement to be made but by his consent and advice;—no, to *that* my father would not consent. My mother reminded him of his unconditional promise. He had not thought confession an integral part of her religious practice, or he never would, he never could have made that promise. She found herself on the eve of losing the long-hoped-for happiness: entreaties, expostulations, explanations, assurances that in confession no names were ever mentioned, nothing told to a confessor that could lead him to judge of the affairs of a family, that he was bound by every tie that could bind a man to the profoundest secrecy to make no use of any thing revealed to him in confession,—all were vain, no arguments could avail; until, seeing her extreme distress, and determined to keep his promise if he could, he questioned her closely on the nature of a confession; and it struck her, that if she could bring herself at once to show him the confession which, being one of several years, she had prepared in writing, it might perhaps be the best explanation she could give, and reconcile him to the idea of permitting her to participate in a Sacrament, the nature of which he would thus fully understand. She felt the act to be one of great humiliation, that it was a great sacrifice; but what would she not do to attain the long-wished-for end? It has always appeared to me the most heroic act she could have performed.

After hardly a moment's reflection and hesitation, she placed the paper in his hands, requesting him to read it, and giving him her solemn assurance that it was her confession, and that the paper contained every word that she should say in confession to the priest, and that she should add nothing to it. He appeared much surprised and touched by this act of confidence. She reiterated her assurances and requests: he read the paper; but had not examined half its contents, when he burst into tears, repeatedly asking, was this all that ever composed a confession? She assured him that it never was composed of any thing but the sins of the penitent. Quite overcome by emotion, he returned the paper, saying, that indeed no objection could exist to confession; that all husbands must

wish their wives to practise it; and that if all confessions were like *that*, there would be fewer bad and more good wives in the world than there were; and hastily left her, sobbing like a child.

Returning thanks to God, who had given her courage to perform this act, my mother set about further preparations for the happiness which she now hoped in a very short time to enjoy. And the next day Lord T—— told her that the next day she must rise at six, as he must take her early to the place where the priest would meet them. Still weakened and languid, this expedition in a winter morning was an exertion to her; but her joy was too great to think of inconveniences. The day had scarcely dawned when they left the house on foot; for Lord T—— would not allow a hackney-coach, much less his own carriage, to come to the door, lest the servants should discover, and it should become known, what was the object of their early expedition. After walking some way, however, fearing the fatigue for my mother, he called a hackney-carriage, and they proceeded on a course which to her seemed to extend far into the city. By narrow streets, unknown to her, they approached a small, mean-looking house; when my father, sending away the carriage, preceded her up a steep narrow stair, till on the third flight they turned into a small room, where a man of respectable appearance, a clever, penetrating countenance, with great appearance of mildness and benignity, awaited them. Coldly but civilly saluting him, my father said that he was aware that a confessor and penitent must be left alone, and that another room was prepared for him where he should wait; and saying this, he withdrew.

Left alone with this person, all my mother's fears returned that Lord T—— might have been imposed upon, and ignorant where to find a priest. She therefore put a few questions, calculated, as she thought, to find out were this really a priest or not; but soon aware of her drift, the gentleman laughed, and said, "My dear child, fear nothing. I am a priest; and not only that, but a father of the Society of Jesus." As he said this with all the appearance of truth, she could hardly suppress a smile, as she recollected her husband's express determination not to allow a "meddling Jesuit to advise his wife." The person continued: "If you doubt me, the Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, living at No. —, in — street, will tell you that I am no impostor. My name is Thomas T——; I am brother to Lord S——." There was *that* in his look and manner that persuaded her he spoke the truth; and she had heard that the then Earl of S—— had two brothers Jesuits. She therefore hesitated no longer, but made her confession;

after which she asked his permission to receive the Holy Communion, which he granted, asking her if he should meet her the ensuing morning at the house where they then were, or if she could come to his abode, where he had a little private chapel, where he could celebrate Mass more decently. She then found, to her extreme disappointment, that her husband, not aware that it was necessary to do so, had not apprised Father T—— that the penitent he was to meet would wish to be communicated that morning in the same room, which, with that where Lord T—— was awaiting them, had, he told her, been hired for that day only; but as he could not understand why she could not again meet him next day, she told him her whole history and her name; for Lord T—— had not, it seemed, revealed his, but called upon Father T——, and made the appointment with him. How he had discovered his abode, or even heard of his existence, Father T—— could not tell; nor did my mother ever after find out by what means Lord T—— had been directed in his search.

After hearing all her difficulties, however, Father T—— strongly advised her not to irritate her husband by asking for another immediate interview with himself; that if any opportunity occurred, she might endeavour to obtain another while she remained in London; if not, to wait the ensuing year with patience and resignation, as a further demand might risk to her the loss of what she had obtained. On the contrary, he exhorted her by every means to conciliate Lord T——, and above all, to express a lively gratitude for what he had now conceded to her. With my mother's eager temperament, there was great difficulty in following Father T——'s advice; though he enjoined it strictly, and obtained her promise to do so before they parted. It was no easy task to her to appear to Lord T—— as cheerful as she wished for every reason to seem to be after being allowed the practice of her religion, or to suppress the severe feelings of disappointment which this cruel privation had caused her. When they rejoined my father, he appeared rather impatient at the length of their conversation, stiffly thanked Father T——, and led his wife away, who, rallying her spirits, thanked him warmly for the happiness he had afforded her. He heard her silently, coldly answering, that at the same time next year she should "meet her priest again;" but that in the mean time, he desired her never to "mention the subject to him," and above all, on her life, not to mention it to another human being. She well knew that nothing remained for her but submission, and feared that there was no hope of her gaining more than she already had. This year, however, passed away comparatively happily; though,

particularly at Easter, and the other great feasts of the Church, she keenly felt the cruelty of her position. Three years more passed in this way; every winter, as soon as they arrived in town, Lord T—— told her, that on such a day she must be ready to accompany him; and almost before daybreak they in the same way walked, or in a hackney-carriage proceeded to a hired room. Father T——, however, aware of the circumstances, always, after the first interview, took care to be in the rooms long enough before their arrival to prepare in one of them what was requisite for saying Mass, during which—the only Mass she could attend in the year—he always communicated her.

[To be completed in our next.]

Rebels.

DE VERE'S POEMS.

Poems. By Aubrey De Vere. Burns and Lambert.

THAT idealised reality which constitutes the essence of all true poetry takes various forms, according to the different characters of those who are naturally gifted for its utterance. With every poet there is ever the same irrepressible aspiration after a world of beauty created by the imagination, but formed only from such materials as are within the range of actual possibility, or such as were once accounted possible by men of like natures with ourselves. But one poet embodies these aspirations in a dramatic form, another in a lyric, another in an epic, another in a sonnet or a song. All alike desire to escape from the hard dreary prose of daily life, and live for a while in a land where greatness is heroic, and beauty undimmed, and language rich and vivid, and the deepest emotions of the soul find easy and perfect expression, and the intense consciousness which we all possess of being born for better things is not frozen or thwarted by every object that meets the eye and the ear.

Still, this ideal world is entered through different portals, and especially loved for one or other of its manifold charms by men of distinct natural characters. One poet delights in an imaginary existence peopled with men and women in perpetual movement and action, and filling up the mind's eye with such prominence, that every other element of beauty and interest is made to serve only as an accessory. He seeks in-

tensity of emotion, rapid brevity of impression, and such unity of action and striking painting of human feelings, as shall fill the mind with a sense of the overwhelming moment of every thing that belongs to man, and the irresistible force with which every event is hastening on to produce its results either for weal or woe. Such is the type of character which expresses itself in the dramatic form.

Another prefers the more equable grandeur of the epic poem. His ideal world must present humanity not only in action and emotion, but under such circumstances as allow those who watch its movements to dwell upon the nobleness, the infinite variety of the charms, and the hidden meaning of the scene they contemplate. He seeks to understand, to admire, to love, or to abhor the personages that move before him, rather than to sympathise with them with that absorbing interest which it is the aim of drama to awaken. With less intensity of expression, the epic presents more of mere beauty of form and colour than the drama. It is less human; but it is more magnificent.

Other poets, unequal to the creation of an imaginary existence so grand in its proportions, love to dwell upon certain individual phases of human life, or certain moods of the human heart, or certain ideas suggested by the innumerable types of moral beauty with which the visible universe is thronged. One such poet is rapid, vigorous, and daring, and his very words embody the idea of the musician chanting to the ringing chords of his own lyre. Another is sad, plaintive, and elegiac. Another can speak only in the "song," pouring out some single thought or feeling, or recounting some touching story in a few eloquent stanzas, rapidly awakening our emotions for a brief space, and content to let us turn quickly to other ideas, if only he can truly stir the depths of our hearts for a few passing minutes. Others, again, are meditative, philosophic, and dwell more on their thoughts and fancies as their own, than as those of our common humanity.

Then, again, every poet has his own peculiar temperament and capacities for mere verbal utterance. In one, passion predominates; in another, feeling; in a third, a love for refinement and grace of structure and language; in a fourth, a power of musical rhythm and delicious intonation. One is wild, irregular, and suggestive, like a broken waterfall; another, like a deep and gentle river, is self-possessed, clear, and so calm that at first sight he may seem cold or shallow. Still, every where the poet's domain is an ideal world; but its inhabitants and the home in which they live and move are not mere inventions of the audacious intellect, but are transplanted from the

actual world of humanity and life, transfigured in the light which shines upon them from the genius of the poet himself.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere is a poet essentially meditative. Though singularly free from the tendencies to self-exhibition so common with poets of this class, it is not difficult to read the character of his mind from the volume now before us. With him the natural poetic aspiration is clearly an aspiration, not after an ideal life existing in imagination alone, but after a universe as yet invisible, but real, glorious, eternal, and the destined home of the thoughts and desires of man. It is the misery of the mere human poet, that he mistakes the true meaning of his gift, calling it often, it is true, a *divine* gift, but little knowing what that word "divine" imports. Little does he perceive that the poetic element in man—and we believe there is no human being wholly destitute of it—suberves to the intellect, in some degree, the same purpose that the conscience does to our moral nature. A conviction is deeply rooted in us, that these indescribable and often most painful longings after some unknown state of beauty, truth, and love, are a distinct indication that we are designed for something better than a mill-wheel repetition of prosy routine, in which nine-tenths of our thoughts are occupied in transitory trivialities. We are confident that the ineffable loveliness of sight and sound which the earth and heavens present for our enjoyment, is really a type, a language, a foreshadowing of some new state of being, of which the brightest beauties of this present life are but the dimmest of anticipations.

We know no English poet of whose mind this great truth has more evidently taken early possession than of Mr. De Vere's. Its expression constitutes, in fact, the substance of nearly all his poetry. He has gone about the world and among his fellow-men from his boyhood, ever seeking the meaning of these mysterious chords that sounded in the ear of his soul; watching the play of light, and shade, and colour on the face of the earth, and wondering what it all meant; questioning himself and those about him as to the secret of human life, and gently essaying one earthly object after another in quest of the solution of the problem, "Where is the soul's true home?"

His character appears to be one of feeling rather than of passion; not vehement or impulsive, but deep, tender, gentle, and affectionately fond of every thing that comes near him, when not positively repulsive. His imagination is lively, varied, and refined, rather than daring or strikingly original. He loves to dwell on the past history of humanity; but it is rather to decipher the hidden meaning of the characters in

which it is written, than to revive its events in dramatic life. He has clearly described the characteristic occupations of his own mind in the following sonnet on

MEDITATION.

“ What is more glorious than a noble Thought?
 What is more blessed?—In that thought to dwell;
 To build your bower within it; scoop a cell;
 Inlay with precious ores a secret grot,
 A hermit's place of rest: to wander not;
 But lean in peace above its caverned well,
 Yielding to that pure runnel's murmuring spell,
 Or sound of sighing forests heard remote.
 Such holy promptings moved of old our sires
 Those vast cathedrals cruciform to raise
 That make us dwell *within* the Cross: and still,
 Sweet as the gradual breeze from all their choirs
 Moving with dawning day o'er wood and hill,
 The thoughts by those grey Minsters quickened to God's praise!”

The purity and refinement of Mr. De Vere's taste appear most conspicuous in his poems on those subjects which few poets have sung upon without verging in some degree upon a questionable sensuousness. The skill and delicacy of his touch in this respect is quite remarkable, and constitute a characteristic in his writings. Such is the peculiarity of the poem “Psyche; or, an old Poet's Love,” written in 1847. Another such is the “Hymn for the Feast of the Annunciation,” written evidently since Mr. De Vere has been a Catholic; for we question whether the best of Protestants could have painted that all-wonderful scene with such a union of force, truth, and reverent ardour. One fragment from this hymn we must give, as expressing, we are sure, not only what the world's loneliness spoke to the ancient poetic mind before the Annunciation, but what it whispered to the living poet himself before he learnt the full solution of the great enigma:

“ Mournful, till now, to the o'er-experienced ear,
 Mournful were all the harmonies of earth,
 As Autumn's dirge over the dying Year:
 Yea, more than sadness blended
 With melodies of mirth.
 The ocean, murmuring on the shore,
 Breathed inland far a sad ‘no more:’
 The winds but left their midnight cells
 To fill the day with lorn ‘farewells.’”

As might have been expected, Mr. De Vere's genius has strikingly expanded itself and gained in warmth, since he entered the Catholic Church. This result is not, indeed, what would take place in all poets, however truly they might be

gifted with the poetic *afflatus*. Viewed simply as poetry, their poems would gain little or nothing, except in being freed from certain artistic excrescences or moral deformities. If Milton had been a Catholic, the *Paradise Lost* would not have been Arian in its theology; but, as a poem, we think it would have been much what it is now. Spenser would have remained what he is. Byron, Coleridge, and Scott, would have gained little or nothing as mere poets. Wordsworth, on the other hand, would, we conceive, have acquired precisely that straightforward manliness, that healthy hearty vigour, and that power of discriminating between the noble and the worthless, in which he remained so singularly deficient to the last. A devout Catholic could hardly be a mawkish twaddler, or mistake a feeble pantheism for a divine revelation, with one half of Wordsworth's intellectual powers.

In our judgment, Mr. De Vere as a Catholic poet is quite another man from what he was as an Anglican. His heart never went out thoroughly, cordially, and spontaneously to any object, so long as it was oppressed with that sense of spiritual uncertainty and artificialness which clings to the best sons of Anglicanism. His strains remind us of a classical bas-relief by Thorwaldsen or Flaxman; imaginative and truthful, but yet cold. As a Catholic poet, his heart and intellect are at once strong and free; and as such he has given us a set of poems, all of them marked by the same thoughtfulness, grace, and unaffected earnestness, and many of them nothing less than profound and beautiful.

Unlike most poets who attempt that seductive thing, the sonnet, Mr. De Vere succeeds in his sonnets better than in any other form of verse. The sonnet is pre-eminently the instrument for the meditative poet; and many of those in Mr. De Vere's volume are as perfect specimens of what a sonnet should be as any we can call to mind, especially as they possess that rare merit in the songs of "sonneteers"—a freedom from conceit, egotism, and affectation. Take for instance the two following; and if the reader has ever heard the marvellous strains of Allegri sung beneath the prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo, and has a musical ear attuned to reverberate to their mysterious risings and fallings, he will thank the poet for giving so strange and so fitting a shape to the emotions those notes produce.

THE 'MISERERE' IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

1.

"From sadness on to sadness, woe to woe,
Searching all depths of grief ineffable,

Those sighs of the Forsaken sink and swell ;
 And to a piercing shrillness, gathering, grow.
 Now, one by one, commingling now they flow :
 Now in the dark they die, a piteous knell,
 Lorn as the wail of exiled Israel,
 Or Hagar weeping o'er her outcast. No—
 Never hath loss external forced such sighs!
 O ye with secret sins that inly bleed,
 And drift from God, search out, if ye are wise,
 Your unrepented infelicities :
 And pray, whate'er the punishment decreed,
 It prove not exile from your Maker's eyes.

2.

“ Those sounds expiring on mine ear, mine eye
 Was by a corresponding impress spelled :
 A vision of the Angels that rebelled
 Still hung before me through the yielding sky,
 Sinking on plumes outstretched imploringly.
 Their Tempter's hopes and theirs for ever quelled,
 They sank, with hands upon their eyes close-held,
 And longed, methought, for death ; yet could not die.
 Down, ever down, a mournful pageant streaming
 With the slow, ceaseless motion of a river,
 Inwoven choirs to ruin blindly tending,
 They sank. I wept as one who weeps while dreaming,
 To see them, host on host, by force descending
 Down the dim gulfs, for ever and for ever.”

There are many delightful and most true sonnets on Rome and its wonders ; most true, we say, because there is an individual genuineness about Mr. De Vere's meditations which doubles all their charms. Such a one is that upon “ St. Peter's by moonlight,” written, we should guess, before, but only just before, its author felt that St. Peter's was *his own*.

One or two short poems, not sonnets, we must give, as illustrating what we have said of the particular character of Mr. De Vere's mind, and its personal history.

REALITY.

“ Love thy God, and love Him only,
 And thy breast will ne'er be lonely.
 In that one great Spirit meet
 All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
 Vainly strives the soul to mingle
 With a being of our kind :
 Vainly hearts with hearts are twined ;
 For the deepest still is single.
 An impalpable resistance
 Holds like natures still at distance.
 Mortal ! love that Holy One !
 Or dwell for aye alone.”

HUMANITY.

1.

“ Earth’s green expanse : her dawn’s one wave of light :
 Her soft winds creeping o’er the forest tall :
 Her silence ; and the comfort of her night—
 Are these then all ?
 All thou canst give to me,
 Humanity ?

2.

Tears running down the track of buried smiles :
 Time’s shades condensed into the sable pall :
 Hope that deserts ; and Gladness that beguiles—
 Are these then all ?
 All thou canst give to me,
 Humanity ?

3.

I saw a Spirit dark ’twixt Earth and Heaven,
 Holding a cup in both hands lest it fall—
 O friends ! a mournful life to us were given,
 If Earth were all !
 But He who lives for aye hath looked on thee,
 Humanity.”

We must also find space for a short series of sonnets on a subject as profound as it is original. No one ever embodied with more touching beauty the emotions of the Christian soul when she looks upon the visible world, once *cursed* for Adam’s sake, and now made new through Christ.

THE BEATIFIC VISION OF THE EARTH.

1.

“ Glad childhood’s dream of marvels past, we rise,
 Still on our cheeks the flush of sleep remaining ;
 And roam the wastes of Earth, our eyelids straining
 The glories of that dream to realise :—
 Nor seek in vain. Stream, bird, or cloud replies
 (Echoes that mock young passion’s amorous feigning) :
 Fancy shines starlike forth ’mid daylight waning,
 And Hope the night-bird sings ’neath shrouded skies.
 At last the charm is broken : day by day
 Drops some new veil, until the countenance bare
 Of that ice-idol, blank Reality,
 Confronts us full with cold and loveless eye—
 Then dies our heart, unless that Faith we share
 Whose touch makes all things gold, and gives us youth for aye.

2.

Hail, Earth, for man’s sake cursed, yet blessing man !
 The Saviour trod thine herbage, breathed thine air :
 Henceforward not alone through symbols, fair,

Thou showest, delivered from thine ancient ban,
 Memorial bloom withheld since death began :
 Thy Maker's glory doomed at last to share,
 Even now that light transfiguring thou dost wear
 For us, which once adorned His forehead wan—
 'All things are new.' O sing it, heavenly choirs!
 And ye, the choir of God's great Church below,
 The Poets! sound it on your deep-toned lyres:
 From every mountain-top the tidings blow—
 'All things are new.' The Earth hath thrown aside
 Her mourning weeds, and sits a pale, and veiled bride.

3.

Cowering beneath a semilucid veil,
 A semilucid bridal veil of snow,
 Which from the wreath that binds her temples pale
 Down to her white and slender feet doth flow,
 She sits. I hear her breathings soft and low :
 They shake the vine-leaves in that garland frail—
 Like Mary's when she heard th' Angelic 'Hail,'
 Dimly I see her blushes come and go.
 And now, that veil thrown back, her head she raises,
 Fixing upon the stars her star-like eyes—
 As though she felt that Heaven on which she gazes
 Her bosom rises: lo! her hands, they rise:
 She also rises. Time it is to meet
 Her Lord, and bless 'the light of His returning feet.'"

On the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending Mr. De Vere to our readers as a very delightful companion and a consoling friend.

 LORD CARLISLE'S TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.

Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Second edition. London, 1854.

WHEN Adolphus Smith, returning from his hard-earned holiday tour, gives us the result of his observations as *Gleanings from Camberwell to Kalafat*, we cannot reasonably complain of disappointment, if the volume form but an indifferent edition of one of Murray's handbooks.

Of Adolphus Smith we have known nothing; and should have supposed, if by chance we had heard of him, that his soul had hitherto been immersed in the rise and fall of hops, calicoes, or pig-iron. Expecting, therefore, nothing from him but platitudes and plagiarisms, we do not complain of his book, when he writes one, and we are simple enough to read it; but only wonder how much money he will lose by the speculation.

The case is, however, very different when a nobleman who, prominent in the political struggles of the last quarter of a century, may possibly anticipate being classed by some future Brougham amongst the "statesmen" of his age, imparts to us the impressions of a twelvemonth's residence amongst scenes unparalleled in interest, from their association with the past; an interest heightened in its intensity by their connection with the events of the present day.

Lord Carlisle had opportunities of observation which are offered to few. Every where in the society of our governors, our ministers, and our consuls, he was brought in contact with those best qualified to guide him in his inquiries, and to afford him information upon every topic of interest. An earl, with a well-filled purse, good manners, and a genial disposition, our traveller went forth with advantages not granted to many. Ambassadors were delighted, consuls were honoured, and attachés in ecstasies at the advent of so charming a personage. Those very "well-conditioned" individuals—(as Lord Carlisle delights to call every body that paid him due attentions)—hardly knew how to welcome him too cordially; and, we cannot doubt, were only too eager to pour into his ear every thing they knew that was worth, or not worth, the telling. Without, then, looking for revelations of diplomatic secrets, which may or may not have been confided to him in his intercourse with our ambassadors at Constantinople or Athens, we might fairly expect that he would have been furnished with materials for the formation of views upon the general bearing of events based on more exact information than those which we can pick up any day in the week from the columns of "our own correspondents."

The earl tells us that he has adopted the form of a diary, as having the "merit of presenting a more intimate sense of companionship between the author and reader than can otherwise be obtained." We can very well appreciate all the pleasure to be derived from the "companionship" of one so distinguished for genial and amiable dispositions; but however much and justly qualities of the *heart* may preponderate in the influence upon our happiness in the intercourse of daily life, we must admit, and possibly we should do so with regret, that in authorship qualities of the *head* are very much more likely to carry away the palm.

Had Lord Carlisle adopted the alternative which he placed before himself when he started upon his tour, viz. that of reserving his "diary" for the perusal of friends, we can very well fancy that they would have derived from it all that pleasure which friends will derive from an interest in the most

trivial circumstance connected with the absent; a pleasure which in this instance would have been enhanced by finding how frequently the recollection of those at home was present to the mind of the traveller, and how much his enjoyment of passing scenes was increased or lessened by the reception of intelligence arriving from time to time from those evidently uppermost in his thoughts. At home, Lord Carlisle has taken the public into his confidence, and favoured them with his ideas "in all the freshness of first impressions;" he must not be surprised if he incurs the proverbial consequence of intimate contact. If even a hero loses his heroic proportions in the eyes of his *valet-de-chambre*, how can a man who has no pretence to heroism avoid appearing positively *small* when he calls in the whole world to gaze at him in his *déshabillé*?

We first meet his lordship in the mail-train to Dover, disclaiming any connection with Exeter Hall. He starts, as he informs us, with the conviction that he is on his way to a land about to become "the theatre of completed Scripture prophecy and a commencing new dispensation of events." He at the same time assures his reader that nothing is farther from his intention than "to put this topic in his face during his future progress." We are almost disposed to regret being deprived of the earl's views upon this wide field of conjecture; for if we can form any estimate of their complexion from the few remarks his lordship offers upon kindred questions, we should be led to anticipate that "the Earl of Carlisle on the Apocalypse" would be a worthy pendant to the *Times* newspaper on *La Salette* and the *Immaculate Conception*; with this difference, that whereas the journalist overflows with vinegar and bile, the peer would drown us in a flood of very watery and slightly acidulated milk.

At Cologne Lord Carlisle gives us a taste of his theological acuteness. For the "relics and shrine," he says—as we should have expected—"I do not care;" but the day after he has inspected them, he goes to High Mass in the cathedral, and "hopes that he estimates this gorgeous ritual as he ought. He recognises the undoubted hold which the combination of picturesque spectacles, glorious architecture, and delicious harmony must have on the imaginations of many; he still more appreciates the ever-open door, the mixture of classes, and the fervent prayers offered up from obscure recesses and before solitary shrines. But the incessant genuflexions, the parrot-chanting of the legion of priests, and above all, the foreign tongue, persuade him there must be often much that is hollow in the service as well as false in the doctrine." We confess our inability to follow Lord Carlisle in this train of

reasoning. How "the foreign tongue," above all, should be able to convince him of "the unsoundness of the doctrine," quite surpasses our comprehension. We could believe, were it not that we are aware that Lord Carlisle was a double first-class man at Oxford, that his ignorance of the "foreign tongue" was equal to his ignorance of the "doctrine," and therefore that he, for conscience' sake, jumbled both up in one sentence of condemnation, not being very clear which was the cause or which the consequence, or whether there was any necessary connection at all between the two.

After this little dart into theology, our traveller proceeds up the Rhine. His recent visit to the United States, and the presence of two Americans, naturally leads to comparison between the banks of the Rhine and those of the Hudson. The English peer remarks with astonishment "the small appearance of traffic upon the Rhine," in which, and one or two other particulars, he yields the supremacy to its transatlantic rival. His American companions, "the sons of the United States," thought every thing in Europe was verging to a state of "hopeless decrepitude," and pronounced the Rhine to be a "small creek;" a flattish version, by the way of the old dialogue, "This here Rhine ain't much by the side of our Mississippi." "Old Europe is 'tarnally chawed up."

Lord Carlisle's American friends venture to draw an unfavourable contrast between the domestic duties of their women and the female field-labour of Germany; whereupon, fresh from "Mrs. Stowe's" and "Stafford House," our traveller enthusiastically exclaims, "Never mind, German women, you are all free women!"

Travelling through "Saxon Switzerland," Lord Carlisle observes how much the rapid transit of a railway increases "the risk of superficial conclusions." Of the truth of this profound remark there can be no doubt; but we can scarcely attribute to "rapid transit" the wretchedly bad taste of the following entry in the Diary. Passing from Saxony into Bohemia, the changeable aspect of the people and their dwellings affords an opportunity for the following observation:

"I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbigoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane."

The attempt to connect dirt and Catholicity is not original in Lord Carlisle; though he may claim the merit of having singled out the presence of the symbol of our Redemption as the witness testifying to the union.

The comparative civilisation of Catholic and Protestant countries, so far as Europe is concerned, was discussed in a recent paper of our own.* As to Asia, Mr. Layard has established the question beyond the possibility of cavil. That distinguished traveller and statesman gives the palm of cleanliness neither to Catholic nor heretic, neither to Christian nor to Jew; but without hesitation he assigns it to the Yezidis, or "Devil Worshippers." In the East it seems that personal and domestic cleanliness is the peculiar attribute of those singular religionists who offer up their devout homage to the enemy of God.

His lordship is fond of expressing "his wish to view every thing with an unprejudiced eye." This is not, however, the only instance in which he is true to the motto of his house, "*Volo, non valeo.*"

At Vienna Lord Carlisle heard bad things from the *Viennese aristocracy* of the morals of the people, *except the highest classes*. The "old priests" also the same aristocratic informants spoke ill of. Of the emperor and court he thus writes:

"The court, including the present emperor, I believe to be irreproachable in morals. The present young emperor showed great modesty and diffidence; he is an excellent son, and very much attached to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia. What I collect about his character is,—I believe he is spotless in morals, very conscientious in the performance of duty, determined to do all himself, very simple, and without any turn for display. This is all on the promising side; on the other, he as yet seems almost exclusively devoted to the army: it is natural for him to feel that he and the monarchy owe every thing to them. Those who surround him are thought to be narrow and hard, and there have been some symptoms of hardness in his own character; on the whole hitherto the good appears to me to predominate."

Some of Lord Carlisle's descriptions of scenery, as well in Austria as in the East, without being exactly striking, are written in a pretty, pleasing style, evincing a delicate appreciation of natural beauty, without any very remarkable power of giving it expression.

Halting at Jozenberg, in Wallachia, his lordship falls in with a fellow-countryman who had been for seventeen years a resident engineer of the Danubian Steam Company. His report of the character of the population is, that

"he has not found them dishonest, but most incurably lazy. It is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate hunger; and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility."

* *Rambler* for November 1854.

Lord Carlisle adds that

“many were standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture it seemed to me of all the Danubian races), models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies, which could hold out a motive to exertion, and secure a return to industry, with whatever ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to me to be a general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter.”

Here the ordinary apprehension which either occurs or is very quickly suggested to the mind of every Englishman when venturing to pass strictures, however just, upon the social condition of any people, whether Russian serf, Eastern or Virginian slave, struck our traveller, and he adds :

“When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon us Englishmen with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are at all events amongst them copious indications of energy and character, in whatever direction they may be developed; while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.”

This is not the first occasion upon which Lord Carlisle has borne his testimony that it is neither to want of “energy” nor “character” that the condition of the Irish people is to be attributed. No man has enjoyed more opportunities of forming a just opinion upon the subject; and Irishmen will not easily forget one memorable occasion upon which he gave it fearless expression, at a period, and before an audience, which rendered the task by no means an easy one. We have no doubt but that, in the sister isle, so much is Lord Carlisle’s name associated with kindly recollections, any book of his, even more trashy than the one before us, would be eagerly sought after, and find many readers little inclined to harsh criticism.

In his notice of his visit to St. Sophia, he ventures on a little politics; and states pretty openly his conviction, that if politicians experience any difficulty about lending themselves to plans tending to the dissolution of the Turkish empire, it simply resolves itself into one of finding a successor; and that

to his mind, as to that of Nicholas, the question is, how are the effects of the "sick man" to be disposed of?

There is another difficulty, however, more immediately suggested by the spot upon which he stood; and that is, what form of worship could possibly be substituted for the existing one? The passage is one worth extracting; and in the tone of philosophic indifference with which it balances the relative advantages of the Mahommedan and Christian forms of worship, it is quite worthy of Gibbon, when describing the substitution of the "crescent" for the "cross" upon the same dome. On the whole, his lordship seems to us to give the preference to the Moslem worship:

"One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the candour of Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it bears a striking appearance of simplicity; you see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or imam, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now, it is difficult to take our stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without in fancy seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the righteous providence of God, that when Christianity re-establishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a pure ritual and more spiritual worship."

Of the Sultan, whom his lordship saw in a procession to the mosque of Sultan Achmet, he says:

"He looks pale, old for his age (about thirty-one, I believe), and he has lately grown corpulent. The impression his aspect conveys is of a man, gentle, unassuming, feeble, trusting, doomed. No energy of purpose gleamed in that impassive glance; no augury of victory sat on that still brow. How different from the mien of the Emperor of Austria, as he rode at the head of his cohorts; though that may not have had any special moral significance! The Sultan looked like Richard II. riding past; Bolingbroke, however, had not yet arisen."

Such is one of the most popular and fashionable books of the day. It tells us nothing that the world did not know before; nor does it convey old truths, or old ideas, in a shape

or in a style to form a substitute for originality. Of deep thought, of brilliant fancy, of accurate observation, of a keen perception of character, there is not a trace in any thing his lordship has ever written. He is an amiable mediocrity, with an evident tendency, as has been observed of him, to write "*small books*" and deliver "*nice lectures*." That his books will be read, and his lectures listened to, we entertain no doubt. An "author amongst lords" offers peculiar attraction; but Lord Carlisle will never succeed in being regarded as a "lord amongst authors."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Alexandria and her Schools: Four Lectures. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Mr. Kingsley had a very good subject given to him, but we cannot say he has made the most of it: he has used it rather as a vehicle for the dissemination of his own views than in a conscientious historical spirit. With respect to his views, the less said the better; though now-a-days it is positive praise to say that a man is not a Pantheist, and this praise Mr. Kingsley certainly deserves by his eloquent vindications of the personality of God. But with regard to our Lord, whom he only names as the Logos, he certainly holds Arian or even Gnostic errors: the Logos is defined to be "the Deity working in space and time *by successive thoughts*." While he holds this genealogy of successive *Æons*, he is pleased to be very severe on Catholics for their "dæmonology and fetish worship," and for the celibacy of the monks, on which he theorises in a wild and weary manner. *Apropos* of publishing his book at Cambridge, he says some things that are worth comparing with Father Newman's remarks on university education, and the value of which makes us the more regret that he did not treat his theme objectively and historically as a university, rather than subjectively and viewily as a garden of theories. The teaching of the university, however dry it may appear, is found in after-life to have given the student "something which all the popular knowledge, the lectures and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves, cannot give—a boon more precious than learning—the art of learning. Instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has taught him to mine for them himself; and has, by her wise refusal to gratify his intellectual greediness, excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to hunt and till for his own subsistence."

Again: "'Sir,' said a clever Cambridge tutor to a philosophically-inclined freshman, 'remember that our business is to translate Plato correctly, not to discover his meaning;' and paradoxical as it may seem, he was right. Let us have accuracy, the merest mechanical accuracy, in every branch of knowledge. Let us know what the thing is which we are looking at. Let us know the exact words an author uses," &c.

Those who know that Mr. Kingsley is a "Christian Socialist," will, of course, be prepared to find in his book the usual liberalism of the day, and the vulgar puffing of "nationalities" so usual with our social

philosophers; nevertheless, he is an author who should be read, a powerful writer, and a representative of a large school of "thinkers."

Philosophy at the foot of the Cross. By J. A. St. John. (London, Longmans.) The last time we came across this gentleman, he was howling out denunciations against kings and Jesuits in his "Nemesis of Power." Now he aggravates his voice so as to roar as gently as any sucking dove; he babbles of green fields, of night wanderings, of rocks and trees, and so on, under the hallucination that he is talking philosophy. We fully acknowledge the truth of his opening sentence; but it would be truer were it in the present instead of the past tense: "The blackness of darkness," he says, "covered my soul." Towards the close of the book he finds rest and light for his distracted and obfuscated heart in the arms of a pretty Jewess, to whom he blasphemously applies the texts of Solomon's song. He marries her, and in due course, when the happy papa looks into the face of his baby, he understands how wrong he has been in seeking for secular wisdom. Wonderfully transcendental, no doubt; almost worthy of those poets who read in a cloud, a leaf, a stone, or a raindrop "thoughts too deep for tears," and who found a whole system upon a tear or a daisy. But we do not profess to understand the thing, and on the whole are inclined to congratulate ourselves that we do not. It is about as much philosophy as it is phlebotomy. The only reflection that we can suck out of it is this: "What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!"

The Mysteries of the Faith: the Incarnation. By St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This, the second volume of Father Coffin's edition of the complete works of St. Alphonsus, contains the Meditations, Discourses, and Devotions on the Birth and Infancy of our Blessed Lord. They are among the most attractive and characteristically touching of the Saint's writings. Father Coffin has prefixed to it a very interesting little preface, pointing out that fundamental truth of Christianity, that it is by contemplating God manifest in the flesh that we are to attain to the knowledge of God in that divine nature which was His from all eternity. The translating continues to be every thing that can be desired; and, to come to minor matters, it really is a consolation to see so good-looking and well-printed a book upon our table; though we wish that the press had been more sedulously corrected.

The Prospective Review for November 1854. (London, John Chapman.) This number of the Quarterly Review of the old-fashioned Socinian school contains an article on "Ecclesiastical Rome: her Faith and Works," which is one of the most curious things we ever met with from a Protestant hand. The writer gives an historical sketch of the conduct of the Catholic Church at three of the most momentous periods of her history—viz. the struggles against Arianism, Pelagianism, and the Reformation—and actually asserts that the doctrines then defined on the divine nature of the Eternal Son, on grace and free will, and on justification, were the best possible which the state of Christianity then allowed! We have not space for detailing the reviewer's course of statement at length, or for pointing out the various incidental mis-statements and misconceptions into which he has fallen; but we can assure our theological readers that the paper is well worth reading by those who would understand the varieties in the modes of thought which prevail amongst the more religious, candid, and learned of the schools of Protestantism. It is impossible not to feel the deepest interest in the working of minds like that which dictated this remarkable essay—the

more remarkable from its non-imputation of bad motives to the Roman Pontiffs. We can scarcely credit our eyes when we read the following in a Socinian Review:—"We have no hesitation in saying, that no one who himself holds a spiritual faith can look deeply into the nature of *historical* Arianism, and not see that its religious affinities were essentially unspiritual; that, on the other hand, the religious affinities of *historical* Sabellianism, and all the forms of heresy which strove to sublimate the derived or finite nature of Christ, were essentially *unmoral*; that the triumph of either class of heresies would have been a grave misfortune to the Christian Church. It has always been the *tendency* of Arianism to separate human nature from God." Would to God that the amiable, thoughtful, and (we trust) pious writer of these words could know what Catholic dogma is, not as a *transitory mode* of preserving truth, but as a literal transcript (so far as human language can go) of that which has existed, and will exist to all eternity! Beautiful to the eye are the colours into which light is broken when passing through the prism; but it is the pure, white, unbroken light which comes direct from the sun, and is given to be the guide of our footsteps.

Theologia Germanica. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. (London, Longmans.) A friend of ours in his Protestant days passed through various phases of religion; among the rest, he adopted the pietist opinion that it was shocking to be religious from fear of punishment, or from hope of reward, or from any other motive but pure love. A German divine, whom he met one day in company, hearing him express these sentiments, "cottoned" to him, as the Yankees would say; and the two got on swimmingly for some time, till, to our friend's horror, the German expressed the reason of his opinion, "because I do not tink dat dere is a hell." Our friend dropped his new acquaintance as if he had been a hot poker.

Heretical as the author of the *Theologia Germanica* undoubtedly is, he certainly would have disowned his English editors quite as strongly as our friend was repelled by his German acquaintance. And thus the book reads us a valuable lesson, as showing to what base uses we are sure ultimately to be put, if we open a door for the admission of ever so little and so seemingly unimportant errors. The morsel of leaven kneaded up in the mass will corrupt the whole, and render it savoury in the nostrils of the most outrageous heretics. The old pietist *Theologia Germanica* is accepted and praised beyond the stars, not because its editors believe it to be true, but because they think it will be useful in the present crusade against the eternity of punishment. It has become a mere political pamphlet to subserve the purposes of the Maurice-ian association for the abolition of hell-fire.

The *Theologia Germanica* is believed to have been written by a member of a German association of persons calling themselves Friends of God, among whom were B. Henry Suso, Tauler, Nicholas of Strasburg, Henry of Nordlingen, and others of unimpeached orthodoxy; but which, as this book proves, contained also members of no orthodoxy at all, such as Nicholas of Basle, a secret Waldensian, who ventured into France, and was burned for a heretic at Vienne in 1382. The present book is supposed to have been written about the year 1350, and to have been (in part) inspired by the speculations of Nicholas of Basle; and certainly internal evidence would seem to prove it. The opening chapter is tainted with the errors of the Albigenses. "That which is perfect" is a Being who hath comprehended and included all things in Himself and His own substance, and without whom and beside whom

there is no true substance, &c. . . . for He is the substance of all things. . . . Now is not that which hath flowed out of it something beside it? Answer: this is why we say, beside it and without it there is no true substance. That which hath flowed forth from it is no true substance, and hath no substance except in the perfect, *but is an accident, or a brightness, or a visible appearance, which is no substance, and hath no substance except in the fire whence the brightness flowed forth, such as the sun or a candle.*"

In other words, God exudes nature as water generates steam, or fire light. This is the foundation of the *Theologia*; then comes the superstructure. Since God is every thing, and nature, self, and the devil are the rest, and this rest is nothing, sin consists in making it any thing. Every thing but the most entire abnegation of "I, and me, and mine," and of all creatures whatever, is sin. Self must be annihilated, and entirely absorbed into God; every thought of self must be banished; that religion is worthless which is based on hope of reward or fear of punishment; though, with marvellous inconsistency, the author declares "all the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought or shall ever work in or through the creatures, or even God Himself with all His goodness, so far as these things exist or are done outside of me, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist and are done and loved, known, tasted, and felt within me." Two systems were evidently struggling for the mastery in him. Though on the one hand God is all, and there is nothing that is not in some way or another He; yet on the other, self, and nature, and the evil spirit are realities, engaged in a determined struggle against the Divine. Pantheism and Manicheism meet together in his mind; and end, not by neutralising one another, but by shaking hands and occupying the throne conjointly, to the utter confusion of all rational consistency.

Hence it is that this book has been patronised by every heretic. Luther published an edition of it, and called it the best theological book existing, after the works of St. Augustine; and no wonder, for here we have the first sketches of several of Luther's crazy and exaggerated speculations. Every one knows his comparison of man's will to a poor jade ridden alternately by God and the devil, in his book *De Servo Arbitrio*. Here we have substantially the same idea (chap. 22): "It is written that sometimes the devil and his spirit do so enter into and possess a man, that he knoweth not what he doeth and leaveth undone, and hath no power over himself; but the evil spirit hath the mastery over him, and doeth and leaveth undone in, and with, and through, and by the man what he will. . . ."

"Now a man who should be in like manner possessed by the spirit of God, so that he should not know what he doeth or leaveth undone, and have no power over himself; but the will and spirit of God should have the mastery over him, and work, and do, and leave undone, with him and by him, what and as God would; such a man were one of those of whom St. Paul saith, 'as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' . . ."

"But I fear that for one who is truly possessed with the spirit of God, there are an innumerable multitude possessed with the evil spirit. This is because men have more likeness to the evil spirit than to God; for the self, the I, the me, and the like, all belong to the evil spirit, and therefore it is that he is an evil spirit."

Hence, of course, the man, the self, does not co-operate with God in the work of salvation; he simply receives and feels, but does nothing. From this principle we may derive the five propositions of Jansenius,

the hundred and one propositions of Quesnel, and all the rest of the pietist and quietist absurdities.

This feeling, or passive acquiescence in the movements within us, is the Lutheran idea of faith, which, according to that heresiarch, and according to the principles of this book, is alone necessary for salvation. Hence, then, it is truly said by Bunsen to have prepared the popular intellectual element of the Reformation. Moreover, by teaching that God is all, and that the persons of the Christian Trinity are merely manifestations or participations of this great Pan—"for the perfect good is all, in all, and above all . . . not somewhat, this or that, which the creature understandeth, otherwise it would not be the all, nor the only one, and therefore not perfect . . . and when this perfect good *floweth into a Person able to bring forth*, and bringeth forth the only-begotten Son in that Person, and itself in Him, we call it the Father"—it leads directly to the systems of modern German philosophy, which result in making God a mere creature of the mind, a way of conceiving the perfect good; and hence, probably, it recommends itself to the Chevalier Bunsen, who contributes an introductory epistle to the volume, in which he lauds it as the best Christian philosophy, the foundation of Lutheranism on the one hand, and of the transcendental metaphysics of Kant and his successors on the other.

Lastly, the book is published by Mr. Kingsley with the evident intention of impressing people's minds with the idea that real religion cannot be founded on the fear of hell; that to fear hell is simply absurd; that one hardly knows whether there is a hell, or whether hell is not merely a state of mind, namely, ignorance of God. For evidently, if there is a hell, it is not a question of right and wrong, but of reason or madness, whether or not it is to be feared. To believe it, and not to fear it, is simple insanity.

Bad as all this is, we have no doubt that many a good Catholic has used the book with profit. There are so many beautiful reflections, and so many practical precepts that remind one almost of Thomas à Kempis, or still more of the Blessed Henry Suso, that it would be worth clergymen's while to read it. Among other things, they will find a chapter (chap. 14) where the whole system of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius is sketched out. The book appears to us to be scarcely dangerous to those through whose minds the language of pantheism and quietism which we have quoted passes without leaving an impression. People generally only find in a book what they look for: a person looking for edification will find here much to his purpose; a person looking at it critically will be obliged to find the gravest faults with every other chapter in the book.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A Commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, original and selected. By Mrs. Jameson; Illustrated. (London, Longmans.) Mrs. Jameson has proved herself to be so sound and elegant a writer on subjects of Art, and she has exhibited so much truly feminine delicacy and taste, both with pen and pencil, that we are quite sorry to see her wander from her own path, and present herself to the public (so to speak) in Bloomer costume; and this not unconsciously, but with so much of *malice prepense*, that she even favours us with an elaborate refutation of the commonly-received distinction between masculine and feminine excel-

lence. For all that she may say, we look for more modesty, less self-display, less assumption of strong-mindedness, less setting up of oneself as a model for others, less of the exhibition of one's own excellences and high-mindedness in insincere confessions, in a woman than in a man; especially when the woman is no exception to the average quality of her sex, and is stronger in feeling and imagination than in reason. Let us give a specimen of her reasoning powers. She is finding fault with the educational movement in England: "All this talk," she says, "is of systems and methods, institutions, schoolhouses, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, school-books; the ways and means by which we are to instruct, inform, manage, mould, regulate, that which in most cases lies beyond our reach,—the spirit sent from God. What do we know of the mystery of child-nature, child-life? What, indeed, do we know of any life?" As though one should object to M. Soyer's shilling cookery movement for the million: "All this talk is of roasting and boiling, sauces, saucepans, man-cooks, woman-cooks, eatables; the ways and means by which we excite, inform, manage, stimulate, regulate, that which in most cases lies beyond our reach,—the heaven-sent digestion! What do we know of the mystery of stomach-nature, stomach-life?" Very little in theory, but practically quite enough to warrant our preference for French cookery over the raw-flesh-feasts of the Abyssinians; as our knowledge of "child-nature" is quite enough to make us think that schoolmasters and school-books are rather important auxiliaries to the budding intelligence. But on the whole, we would rather keep our cookery free from the scientific admixture of doctors' stuff, and our pedagogy independent of the profound and transcendental mystagogy of Mrs. Jameson. We have no wish to see the rising generation blessed with such a "strong nature" as that of Mrs. Jameson and her friends, who "will accept no intervention between the infinite within them (whatever that may be) and the infinite above them;" who, in common with all people with massive brows, knit them in silent protest whenever hell is mentioned; who think it a very material view of Christianity to assume that the doctrine of another life is essential to it; and even were they certain of annihilation, would be no less sure of its truth "as a system of morals exquisitely adapted for the improvement and happiness of man as an individual, and equally adapted to the amelioration and progressive happiness of mankind as a species." When a lady tells us that our religion would be true, though the resurrection were a fable, we think we may safely advise her to leave philosophy to more masculine heads, and to continue to exercise her feminine sensibility on the Art-subjects in which she has already distinguished herself. We are bound to add that, whether in consequence of her kindly nature, or of her German rationalism and liberalism, or of her love for Catholic art, she is very candid and kindly spoken towards Catholics. The illustrations of the book, evidently from her own pencil, are very pretty and tasteful.

Heartsease, or the Brother's Wife, by the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. (J. W. Parker.) The rapidly-risen reputation of the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* will not suffer from *Heartsease*. In some respects it is one of the cleverest stories we have read for many a day. It is a novel of character and domestic incident; its interest lying entirely in the development of motives and feelings under the influence of ordinary circumstances; with the addition (in some instances) of religious principles of the "Anglo-Catholic" school. The introduction of this latter element is, however, in no way obtrusive or controversial; and it consequently constitutes a source of interest to the general reader, as much

as would the study of the working of any other of the endless motives which mould the human character. The general tone of the story also is healthy and sound. One exception, indeed, we must make in the instance of a certain Miss Marstone, a conceited and self-relying prig, introduced by the authoress *for a purpose*; but as a creation of art a mere wooden puppet, unworthy of bearing company with the living men and women among whom she is thrust.

The defect of *Heartsease*, as a whole, is its length. The authoress evidently writes with such extreme ease, and finds so much pleasure in the elaborate delineation of her characters, that she never knows when to stop. The result is, that though there are singularly few pages in themselves tedious, the book is a quarter or a third as long again as it ought to be. Surely the incidents and troubles of one *accouchement* would have been enough to bring out the heroine's moral beauties in the most interesting of situations. The brother-in-law also, a very excellent personage himself, and not a bad companion, rather bores us at last with the reminiscences of his deceased betrothed. Even of Theodora, the sister, and the best-drawn character in the story, we have too much of the same thing over and over again; though, in her case, her nature being so admirably conceived, and worked out with such remarkable skill, we can tolerate more lengthiness, than in that of babies and departed "models." A friendly voice should suggest to the accomplished authoress the danger she incurs in thus letting her inclinations run away with her critical faculty. With Miss Marstone also before our eyes, we cannot help adding a further warning—beware of Dr. Pusey!

Selections, Grave and Gay, by J. de Quincey. *Miscellanies*, Vol. 2. (Edinburgh, J. Hogg.) We begin to get tired of Mr. De Quincey; whether through his fault or our own, we cannot say: the gambler who has lost his patience as well as his money knocks down the poor pedestrian, because he is "always tying his shoe against that post." We feel inclined to knock Mr. de Quincey down for much the same reason. He never does any thing else than tie knots, in order to untie them again; he has a mind that would have made the fortune of a vagrant disputant of the middle ages; what to other writers is a mere fancy, disposed of in a sentence or two, he beats fine, or spins out into an essay or series of essays. He collects good stories, and tells them well; but the thread on which he strings them is so hair-brained, so crazy, sometimes—as in the essay on murder, with which this volume opens—so cold-blooded, that one's teeth are set on edge, and one's patience exhausted, after some twenty or thirty pages. His essays have no object, except perhaps to prove how clever he and his friends are; when you have read them through, you have mastered, not a new idea, but a whim. Still he is an able writer, and those who have nothing else to do may reap a kind of grim amusement from the perusal of his *Miscellanies*.

Christmas Book.—*The Rose and the Ring*, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (Thackeray). (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) The most boisterous, moonstruck, aimless, shrewd, and funny of fire-side pantomimes, with Hamlet and Cinderella, the immortal Jenkins and the great Count Tufskin Hedzoff jumbled into a hodgepodge, with the most miscellaneous plunder of nursery rhymes. Those who consider Mr. Thackeray's books to have a feline character, to be beautiful to look at but dangerous to handle, because of their ugly claws, need be in no fear about the present kitten: it is the best-natured little creature; its claws are retracted behind its velvet-pads, and not even the most sensitive of grandmothers

need fear that their darlings will be scratched in playing with it. Jenkins himself might roar with laughter at the part given him in the story. It is more funny and witty even than "Stumpingford."

Architectural Studies in France. By the Rev. J. L. Petit, F.S.A. Plates. (London, G. Bell.) Almost the first thing that strikes us in the abundant illustrations of this very handsome and useful volume is the absence of progress in the examples, the sameness of type which runs through nearly all of them. It must at once occur, that these "studies" are not meant to represent the series of styles of mediæval art that succeeded one another in France; but that they indicate an inductive process, a collection of instances, a search for a typical form from an examination of many specimens. And this we find to be the case. The result of the author's studies is the recommendation of a new style to Anglican Church architects, founded on the Romanesque domed churches, whose form was adopted by the architects of the Renaissance, but with "trabeated" and Grecian details, little in accordance with the "arcuated" principles of the construction. In fact, he would have a modified St. Paul's, or St. Stephen's Walbrook, with details rather Romanesque than classical. Our private opinion is, that the style in question will never be restored in the present age of economy in materials; nothing can look more poverty-stricken and bald than a Romanesque design deprived of its monstrous piers and massive thickness of wall; but Anglican architects are very welcome to try this new compromise between Gothic and classical art.

It must be evident to any one acquainted with the glorious churches of France, that Mr. Petit has made a very unsatisfactory selection; in spite of the quaintness and picturesque character of many of the Romanesque buildings, they were either bad imitations of ancient examples, or else tentative efforts after the expression of a new idea, which was destined to give birth to numerous abortions, before it blossomed out into the early pointed system. This last appears to us to be the real mother-style of Gothic art, the fruitful storehouse of prolific principles, whence the architectural genius may start, and give a new and beautiful development to a style which seems to us far from exhausted. Let any one who has visited Paris remember the church of St. Eustache. In that noble edifice, one of the dying efforts of Gothic art, a new idea seems opened to architects, one that has not hitherto been worked out in any other building of importance. But we must reserve our idea to be developed hereafter.

Painting and celebrated Painters, Ancient and Modern. By Lady Jervis. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This work is founded on that of M. Valentine, frequently modified in the translation, and with additions, the most important of which is a list, after each life of a painter, of the examples of his works to be found in the various public and private collections in England. The book is certainly useful, though the introductory chapters on ancient art are extremely vague, not to say occasionally obscure; for instance, what does her ladyship mean by the following? "We also find a monk of the name of Luca, the painter of several Madonnas, similar to those of the mystic books attributed to the Apostle St. Luke." There are also several mistakes in the orthography of names; we read of the church of San Petrona in Bologna, and of that of the Friari in Venice. It is a pity that a useful and good book should be disfigured by such untidy blemishes.

The Quiet Heart. By the Author of "Katie Stewart." (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) A proud, cold, selfish and dull hero, who is intended to

be very clever, but who, from want of inventive power in the author, does not say any thing remarkably brilliant, is reclaimed from his "disloyalty to nature" by the "quiet heart" and Scotch accent of Menie Laurie. In spite of all ending pleasantly at last, the author has not power enough to make such materials tell. The characters are not life-like, and there is not sufficient plot to outweigh this defect. The interest of the piece was intended to turn upon "tone" and character, and when these fail there is no "second plank" to save it:

Poems, by Matthew Arnold, 2d series. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Arnold, as might be expected from the name which he inherits, gives us thought, sense, and scholarship. But he affects the peculiarities, without rising to the beauties of the classics; and his verses are rugged, and read like translations. He seems to have thought in Greek or German, and then laboriously turned it into English. Among other poems, we have a defence of mystic nature-worship. Man, says a youth,

"Man has a thousand gifts,
And the generous dreamer invests
The senseless world with them all:
Nature is nothing! her charm
Lives in our eyes that can paint,
Lives in our hearts that can feel!"

The youth grows old; he stands behind a balustrade, and the sweetest sights and sounds of nature visit him:

"And he remembers
With piercing untold anguish
The proud boasting of his youth;
And he feels how nature was fair."

Moral:

"Sink, O Youth, in thy soul
Yearn to the greatness of nature!
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!"

This is simple folly, after all. It is the modern system, which makes a fetish of a buttercup; and, like the ritual of Zoroaster, makes more of confessing our sins against nature and the elements, our "profanations of the beauty of nature," than our crimes against holiness and charity.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices, by H. W. Longfellow. (London, Sampson Low.) Mr. Longfellow presents us in this bulky volume with translations from the poetry of the six Gothic languages of northern Europe, and of the four Roman languages of the south. His object has been to bring together into a compact form as large an amount as possible of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and therefore not easily accessible. To each division a dissertation on the national language and poetry is prefixed, and the extracts from each author are introduced by a notice of his life and writings. The volume forms quite an encyclopædia of poetry, and a good deal of valuable information is collected in the dissertations. The compiler deserves great credit for the labour he has evidently bestowed on the work. Not many of the translations are from Mr. Longfellow's own hand.

Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions; a Narrative of the various Exploring Expeditions, by P. S. Simmonds. This judicious and popular compilation, having already run through five editions of a more expensive character, is now published in a cheap railway form by Mr. Routledge. It gives in a compendious form all that the ordinary reader will care to know on this subject.

Miscellanies, Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical, contributed to Blackwood's Magazine, by Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) Mr. Warren is certainly one of our most popular writers. His "Ten Thousand a Year," in spite of its pages of maudlin piety and its affected sentimentalism, and his "Diary of a Late Physician," appear to keep possession of public favour, for they are now being issued in a cheap form. The present volumes contain the author's miscellaneous articles, and show the man's character well; he is a staunch Protestant, a great stickler for sentimental piety; but thinks lying a virtue in a lawyer, being an admirer of that astute, unprincipled cunning which always knows how, and is willing, to make the worse appear the better reason; he is, moreover, ultra Tory in his politics and feelings, affected and very conceited, and therefore not likely to have any great influence on men's thoughts. But the touching character and truth of his domestic scenes, will always secure for him that large class of readers which wants excitement. His *Miscellanies* are well worth preserving. As a specimen of how confused his language becomes when he leaves his own for a more serious style, we subjoin a sentence from vol. i. p. 264. A Life of Marlborough will be, he says, a history of the war of succession. "Well, be it so, if only because that war it is of importance to have better known than in fact it is."

Anecdotes of Animal Life, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S. (London, Routledge.) 2d edition. Illustrated. The idea of this work is capital; but its execution is not all that could be wished. Why the author should have omitted all mention of the wise elephant, of all birds and of all fishes and reptiles, when he gives anecdotes of rats, mice, stoats, dear (*sic*), bats, hyænas, &c. is past our finding out. Nevertheless, as far as it goes, the book is a nice one, and contains a great variety of anecdotes of animal instinct, a subject that we should think would be very interesting to our young friends.

Children's Books.—1. *Words by the Way-side, or the Children and the Flowers*. By Emily Ayton. Illustrated (London, Grant and Griffith), shows how a serious governess instructs her pupils in morals and behaviour, besides making "Geology, Zoology, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy, by turns display their bright pages," and consenting "to unfold to their wondering minds some of the fascinating mysteries of Astronomy." We are bound to say that in the present volume the young ladies do not enter very deeply into any of these subjects.—2. *Playing at Settlers, or the Faggot House*. By Mrs. Lee. Illustrated. (London, Grant and Griffith). A story of little people building a kind of log-but in their father's park, with all their small sports: refreshing doubtless to juvenile readers.—3. *Little Plays for Little People*. By Miss Corner. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, Harrison Weir, &c. "Beauty and the Beast," "Whittington and his Cat," "Mother Goose," "Puss in Boots," "The Children in the Wood," "Cinderella," &c. &c. If we were children, we should prefer this style of book—world-old nursery and fairy tales dramatised for the capacities of little actors. Play-acting is a capital Christmas amusement for children; it exercises their memory, gives them confidence; and without doubt there is more real food for the imagination in the old traditional legends of the nursery than in all the stories of good children and naughty boys that were ever penned. There is nothing objectionable to Catholics in Miss Corner's attractive and prettily illustrated volumes.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Illustrated by the Etching Club. (London, Joseph Cundall.) The illustrations are not the original cop-

per-plate etchings, but woodcuts from them; they are beautifully done, and the book is got up in such a way as to be a handsome present.

1. *Lalla Rookh*, by T. Moore. 2. *Irish Melodies*, by Ditto. (London, Longmans.) Two 32mo reprints of these popular pieces.

Wild Sports in the far West, by F. Gerstaecker. Translation, with illustrations, by Harrison Weir. (London, Routledge.) The sale of this exciting book has already reached the third thousand.

Mr. James's *Russell, a Tale of the Reign of Charles II.*, is one of the last issued volumes in the "Parlour Library." (Hodgson.) It is one of the most favourable specimens of Mr. James's powers, and may be safely recommended.

Waller's Poetical Works. Edited by R. Bell. (London, J. W. Parker.) Waller's personal history was little like that of the ordinary race of rhymesters. A man of family and fortune, his difficulties were in great part the results of his own mismanagement and miscalculations. The ups and downs of his life are well told in Mr. Bell's biographical sketch. As a poet, he has no high rank; though he can claim the title of having materially aided in imparting a correct metrical system to the poetry of England. Still, some of his occasional verses are pretty enough; some even beautiful: witness the well-known stanzas, "While I listen to thy voice," and "Go, lovely rose;" to the latter of which Kirke White added a fifth stanza, in a strain rather above that of a poet of King Charles's days.

The Second Report of the Cork Young Men's Society. (Cork, Reoche.) If we may judge by the good sense, good taste, and good feeling which characterise this little pamphlet, the Cork Young Men's Society is one of the most promising associations of the day: we most heartily wish it success. Its place of meeting seems to indicate that the young men of Cork are in good earnest, preferring religion and literature to politics; for that which was lately the People's Hall is now the Young Men's Society's Hall.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Contemporary Recollections in History and Literature, by M. Villemain (*Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*, par M. Villemain). (Paris, Didier.) Even in the books of the most gentlemanly and considerate English writers, Catholics are but too certain of finding things to wound their feelings,—misapprehensions and base insinuations, if not barefaced insult and calumny. This is not the case in the respectable literature of France, even when it comes from men who do not make much account of religion in their own persons. Whatever their internal recalitrations may be, they are too polite, or too affectionate to their "sainted" mothers and sisters, or too politic to depreciate what honest souls value: "To have any chance of enduring, you must have honest people on your side." Moreover, they are afraid that if religion fails, they will have the red-republic in its place; and this fear was sufficient to convert even a Thiers to a semblance of respect for the Church. This is the case with the present *Souvenirs* of M. de Narbonne, of the Sorbonne in 1825, and of the salons in Paris in 1815. Though M. Villemain allows to himself a certain laxity, not to say indifference, he respects the convictions of others; so that a Catholic can read him with plea-

sure, if not with profit. And yet there are important lessons to be learned from the career of a man like M. de Narbonne.

Elevations on the Immaculate Conception of Mary, par L. P. Pin (*Elévations sur l'immaculée Conception de Marie*, par L. P. Pin, Ancien Missionnaire d'Amérique). (Marseille, Olive). A little book of meditations, of which we can best give an idea by reproducing a paragraph, word for word, capitals, notes of admiration and all. "O VIRGINITÉ! O VIRGINITÉ! O VIRGINITÉ! Nous vous devons et la PATERNITÉ éternelle, et l'éternelle FILIATION, et par suite aussi l'éternelle PROCESSION! Nous vous devons donc également la MATERNITÉ divine, et, en définitive, JESUS-CHRIST, notre Dieu et Sauveur!! Ma langue, devant vous, O VIRGINITÉ! est sans parole, et mon cœur sans puissance et sans mouvement! Nous vous devons donc, O VIRGINITÉ! O FÉCONDITÉ infinie! oui, nous vous devons donc toutes choses; puisque nous vous devons l'adorable Trinité, PROTO-PRINCIPE et PROTOTYPE de toute créature!!"

Those who like this style of theology, devotion, and typography, will find themselves abundantly gratified in M. Pin's *Elévations*.

Studies on Man, by N. V. de Latena (*Etude de l'Homme*, par N. V. de Latena). (Paris, Garnier, 1854.) M. de Latena was told that he ought to have read other persons' books before publishing his own observations on the nature of man. "This opinion even has an *appearance* of reason," he owns; "yet I have adopted quite a contrary one." His notes, he says, are rather jumbled together; "yet as the matters treated of are very complicated, it was impossible to avoid this *apparent* confusion." In considering each separate attribute of the human soul, he says that he has "established the only possible distinctions; and he believes that he has smoothed the way for study and reflection." He believes that all sides will own, after mature deliberation, that he has always preserved the mean between the erroneous extremes. This preface, of a man who owns that he knows nothing of the labours of his predecessors, disposed us to augur rather unfavourably of the contents of the book, and its perusal convinced us that M. de Latena is no philosopher. His general observations, especially those he calls "proofs," prove nothing except the shallowness of his thought; for though right sentiments prevent his coming to any bad conclusions, right reason does not prevent him from drawing his good ones from premises which do not contain them. In his particular observations he is more happy; and some of his paragraphs might be added with advantage to those of that class of authors who have spent their time in noting the characteristics of social man. Let us give an example: "The praises of a friend signify sometimes that your work is better than he could have expected. But the public, more disposed to criticise than to admire, judges the work without thinking of the author. Success among your friends does not guarantee you from failure with the public."

M. de Latena has probably found the truth of this sentence. The public will hardly occupy itself much with such mediocrities as the following (which is, after all, a fair specimen of our author's aphorisms): "The true satisfies the reason; the beautiful charms the taste; the sublime transports the soul to the highest regions of thought and feeling." We will parallel this sentiment with one of an old parson whom some of us have known: "One egg in a pie is good; two are better; three are extravagant; four are an abomination!"

all our books in black letter, or rather, not print them at all, but go back to manuscripts, incomprehensible spelling, and "miracle-plays," as the most feasible means for converting Protestants. There is only one thing we *must* go back to, and that is, the common sense of our mediæval forefathers, whose first aim it was, when they designed a building, to consider what it was to be used for, and who were to use it; and who employed pointed architecture because it answered their purpose and suited their taste.

Having, then, determined on our style of architecture, there follows the design to be adopted. To the unsophisticated simply Catholic understanding this portion of the work would seem perfectly easy and straightforward. A plain man would assume that a church must be planned on the same rule as a house, namely, the purpose for which it is to serve, the wants of the people who are to use it, and the actions which are to be performed within its walls. A house-builder, gifted with but half man's average share of common sense, would not design his kitchen like his drawing-room, or his bed-room like his cellar. Nor would he say, "I must arrange my house and fit it up as my great-grandfather would have done, on the ground that he was a man and I am a man, and the essentials of human life are the same in every age." Common sense suggests as follows: "What is *my* mode of life? What shall *I* do in these different apartments? How do they cook now-a-days?" Conceive the absurdity of erecting and furnishing a house in imitation of a house in Pompeii, or in London of the thirteenth century! But if such a fantasy is irrational and visionary, what shall we say to a *church*-builder who, in planning his walls and windows, utterly overlooks the customs, arrangements, and general spirit of public Catholic devotion, as recognised and adopted in the living Church of this very age and day? It is idle to pretend that there are not great and important alterations made, from time to time, in the mode in which the Church fulfils her divine function, and brings her children under the vivifying influences of Christian truth. It is one of the most palpable facts in history, that, unchanged in doctrine, morals, constitution, and sacraments, the Catholic Church has adapted herself, with the true wisdom of the serpent, to the varying changes in human society, in all things in which her Divine Head permits her to change. Would we recognise this marvellous power of self-adaptation, let us walk from the Catacombs to St. Peter's, or let us turn from the page of antiquity, which records the penances imposed in the early ages, to the universal practice of the confessor of to-day. A dreaming,

Jansenistic, narrow-minded student might think himself justified in lamenting what *he* thought the decay of holy discipline in those who sit in the spiritual judgment-seat; but who would think such speculations Catholic or dutiful, or even rational, and according to common sense?

To apply, then, this truth to the subject of Christian art. It cannot be denied that the Catholic Church has sanctioned a particular mode of conducting the public offices of divine worship. From the circumstances attendant on the awful sacrifice of the Mass, down to the humblest village evening devotions, the Church, during these last three centuries, has adopted what may be called the peculiarly *attractive* system in her conduct of souls. A similarly striking exhibition of the more tender, gentle, and soothing features of religion pervades more or less her whole course of action towards her children and the world. For while she herself and her doctrine never change, and human nature never changes, yet human habits, ideas, feelings, and the human body itself in its capacities and infirmities, are ever varying. And accordingly the Gospel is ever presented to the soul by that peculiar instrumentality, and in that peculiar garb, which is best fitted to the weakness or strength of each succeeding generation. Awful, the Church can descend to be familiar; stern, she can be most considerate; just, she can overflow with compassion; strict, she can in a moment unbend; from her royal throne she can stoop and clasp the timid soul in her affectionate embrace. For her sake God became man; for the sake of the souls whom her God has bade her save, she is all things to all men.

Why the Catholic Church has accounted it best to put forward into remarkable prominence the gentler and more winning features of her discipline, we need not inquire; though, in fact, it is easy to trace, in the changed aspect of human life, the reasons which have weighed with her. It is enough for us that she has done so; and it were sin to doubt that, in such an affair, she has been guided by the illumination of Him whose presence is ever within her. It is enough for us that, in all her ways, and especially in the conduct of her public functions, she now, perhaps more vividly than at any previous period of her history, presents a living repetition of that most touching of parables, the Prodigal Son. At times she has bade the sinner stand afar off, and smite his breast; and by a rigour of discipline she has stimulated the courage of the faithful. *We*, alas, are an enfeebled generation; we have not the strength of our fathers. Our intellects are cultivated; our political notions are novel; our social equality is great; our

temptations are subtle rather than crushing; and she who, by a divine light, knows what is in man, perceives that such a generation may be drawn, when it cannot be driven; that it will melt before love, while it would despair before anger; that it may be soothed, and comforted, and braced to strength by a gentle medicine, while the sterner treatment of ancient days would but scare it into the snares of the world, or annihilate its trembling repentance in despair. Who does not see in this pitifulness for poor human infirmity the echo of that divine story, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kissed him"? And in no instance does this peculiarly tender and considerate method of dealing with the soul appear more striking than in the characteristics of modern church-building and arrangement, and the popular devotions which have become almost universal throughout Catholic Christendom. Every means is employed for attracting and aiding the mind in its approaches to its adorable Lord. We do not mean, of course, that the Church seeks to "attract" men, in the sense which Protestants impute it to her. They think that our ceremonies, our vestments, our music, our lights, are devised on the principle on which a theatrical manager "gets up" a new spectacle with unusual splendour, in order to "draw" an overflowing audience. It is not by tickling the senses that the Bride of Christ seeks to win the world; it is by appealing to the affections of the soul, to her gratitude, to her desire for rest and joy, and by placing before her every species of visible help to her faith and devotion which is best suited to the manners of the age, that she labours to do her work amongst men.

Let us, therefore, setting aside all ideas of this or that mere artistic theory, and every preference for this or that epoch in ecclesiastical history, study the *idea* of Catholic worship, as exhibited where the faith is neither persecuted nor ridiculed. Is it not, then, undeniably an open, cheerful, loving spirit, which pervades every church where Catholicism untrammelled displays her vital energies? What is the elementary notion of a peculiarly solemn Catholic function? Is it that of some mysterious ceremony, half shrouded from the sight of the multitude, and filling them with awe at the thought of the tremendous power and justice of the God of armies? Is it not rather that of an altar set on high, and open to the reverent gaze of every faithful heart, surmounted and surrounded with innumerable lights, brilliant with the hues of a thousand flowers, while clouds of incense and strains of sweet or joyful music unite to represent and embody the

prayers of the multitude prostrate all around, as the priest offers the unbloody Sacrifice, and in silence calls upon them to adore Him who has vouchsafed to be present among them at the word of a man? Is not the rite of Benediction, in its incessantly-repeated mystery, the very symbol of the spirit in which the Church desires to convert the sinner, and strengthen the saint? What human intellect can conceive any thing more overwhelmingly merciful and affecting to our hearts, than that He, whom the heavens cannot contain, should permit Himself, by an ineffable condescension, to be taken into the hands of one of His ministers, and lifted up, unveiled, save by the appearance of natural bread, before our eyes; and that not once in a year, not on solemn feasts only, but week by week, and almost day by day; while none are bade to withdraw in trembling, as unworthy to kneel before that awful Presence?

We apprehend, therefore, that the first essential in a Catholic church in these days is a noble high altar, with broad, open, spacious sanctuary, sufficient to admit with ease the movements of a concourse of clergy and their assistants; and the whole sufficiently raised from the level of the remainder of the building to be visible from every part. Common sense also adds that enormous windows over the altar, and any large quantity of daylight in the sanctuary, are inadmissible. For the first thousand years of our history, the altar was backed by a wall, round or flat, decorated or plain, close to the altar, or removed from it. The introduction of the immense windows which light the chancels and choirs of most English churches from the 13th to the 15th centuries, was an innovation, only partially carried out on the Continent at any time, and now for three centuries almost entirely disused in the Church. *Why* our forefathers introduced such a feature into their buildings, it is not necessary to determine. For us, it is sufficient that Catholic Christendom has now rigorously adapted its buildings to its increased use of lights in Divine service. Indeed, in any church where the truly Catholic use of innumerable lights above the altar permanently obtains, the low and large window must give way.

Again, in the rite of Benediction, the feeling that it is the King of angels and men who is then coming forth from His tabernacle upon the altar, to sit as it were for a while upon His throne, and receive the homage of His people;—this feeling has instinctively led to the preparation of a lofty resting-place for that Royal Presence, on any more special occasion, when He permits His ministers to expose His adorable Flesh and Blood to the veneration of the faithful. When a devout

Catholic has once witnessed one of those exquisitely-affecting scenes which may frequently be seen in a Catholic country, where Jesus rests enthroned far above the heads of a kneeling host, whose hands have offered Him a myriad of lights as a feeble token of their love, and from whose lips rises one mighty torrent of sound in praise of His glory; when a devout Catholic, we say, has once beheld and entered into the spiritual power and significance of such a heavenly scene, we cannot conceive how he could turn to design a Catholic church, and not prepare it from the first with a view to its employment in a similar manner for the same glorious purpose.

Apart, moreover, from these more sacred reasons, the modern cultivation of the art of painting has dictated the substitution of pictures for windows over altars. Brilliant as is the general architectural appearance of a noble stained-glass window at the termination of a long aisle, it is without question an uncomfortable object for the eye to rest on for any length of time. It is agreeable at our sides; but it makes our eyes ache when before us. Hence, common sense advises us either to prepare our churches for pictures over our altars, or to place altar-windows at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent them from wearying the sight.

A picture, too, is an object of Catholic devotion, and a means of instruction and of affecting the feelings, to a degree unattainable by a painted window. Beautiful as is the decorative richness of stained glass, and ecclesiastical and appropriate as are its solemn figures and historic medallions, the nature of the material and the structure of Gothic windows limit its purely religious use within narrow bounds.* In no sense can painted windows be regarded as *necessary* to the Catholic character of a church, while it is difficult to imagine a Catholic religious edifice without pictures.

Altar-windows are, further, extremely injurious to the effect of sculpture in connection with an altar. There is no limit to the beauty and sacred splendour which may be attained in a noble Gothic reredos, when designed by a man of genius, or of merely good taste,—provided he is not fettered by some absurd slavish theory of imitation of bygone habits. But what will be the sense of placing images in front of, or immediately under, a window? They may nearly as well be placed in a dark closet at once. The light that streams in, above them or behind them, fills the spectator's eye, and renders the sculp-

* To those who do not know what advances have recently been made in the beautiful art of glass-painting, we recommend a visit to Messrs. Hardman and Co.'s studio-manufactory at Birmingham.

ture a dull dark mass, or collection of opaque blots against the glass.

A considerable increase in the number of altars is another feature in the Catholic church arrangement of the last three centuries, of no little importance. From the very earliest times, when there was but one altar, to the day when the Mother Church of all Christendom was rebuilt, and its walls literally almost filled with altars, the increase has been as marked as it has been gradual. In accordance with the spirit which has dictated this modification of primitive custom, Catholic devotion is now never content with a single altar; and, except in the smallest buildings, not even with two. The humblest congregation requires three altars; the high altar, another in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, and a third in honour of our Lady; while a church of any size speedily desiderates double the number, if the people really advance in devotion to our Blessed Lord, to His Mother and His Saints. This multiplication of altars, of course, demands an adoption of the universal custom of placing them at the sides of a building as well as at the extremities. For ourselves, we think a large church never has a *thoroughly* Catholic look, unless it has one or more altars on the right and left hand, as we advance towards the high altar.

The use of these scattered altars has, besides, a most powerful influence in breaking up that tendency to adopt that element in the Protestant idea of religious worship, which is so common and so injurious in many persons recently converted. The Protestant idea of a church is that of a place in which a number of persons meet together on certain days, at certain hours, to say certain prayers in certain postures, or to hear certain preachers, under the conditions that all begin together and end together, and then go their ways. This idea of theirs results from their disbelief in the Sacramental Presence of Almighty God in any one distinct place; from their contempt of the doctrine of the relative holiness of images, pictures, buildings, and the like; and still more, from their rejection of the Eucharistic *Sacrifice* of the Mass. To a Protestant, as an *individual*, a church is nothing. The Catholic idea is the very reverse. We use our churches, of course, as they do, for common, united devotions; but our first idea of a Christian church is that of a consecrated spot, where Jesus Christ is offered in sacrifice, and where He dwells in His ineffable mercy sacramentally and really. Hence we delight to frequent a church, and to assist at a Mass, not only in common with others, but as individual souls seeking communion with their invisible God and Saviour. Accordingly,

when a number of Catholics hear Mass, or assist at Benediction, the Protestant notion that all present are to use the identically same words of prayer never crosses their minds. Their union is one of heart and of intention, not of outward words and sounds. We worship God in spirit and in truth; Protestants (whatever may be the individual exceptions) worship Him in the letter.

At the same time, with too many converts it is not easy thoroughly to eradicate all remains of this utterly un-Catholic habit of thought and action. It is not easy to destroy the idea they have imbibed from their infancy, that a Christian congregation is like a regiment of soldiers under drill, when, at the word of command, every arm, or leg, or weapon, moves in one direction with machine-like precision. Every body is to stand; every body to kneel; every body to sit; every body to watch the priest, and, as far as he can, say the same words as the priest says. Now, what will tend more powerfully to force this error from a convert's mind than the presence of altars half-way down the sides of a church, where Mass may be said at the same time as at the high altar? With such an arrangement, there is an end at once of this Protestant formalism. People must in that case turn, some towards one altar and some towards another; thus they will learn to realise the fact, as well as to accept the doctrine, that at Mass they are assisting at a sacrifice, and not merely joining in a congregational worship.

There is also this great advantage in altars not removed very far from the entrance-doors, that they are a peculiar help and blessing to the poor. In the best-regulated congregations, in some way or other the places nearest the altars, if they are at the farthest end of the building, will be, on the whole, appropriated by the rich; to whom, at the same time, a close proximity to the altar is of less importance than it is to the children of poverty, ignorance, and toil. Could English architects and builders of churches once get themselves to adopt the general continental Catholic practice in this respect, they may be assured that for one wealthy critic whose fancy might be displeased, a thousand sons and daughters of the poor would rejoice and thank them for the arrangement.

Another striking feature in a truly Catholic church of the present day, is the multiplication of images and pictures, in comparison with the buildings of a remote date. The affectionate and considerate spirit of the Church has gone hand in hand with the development of the arts of sculpture and painting. Until three or four hundred years ago, these arts were far behind the art of architecture in systematic applica-

bility to Christian purposes. Always practised in the Church from her earliest days, it was impossible that, while *oil*-painting was undiscovered or little known, the devotional use of pictures could have been what it afterwards became. Hence, in the noble buildings of the middle ages, paintings, as such, have no place. Ornamental painting was a passion; and being such, was carried to an excess singularly inconsistent with that remarkable refinement of taste which ruled in the purely architectural works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; if, indeed, the exaggerated and glaring use of colour was not a corruption introduced in the declining era of Gothic art. It appears incredible that the men who designed the Temple Church in London, Beverley Minster, or the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen, should have proceeded to daub their exquisite windows, columns, and mouldings, with vile compounds of blue, red, and yellow, till all beauty of architectural form was smothered in a bewildering chaos of "patterns." They *must* have felt that colour in architecture ought to bring out and assist the natural features of a building, and not overpower them in a childish patchwork of flaring paint.

Be this, however, as it may, the mediæval artists had not the means of employing pictures as an important element in the completion of a Christian church; and consequently, those who are content to be their servile imitators never think of designing a Catholic church with a special view to the introduction of pictures, as they are used in the Italian churches of France, Germany, Spain, or Italy. Yet, if we are to catholicise the British poor, and strengthen the Irish in their faith, how repugnant it is alike to Catholic feeling and common sense not to make the abundant use of paintings and images a point of primary importance in our cultivation of Christian art! Their value to *all* classes cannot safely be overlooked. They are an aid to devotion and a means of instruction, to which minds of every description do homage. Why, then, is not the crucifix, large as life, a prominent object in every church, even in two or three places in every building of any size, so placed that the devout or sorrowing soul may kneel immediately before it, and pour out its prayers to Him whose infinite love it portrays, and kiss and bathe with tears the feet sculptured in representation of those which were pierced for her sins? Why has not every confraternity in a mission the image of its own particular saint—the Mother of God, or St. Joseph, or St. Vincent of Paul, or any other to whom circumstances have created a peculiar devotion,—and these not as mere architectural decorations, but as objects

of devotion for people to gather round and pray, and to be decorated and illuminated on certain occasions? There are now but few English Catholics, in comfortable circumstances, who do not act thus in their private devotions. Scarcely a house but has one or more domestic "oratories," or "altars," furnished with images and pictures, and decorated with flowers and lights, at which those who possess them offer their devotions with a peculiar pleasure and sense of propriety. But *the poor man has no oratory*. Would to God that this truth could be impressed with intense depth upon the minds of those on whom this world has smiled, and whose wishes are, for the most part, consulted in the arrangement of new churches! It is said that our Catholic poor would not appreciate such advantages if they possessed them. But *who* says this? Is any one single person who knows the poor, and has given them the opportunity for making the house of God their own, of this opinion? We believe not one.

Undoubtedly, it is not by setting up a sort of æsthetic representation of Catholicism, that the mighty heart of the poor is to be attracted and moved. It is not by fastidious ladies and *dilettante* gentlemen adorning churches, images, and pictures, that the terrible problem of our day is to be solved. Ladies and gentlemen must adorn churches for their own edification; and they do well and act as faithful Christians in doing so; but the edification will be almost exclusively their own. The altars, the images, the paintings, the sacred spots, which will have the real charm for the poor, are those *in whose adorning the poor themselves have the chief hand, and to whose erection they have from their poverty, in some small degree, perhaps contributed*. They have their own notions in such matters, and their own feelings; and it is in human nature to wish to share personally in every such expression of faith and devotion. No doubt the artistic taste of the multitude is imperfect, and always will be imperfect. Their ideas are rough and uncultured. They see beauty and meaning where we see none. Our graces and refinements of skill are lost on their perceptions. Yet their souls are as good as ours; and they have (at least) an equal right to have their characters and wishes consulted with ourselves.

Thus it is that in Catholic countries, even in Italy, long the home of the arts, the eye of the travelling connoisseur is so incessantly offended with what he sees in churches and private houses. The taste of the decorations is often atrocious. The people's notions of beauty and spiritual symbolism are horrible. The precise and formal Englishman is at a loss whether to consider the average decorative ideas of

Catholics as more vulgar, more frivolous, or more hideous. Would we, then, *encourage* the British and Irish poor, as yet little accustomed to the devotional decoration of altars, images, and pictures, to adopt notions which we ourselves regard as opposed to all good taste and refined cultivation? Far from it; we claim equal liberty for the few and for the many; for the fastidious lady or gentleman, and for the rude peasant or mechanic. Where it is in our power to refine and purify the poor man's taste, we would do so by all means. We would *encourage* good taste, but we would *force* it on no one. As for ourselves, we abominate, and that most cordially, the whole range of what is called pious trumpery and millinery. But God has not made all men like writers in the *Rambler*. We cannot inspire an Irish hodman or a Yorkshire clown with the same aversion to paint and petticoats which we feel ourselves. Nor, in fact, can we induce all our own equals, friends, and acquaintances, to see these things with our eyes. It is a sad fact, but yet a fact, that highly-cultivated minds in every class of society differ radically from one another in such matters. Often have we been amazed at perceiving how wide-spread is the fondness for what *we* think trash, and how natural it is to many accomplished minds to express their devout feelings towards the images of our Blessed Lord and the Saints by means which, to our tastes, are positively offensive. But so it is. All the lecturing, writing, talking, and building in the world will never produce uniformity of taste among mankind. We apprehend, therefore, that if ever our Catholic population is so thoroughly imbued with a Catholic spirit as heartily to cultivate Christian art in its churches, we must be prepared for a fearful inroad of æsthetic unpleasantnesses, and must be content to sacrifice the physically for the morally beautiful. The loss will be a gain, nevertheless: for this life is short; and we may console ourselves with the certain conviction, that our enjoyment of the ineffable beauties of the celestial paradise will not be the less keen or elevated for the sacrifices we may here make for the sake of our brothers in Christ.

One word more in reference to the supposed incompatibility of Gothic architecture with such plans and decorations as have been introduced into the Church since the Reformation. To assert that such an incompatibility exists, is either a libel on Gothic art, or a device to hinder its employment for Catholic purposes. No architect who understands his business, and who really *wishes* to design a home for Catholic faith and devotion in the true spirit of the living Church, ever ventures on such a statement. The history of art does

not record a more transparent fiction. If we once knew our own minds, and had formed a distinct conception of what a church ought to be, and what we intend to do with it and in it, we should soon find architects in abundance who would not rank themselves either among the unwilling or the incapables. Italian architecture has its peculiar merits, so has Roman, so has Greek, so has Byzantine; but in point of adaptability to every purpose, Gothic stands pre-eminent. Those who think otherwise have taken their ideas from *manufacturers* of Gothic, and not from Gothic *artists*.

Reviews.

HOFER AND THE TYROLESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. *Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer. Taken from the German.* By C. H. Hall, Esq. Murray.
2. *The History of Germany.* By Wolfgang Menzel. Bohn.

THE records of war are ordinarily the records of little else besides misery and crime. Even when the amount of abstract injustice is not equal on both sides engaged, there is little to honour or admire in the animating principles of the belligerents; while in the actual conduct of their deadly rivalry there is rarely any thing to be discerned but a contest of passion, blood-thirstiness, and selfishness. For the most part, nations quarrel like children, and fight like devils.

What are popularly termed "religious wars" are no exception to the rule. However holy the professed object of one party involved, the conduct of such wars has been almost always, to a considerable extent, unchristian and detestable. Purity of motive and uprightness and mercy in action have been usually confined to a small handful of individuals. The dominant spirit has been entirely that of this world, even while its watchwords have been most distinctively the language of the Gospel and the Cross.

Here and there, however, the eye of the historian detects a brighter spot in these long dismal annals of darkness and horror. It is possible to point to episodes in the wide history of bloodshedding, when men have fought like Christians, and not like beasts or devils; wielding the sword not only in word, but in reality, "in the name of God;" penetrated with a sense of the awful responsibility they had undertaken, and with

emotions of love and mercy beating in their hearts, while their arm has been lifted up to strike, and their countenance has shown no trace of fear.

To the Catholic it is consolatory to reflect, that it has been under the influence of the faith that the most striking exhibitions of this really Christian warfare have been displayed to his fellow-creatures. Insulted as we are by the vilest imputations of cruelty, licentiousness, and disregard of all ties of patriotism, it is a glorious thing to turn silently and read the histories of wars in which, under the direct sanction of Catholicism, human nature has shown itself courageous, enduring, patriotic, and merciful, to an extent altogether unapproached by those who taunt us with every degrading vice. While it is daily dinned into our ears, till we are well-nigh stunned, that under the dark influence of Popery the world must necessarily go backwards, and all our powers be paralysed, until, by the sheer repetition of extravagant charges, we begin almost to suspect that we are rogues without knowing it, it is soothing to let the imagination wander back to countries where Catholicism has been embraced and really acted on, unmolested either by Protestant preacher or liberal statesman; where it has shown its vivifying power over the soul, unaided and unhindered either by royal patronage or aristocratical wealth. While the world is driving on at its own chosen rate of "progress," it is instructive to turn and watch the ways of other and humbler races, whose civilisation has not consisted in railways, crystal-palaces, screw-steamers and the penny-post; but in simplicity, hardihood, comparative poverty, and unmitigated "Romanism."

For, after all, "progress" is not necessarily progress to happiness and greatness. There is a knowledge which is more stultifying than ignorance; there is a power which is more degrading than weakness. It is possible to be great, glorious, and heroic, with very simple appliances; and the utmost amount of material civilisation, comfort, and order, is perfectly compatible with a very low degree of excellence in all that is most honourable in man, as man, and in woman, as woman. It is not crabs alone that can "progress" backwards.

Perhaps no spot in Europe is more suggestive of the reminiscences of a noble yet simple civilisation than the mountainous district of the Tyrolese Alps. Bordering upon Switzerland, that country of pretence, hypocrisy, and tyranny, for generations has been found a race where faith and patriotism have dwelt in intimate alliance, and the achievements of labouring mountaineers have rivalled those of the most celebrated soldiers of the world. The traveller, reeking from the hot and

artificial life of England or France, on reaching the Tyrol finds himself in a new world of freshness and genial simplicity. He is surrounded by a people among whom education is not only general but universal, for none can marry unless they can read and write; but who, nevertheless, are all Catholics, and, as a race, as universally devout as perhaps any nation has ever been since Christianity has existed. Manly, frank, and vigorous, the Tyrolese unites in a remarkable degree a devotion to a royal house with a personal independence of mind and capacity for practical action. His wealth is little, but his desires are few; he has the art of mingling pleasure with labour; the vices of civilisation are known to him more by report than by experience; he loves the liberties of his country like a rational man, who knows that there can be no liberty without law, and no law without obedience; and in the possession of rare and present advantages, he is content to live on without schemes of change, and to love that which is, all the more dearly because his country has flourished for centuries under institutions and with habits almost identical with those which he sees around him still.

If the stranger question him as to the past history of his country, he perceives, nevertheless, that in his open and peaceful mind there yet linger memories of a bloody struggle, when all this fair state of tranquillity and labour was for a time crushed beneath the heel of cruelty and a godless lust of dominion. Even among his favourite sculptured images, the works of the hereditary handicraft of his people, and for the most part religious in its aspect, singular figures appear, little known, or altogether unheard of, out of his own country. In innumerable houses appears a warlike innkeeper; and, stranger still, in modern times, a Capuchin friar sword in hand, the remembrance of whose deeds is cherished by every rank with a fervour of gratitude, in comparison of which the recollections of the heroes of other countries are faint and dim. If there is such a thing as lasting national thankfulness, Hofer, the landlord of an inn at Passeyr, and Haspinger, the Capuchin, nicknamed Redbeard, have unquestionably lived in the affections of their fellow-countrymen with a posthumous glory seldom equalled in countries of more artificial cultivation, where the hero of yesterday is usually forgotten in the hero of to-day.

The history of that struggle which was long maintained by Hofer, with the aid of the Capuchin and other subordinates, against the overwhelming power of France and Bavaria, is indeed one of the most extraordinary records of courageous and skilful resistance against irresistible force which modern annals have preserved. Like so many of the miseries of Europe dur-

ing the last seventy years, it had its origin in the revolution in France. For many centuries the Tyrolese had enjoyed as large an amount of national liberty as was possible under the old political system of Europe. Subjected to the sway of the Austrian house of Hapsburg, the people were nevertheless practically free. In their mountain fastnesses they possessed a constitution in many respects similar to that of the great free cities of Germany in the middle ages. That virtual independence which the powers of advancing commerce secured to Lubeck, to Freiburg, to Hamburg, to Erfurt, to Cologne, to Ratisbon, and many other centres of peaceful traffic, was confirmed to the simpler Tyrolese by the strength of their mountain passes, and the undaunted vigour, courage, and straightforwardness of their personal character. The imperial dominion, purely monarchical as it was in name, was held in check by many local rights and privileges, and still more by the influence of a moral and physical nobleness, so that the position of a Tyrolese was practically as free and self-legislating as that of the electing and governing classes in representative England at this very hour.

In the earlier period of the "Reformation," when the dominion of Austria in Switzerland was tottering to its foundations, the allegiance of the Tyrol, still stedfast in the ancient faith, was conciliated by a renewed confirmation of its hereditary privileges; and thus externally free, subject to its own taxation alone, and with political power diffused alike through the peasantry and the nobles, the Tyrol remained up to the battle of Austerlitz a free, honoured, prosperous, simple, and Catholic country, amidst the shock of empires and the degradation of all principle which characterised the eighteenth century of European history.

At length the storm burst upon the heads of the mountaineers. Such a race as the Tyrolese was intolerable alike to the military autocracy of Napoleon, and the crafty officialism of such monarchs as Louis XIV. of France and Joseph II. of Austria. Joseph, however, had left the Tyrol but little injured by those pernicious "reforms" through which he had reduced his German subjects to so low a level of religion, morals, and political strength; and the attachment of the Tyrolese to the Austrian monarchy remained ardent and unimpaired. When Austria, however, was prostrated at Austerlitz, and Napoleon, unresisted, set about the re-arrangement of the various territories which formed the old Germanic empire, on no country did the hand of the conqueror fall more heavily than on the Tyrol. The policy of Napoleon at that moment lay in elevating the minor states of Germany to some

species of rivalry with the power of Austria, hitherto, save so far as Prussia was concerned, exclusively preponderant. He sought to convert the petty electors into the creatures of France, or rather of himself, by turning their sovereigns into kings and dukes, and by enriching them with spoils torn from their more powerful neighbours. Wurtemberg was made a kingdom, and received the Austrian possessions in Swabia. Baden became a grand-duchy, with the gift of Constance, the Breisgau, and the Ortenau. Bavaria shared the most largely in the booty. Her elector was turned into a king; with the sovereignty (such as it was, when conferred by Napoleon,) of Anspach and Bayreuth, stolen from Prussia, and a considerable slice of the Austrian territories, of which the most important portion was the Tyrol. The creatures of the conqueror and his Bavarian serf-king endeavoured to infuse an anti-German spirit into his subjects; and on the 1st of January 1806 the Bavarian State-Gazette announced the great achievement with the words, "Long live Napoleon, the restorer of the Bavarian kingdom!" while a herd of writers attempted to prove that the Bavarians were not German by ancestry, but originally a Gallic tribe under Gallic sovereigns.

Nowhere was the usurping power of Bavaria more hateful than among the Tyrolese mountains. A hundred years before they had been engaged in a conflict with these same grasping Bavarians, and had successfully resisted their invading troops, who as now were in alliance with the French. In June 1703 the Bavarian elector had entered the Tyrol at the head of 16,000 men; and seizing Innspruck, its capital, had advanced up the country with the view of subduing the people in their fastnesses. The whole country rose in arms, and the German soldiery felt what it was to attack a peasant-patriot in his own home. One of the chief leaders of the people was of no higher rank than that of postmaster; but the Bavarians were almost annihilated. Shot down by the riflemen, crushed by huge masses of rock and timber rolled upon them from the tops of the cliffs, one after another of the various divisions of the invading army gave way and fled. The peasants even fabricated cannon from hollowed fir-trees, sufficiently fire-proof to stand eight or ten discharges. In the end, of the 16,000 who had entered the Tyrol, only 5000 ever regained Bavaria.

A less prosperous issue attended the heroic resistance made in 1806 to the enforcement of the Bavarian usurpation, accompanied as it was by a reckless violation of the engagement by which Maximilian Joseph, the Bavarian sovereign, had bound himself to respect intact the national rights and customs of the Tyrolese people. The act by which he professed

to inaugurate his rule over the Tyrol, dated January 14, 1806, promised "not only strongly to uphold the constitution of the country and the well-earned rights and privileges of the people, but also to promote their welfare." This pledge, moreover, was repeated again and again with an obtrusive reiteration, which, to those who knew what Bavaria meant by promoting a nation's welfare, was sufficient to awaken the gravest apprehensions.

In a certain sense amiable and benevolent, Maximilian of Bavaria was a true disciple of the Austrian Joseph II. Nominally Catholic, nominally liberal, and nominally philosophical, the political system adopted and carried out by the "reforming" emperor was in reality and result as anti-Catholic, despotic, and shallow, as any one of those many theories which have been devised for the sudden regeneration of mankind in the cabinets of self-conceited sophists. The Bavarian king lost no time in proving himself an adept in this pernicious school. Every thing the Tyrolese held dear, every thing that constituted their happiness in this life and their hopes for eternity, was attacked under the pretence that it was for their good that national honour, personal liberty, venerated customs, and religious objects of veneration, should be torn from them and trampled under foot by insolent strangers. "Jesuit obscurantism" was, of course, the cant cry with which the new measures were heralded. Vulgar Bavarian official insolence entered into a league with the infidel frivolity of the French philosophism of Voltaire and the Revolution, and hand in hand proceeded to "reform" the Tyrol.

The first blows were naturally aimed at what they called "superstition." The Tyrol abounded with small mountain chapels, whose artistic simplicity was a symbol of the pure, honest, and fervent piety which loved thus to remind itself of the nothingness of time and the goodness of God, wherever the labourer's toils were carried on, or the traveller's steps might take him. Even now, the few that remain of these monuments of humble devotion touch the heart of the non-Catholic visitor, and how much more that of the Catholic, more sweetly than the most magnificent achievements of Christian art in the rich centres of a luxurious population. But to the Bavarian and French illuminati these were hateful objects; and the Tyrolese saw them levelled to the ground with every mark of ridicule and contempt; while images, crucifixes, relics, long held in veneration and associated with the reminiscences of generations of faith, were destroyed, or, what was worse, sold to the Jews.

When religion was thus treated, liberty of course fared no

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PART XIV.

CATHOLIC POLITICS AND CATHOLIC M.Ps.

IT is not very often that we offer our readers any remarks on the passing political changes of the day, even when professedly bearing on the circumstances of Catholicism. Every thing now moves onward with such breathless rapidity, that persons who write but once a month have little chance of being heard, in competition with daily and weekly journalists, whose vocation it is, whatever event turns up, to dash at it without a moment's hesitation, and to pronounce some opinion or other, no matter at what risk of misconception or error. However complicated or extensive in its bearings, however urgent may be the necessity for calm and dispassionate consideration, what is this to the modern devourer of newspapers? A view he must have, at all costs. Even if a minister brings forward a measure of almost incalculable moment in a speech not concluding till two hours after midnight, what says the expectant reader? He must not only have the speech in type, but an article written—yes, and printed—instantly; absolutely instantly. The article must be commenced or planned before the speaker's words are half-uttered; as fast as the writer can make his pen fly, the printer must have his lucubrations. Corrections and press-work follow with the speed of lightning; and by nine o'clock the ministerial oration and the comments thereon are to be read—where? In the printing-office? No; but at Brighton, or any where within an hour-and-a-half's express-train distance of London. What chance has the monthly writer in the midst of such a system as this?

There are, however, times when it is almost impossible to keep silence; times of most undoubted crisis in our affairs, when, perhaps beneath an outward calm, a conflict of principles is going on amongst us, on whose issue consequences of the deepest moment depend; and in which, nevertheless, the sight is so confused by the intrusion of personal interests, personal likings, and personal antipathies, that the dictates of sound

Catholic wisdom, and the lessons of universal Catholic history, stand little chance of being thought of. At such periods, those who have been so fortunate as never to have involved themselves in any of those unhappy personalities which we all unite to lament, may fairly claim to be heard. Even if they run the risk of offending the belligerent parties, it is worth while at such times to speak. At all seasons of violent disputes and secret heart-burnings, there are ever to be found a vast number of persons whose ears are stunned with the voices of the disputants, and who long to see a public expression of some views which at least are not associated with every thing that is angry, personal, and tending to disunion among those who ought to agree, and who might agree.

It cannot be concealed, then, that the affairs of British and Irish Catholicism, so far as they have any connection with political parties, and with the government of the day, and with the state in general, are in a condition eminently unsatisfactory. That they are better than they used to be, only proves in what a miserable state they were in former times. It is difficult to conceive any thing politically more baneful than our former position, which was simply a hand-and-foot bondage, not to the state, but to a party in the state; and that the party most radically opposed in its own principles to every thing that constitutes the essence of Catholicism. Disastrous as has often proved the legalised alliance between this or that national branch of the Catholic Church and the secular government, it was at any rate recognised, open, honourable; and the alliance was between the Church and that which ought ever to be the friend and the minister of the Church. But in this country, the accidents of political change had produced a traditional but unrecognised league between the natural secular leaders of Catholics and the Whigs,—a party which of all others is most alien in its feelings to those which Catholicism creates. Guided by such leaders, temptations of the very worst kind were held out to us; and it was only by serving our haughty patrons with the abject servility of Oriental slaves, that we could expect a relief from the tyranny which Protestants exercised over us. With rare exceptions, every Catholic of rank, fortune, or education, was pledged to the Whigs. By intriguing with the Whigs, or through the Whigs, we were to be allowed to pick up the crumbs vouchsafed to us from the table of our masters. On condition of bartering our independence for the wretched wages, we were to be permitted toleration up to the point which our owners (for such they counted themselves) might think it expedient for their own purposes. In a word, the lordly and dainty-fingered

Whigs found us useful in doing their dirty work against the Tories, in conjunction with Dissenters, Radicals, and other lean and hungry expectants.

Happily for us, circumstances from time to time compelled our "patrons" to grant us boons which in times of tranquillity we might have whistled for till we were weary. Amidst the shocks caused to Europe by the American and French revolutions, and the fiery party-contests in the British Parliament, we came in for a share of liberty and toleration which must have caused aristocratic Whiggism not a few painful twinges. It was something very different from the chicanery of hereditary intrigue which burst the penal laws in the last century, and won Catholic emancipation in the present. Be that as it may, however, after we were in a great measure free, the old Whig-worshipping spirit was as general and busy as ever; and happy it has been for us that Toryism has retained sufficient vitality to bestow upon us so many hearty *kicks*, that Whiggism has been forced, in sheer self-preservation, to withdraw the hand with which it was doling out to us a few *halfpence* as the wages of our servitude.

At length the times changed. With all the devotedness to political party, as distinct from that respect to the laws which is truly Catholic, that still lingers in many quarters amongst us, there can be no question that we are now comparatively a free-spirited, manly, and self-relying body. In 1851 a crisis came, and for a moment we were in terrible peril; but our most formidable nominal friends (though real enemies) lost their temper, forgot their own traditions, and vigorously drove us into freedom from their snares. If the Queen and Lord John Russell could have swallowed their mortification at the establishment of the hierarchy, and resolutely devoted themselves to undermine us by intrigue, no eye could foresee the mischief they might have done us; but it was the old story once more: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. And the only result of Protestant wrath has been the fostering of our independence, and the direction of our energies to the strengthening of ourselves from within.

Up to this time, nevertheless, the position of the Catholic cause in Parliament has been any thing but what it ought to have been. And what it is in Parliament, that it is, more or less, in all its relations with the state "out of doors." Whatever were the gains won by emancipation in the Houses of Lords and Commons, we have been till very recently a non-entity. There has been no Catholic peer in the Upper House both equal and willing to represent us in such a manner as to command the attention and respect of his audience. Some-

thing, either in the way of abilities or character, has always been wanting. The only man who has been listened to *asa Catholic*, and with a belief among the peers that he had Catholicism at heart above all things, was the late Lord Shrewsbury; but he was a Whig of that unhappy school which contrives to unite all sorts of virtues and defects in such a confused jumble as to neutralise the influence for good which their possessor might exercise. An earl, a wealthy man, extremely liberal of his money, and in private unimpeachably moral and religious, his abilities were but moderate, and his notion of Catholic statesmanship was little better than a backstairs intriguing. His power in the House of Lords was absolutely nothing; however much he might be personally respected, as a parliamentary advocate he never produced the smallest result; while in the secret ministerial chambers, both at home and abroad, he contrived to effect far more harm than good.

In the House of Commons, the only men of note that emancipation introduced were O'Connell and Sheil. The latter was a brilliant, and almost a powerful speaker, but he was a mere political partisan; he was known to the world to be personally a Catholic, but Catholic influence he had none, even nominally. The former, though he undoubtedly exercised a certain amount of power in the House of Commons, was only accidentally, and in certain incidental circumstances, an exponent of the wishes of Catholics as such. He was the leader of a political party, among whose aims the advancement of the Catholic cause held a subordinate place, and which numbered in its ranks many persons who rather hated the Pope than otherwise. O'Connell's parliamentary tactics were moreover identical with those of the old Whig school; his system was, to strike bargains with the ministry of the day; buying and selling favours and support, and working upon the fears of those whom he desired to influence. The practical result we all know to have been little indeed, so far as Catholicism is concerned.

The first member of Parliament whom we have had of any distinction and influence as a Catholic has been Mr. Frederick Lucas. Of him, even those who dislike him the most, admit that he has met with a success far from common in an assembly of so peculiar a character as the Lower House. When he was first elected for Meath, speculation was alive as to the figure he would make in his new sphere. Long before the Catholic public as a journalist, and the object of vehement distaste from some, and as vehement admiration from others, it was usually supposed that he would carry into Parliament the defects as well as the merits of his newspaper writings. Those

who hoped most from him could hardly have avoided fearing that he would ruin himself before the House by the same passionate fondness for personalities, and the same tendency to the extravagant exaggeration of one side of every question, which have marked his career as a journalist. Every body who knew the temper of the House was certain that it would not for an instant endure any thing like an article from the *Tablet*, however cogent its reasonings or forcible its language.

For ourselves, as we have never been among either Mr. Lucas's partisans or his enemies, we do not scruple to say, that long before he entered Parliament we regarded his style of speaking as eminently suited to the House of Commons. The gladiatorial cast of his writing represents only a portion of his character. Nor is he really at home when he assumes the demagogue, and sets a few thousand people stamping, and clapping, and shouting themselves hoarse. He has none of the rollicking recklessness of the true popular orator. Of that jovial good-humour and relish for a row simply for the fun of it, without a desire to do any body any serious harm, which enabled O'Connell to go through life as a demagogue with so few personal enemies, Mr. Lucas has none. The blows he inflicts are too serious to be forgiven; and that very conscientiousness which restrains him within the limits of orthodoxy and truthfulness, drives him to resort to the very extremes of personal abuse in order to make the impression he desires on audiences incapable of deliberate reasoning. His proper sphere is the House of Commons, where he has deservedly extorted the admiration and respect even of those who most disagree with him. He speaks seldom; when he does so, he speaks like a man who knows what he is about, and is in earnest in wishing to bring about certain positive practical results. He avoids clap-trap and exaggeration; he has never dealt in personalities; and he delivers himself with that plucky courage and determination which are as acceptable to the House as mere vulgar bravado is offensive and intolerable. Above all, he is recognised by the House as a Catholic, not in name, but in reality. He may be a Tenant-Leaguer, an anti-Ministerialist, or any thing else besides; but his distinctive character is that of a Catholic who loves his faith, who obeys its commands, and who would sacrifice every other consideration, if he believed it to interfere with Catholic interests.

With all this, Mr. Lucas and his followers have fallen into that very political system which he has spent his life as a journalist in denouncing in the old Whig Catholics. He has set up a theory, and endeavoured to reduce it to practice,

which is neither more nor less than the old scheme of employing political combinations in order to force concessions to Catholicism from the government of the day. The sole distinction exists in the terms of the bargain. O'Connell and his party, and the English Catholic Whigs and their party, struck bargains with the people in power, in consideration of which they gave them their support in political measures of various kinds. This new party of "independent opposition," as they term themselves, have as yet effected no bargain, simply because the terms they offer are such as no government will agree to. The principle of mixing up political manœuvring with the advancement of the Catholic cause is common both to Mr. Lucas and his old antagonists; and both together do but copy the old Radical party (when Radicalism was alive), of which Grote, Molesworth, and Hume were the leaders. Give us "Tenant-right," and abolish the Irish Church Establishment, says Mr. Lucas to Lord Aberdeen, and we are yours. And he adds, happily not on the floor of the House of Commons, but in speeches and articles innumerable, that Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, and a host more, are scoundrels and traitors to Catholicism, because, having joined these "independent oppositionists," they left him in the lurch, and thought that, after all, there is nothing like the loaves and fishes.

Now this system, we are convinced, is as pernicious to Catholics in Mr. Lucas's hands as it was in Lord Shrewsbury's. No good can come of it; and we shall be strangely surprised if it does not bring forth quite as much harm as the intrigues of decayed old Whig cliquism. Indeed, it has from the first borne no fruit but veritable "apples of Sodom;" and as time goes on, and events take that natural course which no Parliamentary leader on earth can arrest, not only will the good which Mr. Lucas and others like him might do be lamentably neutralised, but internal mischief will result amongst British and Irish Catholics themselves of the most serious and lasting kind. If a Catholic member is to work upon the Protestant House of Commons for the benefit of religion, he must neither be the head nor a joint of the tail of any political party, out of office or in it. Of course, we speak of affairs as they now stand, when it is impossible for a zealous, devoted, and able Catholic to take a lead, either in the Cabinet or in the general Opposition. Nor do we pretend that it is, strictly speaking, the duty of every Catholic member to take no office, and assume no position which may diminish his influence as a Catholic. All men are not bound to devote *every thing* they possess, whether in or out of Parliament, to

the advancement of religion. A man who cannot live without the pay of office, commits no sin in accepting an inferior position, which, though it may perfectly harmonise with his secular politics, may depress him into a nonentity as a Catholic member. Viewing, however, the question as a religious one, we see nothing but evil about to result from this scheme of mixing up the defence of Catholic interests with the success of certain political demands. Indeed, it has already done so much mischief, that many eyes must have been opened to the dangerous principle on which it is based.

The very first practical necessity which springs from its adoption is enough to make every wise man and zealous Catholic pause before he stirs another step. The representation of the Catholic cause is committed to the charge of men whose character and speeches can do nothing but prejudice it in the minds of those whom it is our business to conciliate. Once admit any question not strictly religious into a companionship with the Catholic cause, and your supporters become your most fatal enemies. Our ranks are swelled with a host of men, some Catholics (nominally), some not; but who all agree in employing us and our demands as tools for accomplishing their selfish ends. Those ends may be, in some cases, mere personal display, the vulgar ambition of notoriety, to be gained by speech-making, scribbling, or blowing any loud-roaring instrument in a "brass band." To anticipate any gain to Catholicism, in the present temper of the English people, from the advocacy of such men as these, shows an entire misconception of the means by which mankind are affected. There is but one word which expresses the character of a certain portion of the advocacy which it has been our misfortune to undergo, and which has solely resulted from this contamination of Catholic interests with political schemes: that word is "blackguarding." We do not, of course, mention names; but the fact is only too patent, that Mr. Lucas has, or has had, in or out of Parliament, certain followers, or certain coadjutors, of whose character as public men and "orators" this word gives the only true description. The alliance of such men we hold to be pernicious to the last degree. They prejudice every right-thinking man among Protestants against us. They give the worst colouring to our best acts; and foster the too common notion that we Catholics,—bishops, priests, and laymen,—are a mob of low, cunning, selfish intriguers, whom any body can buy, if only he will not stickle at the exorbitance of the purchase-money. We put it to Mr. Lucas, and the truly Catholic upholders of this "independent opposition party," whether the position

which the member for Meath has attained in the House as a Catholic is in the slightest degree owing to the support and companionship of any one of the partisans who hang on by his skirts, or who submit to his leadership and warm themselves in the sunshine of his respectability. Is it not certain that if he had stood alone,—that is, as an independent member, pledged neither to nor against the ministry,—and unhampered by the “friendship” of Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, he would have commanded not less, but far more, of the respect of the House; and would have been looked upon only as a representative of Catholic energy, Catholic views, and Catholic knowledge, instead of having this noble character dimmed by suspicions of agitatorship, party-spirit, jealousy, and intrigue? And what is true of the member for Meath is equally true of every other member who has at heart, not this or that political move, but the welfare of British and Irish Catholics, and the advance of the true religion.

From this unnatural alliance between gold and clay results, further, an internal scandal of the first magnitude. When men aiming really at different ends, and animated by different principles, agree to act together for one professed purpose, in a very brief space circumstances inevitably arise which make them part company on the most unamicable terms. The forbearance and charity of the best men is then not a little tried; and as in such cases there are sure to be two sides to the questions on which they split, fresh divisions arise among the heartiest Catholics themselves, and a war of words and ill-feeling begins, till we are sick to death of the miserable spectacle of disunion. We have had a specimen of this in the warfare between Messrs. Lucas, Moore, Duffy, &c. on the one side, and Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, &c. on the other, since Lord Aberdeen formed his government. The personal abuse which has been poured out in torrents on both sides—the recriminating parties being all Catholics—is as mischievous as it is wearying. The sole result is additional bitterness of feeling and heart-burnings; while the Protestant world is edified with the spectacle of Catholic clergymen as well as laymen espousing with all the ardour of personal partisanship the opposite sides in electioneering contests. If any of our readers wish to know the kind of blessings we derive from the introduction of these fiery personalities, we recommend them to read a Dublin newspaper called the *Weekly Telegraph*, a journal which is sold at a very cheap price and has a large circulation. This paper, vehemently Catholic in profession, and for all we know sincerely so, has literally *no* aim but the personal abuse of Mr. Lucas. He is to it what the Pope is to a certain class of

Protestants; without him their vocation is gone. And these scurrilities are circulated weekly by thousands among the Catholics of Ireland and England. Its conductors and proprietors have been so maddened by the attacks of Mr. Lucas and *his* party, that they seem to think no one can ever be tired with repetitions of what they think the infamous conduct of which he has been guilty. And this delectable dish is served-up, if what they tell us is true, to nearly twenty thousand subscribers. A truly edifying relaxation for a pious Catholic on a Sunday after hearing Mass!

But, again, if these party-tactics surround us with highly undesirable adherents, they as certainly prevent any cordial action of the entire body, or even of a large majority, of those who are Catholics, and Catholics above every thing else. As to getting all good Catholics to agree in the political measures thus tacked on to the promotion of Catholic interests, it is a mere dream. We differ in our politics; and we always shall differ, as long as we are good for any thing. Here is this "Tenant-right" question, for instance. The defence of the Catholic poor in the House of Commons is to be entangled, forsooth, with one of the most complicated questions of political economy! A question, moreover, of so peculiar a kind, that any general enthusiasm about it is simply impossible. Whether "tenant-right" is really desirable or not, has nothing to do with the question. It is a very difficult, a very local, and a very dry subject to any body but landholders and farmers; and every attempt to "get up" popular interest in it has to be spiced strongly with abuse and violence of language. Be this, however, as it may, it is lamentable that our best advocates in Parliament should stand pledged to oppose every government which will not grant a demand that no government ever will grant, and which throws an air of unreality and *shamming* over every thing they say or do. Say what people will, the question is theoretically very difficult; while practically five persons out of six will say, "If the Irish attorneys are so stupid that they cannot, or so dishonest that they will not, draw up proper agreements between landlords and tenants, Acts of Parliament can do nothing in the matter." As to the idea that any Parliament will ever grant a compensation for money spent on land in times past, we may just as reasonably expect some fine morning to hear of a note arriving in Golden Square from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the following effect: "My dear Lord Cardinal; Pray do me the favour to accept two thousand pounds a year out of my archiepiscopal revenues. The next time you com-

municate with the Pope, be so kind as to present his Holiness with my most dutiful respects."

But worse than all is the false position in which this recent revival of the old scheme is certain to place its adherents with respect to the highest authorities in the Church. The quarrels now agitating Ireland on the subject of priestly interference in politics are the natural consequence of this jumbling of politics with religion. On the general question of such interference we offer no opinion: but we cannot help remarking, that there are various ways in which a Catholic priest may exercise his influence on votes; and that while some of these may be natural, harmless, and desirable, others may be most injurious to his character and influence as the father of his flock. The giving of private advice to such poor voters as consult him is a very different thing from mounting a platform at a stormy political gathering, and taking part in proceedings in which, whatever else may be displayed, Christian charity certainly has no share.

On the undesirableness of any open dissensions between the Bishops and the parliamentary representatives of Catholic interests, there surely can be but one opinion. Whatever may have been the desirableness of the appeal to the Pope against the Bishop of Ossory, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, surely no Catholic can doubt that it would be very much better if such circumstances never arose. We do not for an instant pretend that Bishops may not be wrong, or priests and laymen right, when they disagree; nor do we question the indefeasible right of every Catholic to appeal from a subordinate authority to the Pope, and its practical expediency in some cases: but we do maintain, that no Catholic member of Parliament can carry any weight *as a Catholic* in the House of Commons or the country, who is believed not to enjoy the confidence of the Catholic hierarchy, as a body. If it is once supposed that the English and Irish episcopate, as a whole, condemn many of Mr. Lucas's proceedings; if it is believed that what is termed a "soreness of feeling" exists between them; farewell all carrying out of those beginnings which he has so happily inaugurated in the House. If a member of Parliament aspires to the work of breaking those fetters of legal and official tyranny which still produce such desolation in our army and navy, in schools, gaols, hospitals, and workhouses, and to fight the good fight for monks, nuns, and priests, he *must* be willing to merge his own opinions as to what is practically expedient in those of the hierarchy. If he and they are known to be at issue, liberal government

and Tory opposition will join in snapping their fingers at him.

If the Bishops are not agreed among themselves, this only makes matters worse. But we do say that any man, whatever he be, who pushes forward certain secular schemes, however harmless in themselves, which he knows *must* tend to produce disagreements between the priesthood and the episcopate, or between the members of the episcopate themselves, undertakes a responsibility which ought to make the boldest tremble. We hold that no external gains can compensate for a diminution of internal strength. If we are not united; if we let the world imagine that half of us are pulling in one direction, and half in another, and that our internal discipline is not what our professions require; then we are at the mercy of our antagonists, and the best thing we can do is to hold our tongues, and learn to mend our ways. Surely we have had enough of the blessings to be hoped for from divisions of opinion in the episcopate, to make us pause ere we ask for more. What would official intriguing have done in former days in Ireland, if it had not been known that half the Bishops were of one way of thinking, and half of the other?

As for the distinction which has been drawn between the internal discipline of the clergy and the conduct of laymen in the setting-up these politico-religious combinations, they appear to us un-Catholic in the extreme. What right has any man to say, "It is no concern of mine what rules Bishops make in purely spiritual matters for *their* clergy"—(as if the priesthood were a species of private episcopal property)—"I shall go my way in politico-religious affairs, without troubling myself for an instant about their influence on the relations between the hierarchy and the priesthood"? We declare that no Catholic has a right to set up any such distinction. The harmonious action of bishop and priest ought to be as dear to the Catholic layman as if he were a bishop or a priest himself. It is perfectly monstrous to pretend, that because it is not a layman's business to *interfere between* a bishop and his clergy, he therefore commits no fault if he is reckless of doing that which he knows must tend to pit them one against another. We say that the discipline of the clergy is every man's concern, and that no man has a right to do that which will needlessly interfere with that discipline. You may as rationally pretend, that because it is not my business to protect all the shop-fronts as I walk along the streets, I am therefore at liberty to amuse myself with tossing stones in every direction, heedless of the windows that I am certain to smash.

We believe, then, that the advancement of Catholic in-

terests with regard to the state and the world in general requires a perfect freedom from *all* party-ties on the part of our Catholic representatives. A Catholic member may have his own personal politics, and as an individual representative freely act upon them, without the smallest damage to the great and good cause: but the moment he enters into an alliance with any men, no matter who they are, which necessitates a mixing up of *party-tactics* with the carrying through of measures of religious interest, that moment the Catholic is more or less lost in the partisan.

Whatever has been Mr. Lucas's success, it would have been much greater had he not been notoriously the patron or the ally of persons of more than questionable Catholicism, and had he been content to forego the gratification of playing the executioner on the deserters from his camp. The function of arbiter of the destinies of Whigs and Tories, Ministerialists and Oppositionists, is one which cannot now really be filled by any Catholic as a Catholic. As Parliament now is constituted, a devoted, able, and business-like Catholic may become a real *power* in the House; but if he stoops to the quarrels and intrigues of mere party, he is lost in the herd of place-hunters and place-holders; and what is worse than all for his influence, he is pretty certain in the end to sink down into the class of those whom the House of Commons looks upon as *bores*.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUISE FANCHETTE. THE COMPTON FAMILY.

SOME little time after the adventure just related, I was consulted by a lively-looking young woman, who spoke English with a French accent, as to the wording of an advertisement which she wished to have inserted in the *Daily Press*. It appeared that she had come over from her native country in the hope of permanent and profitable employment as a dressmaker and milliner's assistant. The promises made to her were, however, so ill kept, that she was thrown upon her own resources for finding employers in any quarter where she could gain an introduction.

One day, while she was busily engaged with her needle,

she was startled by a loud and sudden tap at her door; and before she had time to bid her visitor come in, the door was opened, and there entered a very handsome young lady, who immediately closed the door, advanced into the room, and without saying a word took a seat. Louise—as the little French milliner was called—rose and paid her respects to the stranger, delighted to see what she supposed must be an employer in perspective. I wish I could describe the infinite vivacity with which she portrayed her astonishment at the conversation which followed. For a minute or two her visitor sat still, eyeing her with a look half-timid, half-patronising. At length she began, in the steady voice of a catechiser :

“What is your name?”

“Louise Fanchette, mademoiselle.”

The young lady smiled, and exclaimed, “Ah, indeed! French, I have no doubt.”

Louise’s vision of future mantles and dresses instantly grew more bright, as she replied in the affirmative.

“What are you?” continued her interrogator.

“A milliner and dressmaker, mademoiselle.”

“Oh yes! no doubt! I don’t mean that—most French girls are milliners—but what are you yourself? are you a believer?”

What on earth this could have to do with muslin and ribbons Louise was puzzled to conceive. Accordingly she asked for explanation.

“A believer, mademoiselle? What is that?”

“A Christian, I mean, of course,” was the reply.

“Oh, yes! mademoiselle; I am a Christian. Surely mademoiselle herself is a Christian too?”

“But are you a converted Christian?”

By her own account, Louise here opened her eyes and mouth, and stared.

“Don’t you know that it is written, That except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven?”

“But I have been a Christian ever since I *was* a little child, mademoiselle,” said Louise.

“That is impossible,” bluntly replied the other.

“Pardon me, mademoiselle,” said Louise, “I have a certificate of my baptism with me here, and also a memorial of my first communion. Would mademoiselle like to see it?”

“Awful!” muttered the young lady to herself; “soul-destroying! But how delightful! how providential! A soul to be saved! a brand from the burning!”

Louise confessed, that while her visitor uttered these ejacu-

lations she began to imagine that she must be mad, and was thinking how sad it was that one so pretty, so *distinguée*, and with so graceful a *tournure*, should be thus terribly afflicted. However, she said nothing, and the lady resumed.

"Have you any tracts?"

"Trash! mademoiselle? No, mademoiselle. Every thing that I keep for the ladies who do me the honour to employ me is of the highest *mode*, perfectly Parisian."

"Poor benighted creature!" muttered the lady. "Not trash, but tracts; the word of God, prepared to be scattered far and wide among the heathen and unbelievers."

And here she pulled out a bundle of publications of the description so new to the little milliner.

"Ah, indeed! mademoiselle," said Louise. "We do not preach the gospel to the heathen in that way in my country."

"Let me then affectionately and earnestly exhort you not to sleep without pondering prayerfully over these words of a holy man of God," responded the other. "Oh, Miss Fanchette! think of your soul, hastening unregenerate and unconverted to everlasting torments! Oh! receive the gospel, now freely and fully offered to your acceptance by the mouth of a humble instrument, and believe, and be saved!"

"I am very much obliged to you, mademoiselle," said Louise, "for your good wishes; but I know that I am regenerate, and I hope I have no need of being converted. And indeed, mademoiselle, if I had need, I don't think those little books would do it for me.—May I have the honour of showing mademoiselle the last fashions from Paris? Here is a blue head-dress *à la révolution*, perfectly new, which would exactly suit mademoiselle's style of beauty. Will mademoiselle permit me the honour of trying it on her head? *Bleu céleste!* the very tint for the fair complexion and coloured cheeks of English blondes!"

Here Louise's professional readiness and woman's tact turned the scale of fortune in her favour; and her visitor seemed entirely to forget the purpose of her visit, and began discoursing with an affability *tout charmante*, as Louise expressed it, on colours, complexions, and personal decorations. At length Louise produced a "design," drawn (she declared) by a most distinguished artist, for a ball-dress. Her visitor's countenance at once lengthened, and assumed that peculiar solemnity which had characterised it on her first appearance.

"I never go to balls," she said, impressively, and dropping a book of fashions, which she had been carefully examining; "they are worldly."

“Mademoiselle is *un peu rigoureuse*, is she not?” suggested Louise. “*Janséniste*, perhaps?”

“I am scriptural,” said the lady, who probably knew about as much of Jansenism as of the religion of Timbuctoo; “and the Scripture says, He that will be the friend of the world, is the enemy of God.”

“But does mademoiselle *never* dance?” asked the milliner.

“Never!” exclaimed the lady, with devout horror.

“Oh! *que c'est ennuyant!*” cried Louise, with unaffected compassion.

“How could a redeemed sinner dance?” asked the lady.

This view of the question was so entirely new to Louise,* that her theology was entirely at fault; and the lady, seeing her advantage, overpowered the unfortunate milliner with such a torrent of texts and apophthegms that she was fairly silenced, and at last wept tears of vexation and annoyance. This the lady took for a token of grace, and accordingly insisted upon it that Louise should communicate with her as to the state of her soul in the course of a day or two. She refused to give her name or address, but desired Louise to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, stating whether she was willing to be instructed with a view to being regenerated; and she gave her half-a-sovereign to pay for the expense. The little milliner herself was so completely taken aback by the whole affair, and when once silenced, was (as she said) so utterly *abîmée*, that she gave a sort of half-promise to her visitor, for the sake of getting rid of her presence for the time. And now, being guiltless of all knowledge of advertisements and newspapers generally, she had found her way, by the advice of some friend, to our office, with a view of keeping her promise to the lady, and in the hope of never seeing her again. She told us the story with infinite *gusto*, though she was evidently totally at fault as to the character and wishes of her visitor. It so happened that Roger and I were the only clerks present when she appeared, and with our assistance she concocted the following advertisement:

“The French milliner, whom a young lady called upon last Monday, and endeavoured to convert by means of tracts, begs to inform her visitor that she is perfectly satisfied with

* Those who are unaccustomed to the ideas of the class of persons to whom the lady in question belonged, will perhaps be surprised to learn, that one of the great teachers of that school, John Newton, gravely argued against Oratorios by asking whether a condemned band of murderers, who were suddenly set free, would instantly set to music and sing the words of the message of mercy which gave them their lives!

her own religion, and trusts that the lady will not molest her for the future.”*

This appeared duly in the paper: and we took Louise’s address; for our curiosity was excited, and we wished to see if any thing further would come of the business.

For some little time afterwards I was extremely busy, and not very well, and the affair scarcely crossed my mind. But one morning mentioning it to Roger, I found that he had seen Louise several times; and, in fact, had paid her nearly a daily visit. I was somewhat surprised; but made no remarks, beyond asking whether Louise had been troubled again by her strange visitor. It seemed she had heard nothing more of her, and was in hopes that the whole thing was come to an end. However, I was determined to see Louise again; and the more so, because Roger was manifestly on remarkably friendly terms with her. In the evening accordingly we called, and found that the damsel of the tracts had again twice made her appearance, accompanied by an individual of the male sex, whose proceedings had given the greatest offence to Louise. The lady, she said, conducted herself like a lady; but this fellow was positively offensive; and it was with the utmost difficulty she had endured his conversation. As they took their departure, the lady left her card with Louise, begging her to come to her, if at any time she should wish for advice as to the state of her soul. Louise produced the card, and we read,

“MISS CLEMENTINA VERNON,
5 — STREET,
ST. JAMES’S.”

“Clementina Vernon!” said I; “surely I have heard the name some where, though for the life of me I can’t call to mind where.”

“Vernon! Vernon!” echoed Roger, musingly. “Did not old Compton’s daughter, in our neighbourhood, marry a dashing captain of the name of Vernon? At least so I’ve heard the story from my mother, who was governess to the sister of

* Lest Mr. Walker’s story should be thought too improbable for credit, we copy the following, verbatim, from the advertisement-columns of the *Times* of April last :

“THE ITALIAN MAID, in answer to a letter she received from ‘a lady,’ with a Tract entitled the ‘Buona Novella,’ begs to state she has long since studied the Scriptures, and would not live in any family where she could not attend to her religious duties. If ‘the lady’ will give her name, she is ready to answer any questions she might like to put to her.”

that splendid specimen of a strong-minded woman, Miss Mary Compton, commonly called 'The Squire,' notwithstanding her sex. I'm sure I've heard my mother mention the name of Clementina in connection with the family, in some way or other. By Jove, I'll write and ask her this very night."

Three or four days afterwards Roger came rushing into the room where I was sitting, with an open letter in his hand.

"Here's the whole history at full length," cried he. "Clementina Vernon is the daughter of my mother's pupil, the eldest Miss Compton, her that married Captain Vernon, and died, with her husband, not two years ago; leaving the said Clementina, with a pretty face, a snug little fortune, and a considerably good will of her own, to the care of 'Squire' Compton and her brother. She now lives with the 'Squire' at Compton Hall. And no doubt the 'Squire' is in town at this very moment; and a pretty hubbub she would raise if she knew of the charming Clementina's doings. By Jove, Louise has but to give a hint in that quarter, and Miss Clementina would be forced to take her tracts to some other market."

"But who's the brother?" said I. "I never heard of a Mr. Compton."

"Few people have, no doubt," replied Roger, "when the great Mary was on the *tapis*. He is a brother by old Compton's first wife, and has the living of Compton Parva, a few miles from Compton Hall. The hall and all the property, except the family living, belong to Miss Compton; and much better they are in her hands than her brother William's. Her mother was a cousin of the old Squire's, and an heiress; and the magnanimous Mary being her only child, the property all went to her. My mother tells me they are a most amusing family; all three handsome and clever; but queer to the last degree in their different ways. How I wish they'd be civil to us! Perhaps they would to me, for my mother's sake; and to you also, for my sake. Suppose I put my mother up to giving us an introduction. Two excellent young men; steady, literary, anxious to get on, and all that; but, above all, *Tory* in their political principles. Come, Walker, what say you? Are you willing to be the devoted anti-democrat for the nonce? Nothing less will go down with Squire Mary, I assure you."

"My politics will never interfere with my other principles," said I. "But is Miss Compton so very strenuous a politician?"

"Strenuous! My dear fellow, she's unparalleled, from all I ever heard of her. They do say she wears no colour

but blue, to show her abhorrence of reformers, radicals, and revolutionists of every kind."

"And her brother, what is he? Is he married?"

"Not he, unless it is to some desiccated mermaid or female antediluvian Ichthyosaurus dolichodeirus. He's a naturalist, man, of the very maddest species extant. An amiable, kind-hearted, liberal old foggy as ever lived; but mad as a March hare about every thing that crawls, creeps, swims, or flies."

"And the fair Clementina, what is she?"

"That I can't say, for I never heard more of her than that she plagues the 'Squire' superbly. However, if my mother will only prove conformable, we can judge for ourselves."

"Well," said I, "it will be no doubt a good introduction; so set about your letter at once."

In due time Roger's mother informed him that she had written to Miss Compton as he wished; and very shortly he received a polite note from the said lady asking him to dinner, and requesting him to bring his friend Mr. Walker, "who," said the fair writer, "I rejoice to learn from your excellent mother, is devoted to the *right* side in these perilous times."

Meanwhile Roger's visits to the little milliner grew so frequent, that I thought it my duty to remonstrate with him; assuring him that it must certainly look ill in the eyes of the world that he should be so much in the company of a person in her position in life; and that, in fact, the public generally entertained rather a bad opinion of milliners, and especially of French milliners.

"Take care," I said to him, "of compromising your respectability. It is all very well for you and me to amuse ourselves with Louise and her proselytising visitor, but we really must have a regard to our own reputations. As to her reputation, of course that is not our affair."

"My dear Benjamin," rejoined Roger, "Louise is an admirable girl, and a model to young women in her state of life, and in other states also, if the truth were told. She would do credit to any man as his wife."

"Perhaps you would like to marry her yourself," I replied, altogether in jest.

To my alarm, poor Roger blushed up to the eyes, and turned the subject, only replying, "A man might do worse."

I thought to myself, "Well, he *is* a fool!" but I said no more.

The day for dining with the Comptons arrived, and we started together for their house. Roger, I saw, had been put out and excited by something that had occurred; but I did not

care to question him; which I much regretted afterwards, as I might have cautioned him to beware how he made *any* enemies in so good a family as the Comptons.

On our arrival, we found Mr. and Miss Compton in the drawing-room. Roger's account had hardly prepared me for so striking a figure as that of the lady. Verging upon fifty years old (as I should have guessed), she was very tall and upright, well-formed, with fair complexion, Roman nose, and full-shaped chin. Her manner was alternately polished and brusque, but always decided; and her voice, though clear and loud, was musical, and rang through the room like the sharply-sounded notes of an instrument. Her dress was singular in the extreme. She wore a deep Waterloo-blue velvet gown; blue ribbons to her rich lace cap; blue gloves; and on her shoes I detected a tiny knot of blue. She welcomed us with a friendly though lordly air, and expressed her pleasure at making Roger's acquaintance. I saw in a moment that he had made a favourable impression.

In front of one of the windows sat her brother, apparently as tall and handsome as herself, so far as we could judge; for he never stirred an inch when we entered, and his face was buried in a microscope, through which he was examining some mysterious insect fragments. As soon as his sister had said the right thing to us, she turned to him, and exclaimed:

"William! Mr. Walton and Mr. Walker."

He made no response, but gently waved his hand in token of a wish to be left undisturbed.

"My brother is a great naturalist," observed the lady apogetically.

"Divine!" suddenly shouted the individual in question, in a voice that made us almost jump from our chairs; then rising from his seat, he addressed us most politely, and forthwith plunged into a disquisition on the astonishing beauties of the wings of the genus *Coleoptera* when revealed by the microscope. While he was in full discourse, the door opened, and a young lady entered, whom I instantly concluded must be Clementina by her likeness to her uncle and aunt. We were presented to her by the latter; and, as she turned her eyes on Roger, she gave a start of recognition, which caught the eyes of both Miss Compton and myself, and would doubtless have been observed by her uncle also, but that he was already again lost in his microscopic investigations.

"I was not aware that you and my niece were acquainted, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton.

"I had the honour of meeting Miss Vernon for the first

time this morning," replied Roger, looking embarrassed, and not particularly amiable.

"Indeed!" cried the aunt, while the niece turned away and sank gently into an easy chair, and, taking an extremely small silk-covered volume from her reticule, quietly began reading. As we rose to go to dinner, I caught a sight of the title of the subject of her studies: it was *Precious Moments*. She replaced it in its receptacle with the faintest possible sigh, and we took our places at the dinner-table. Nothing worth relating took place during the repast, except that just as I was lifting my first spoonful of soup, Mr. Compton, not having uttered a word before, asked me what was my opinion of the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*. I professed my disgraceful ignorance of the very existence of such a creature; upon which Mr. Compton lifted up his eyes with astonishment, and subsided quietly to his dinner.

Clementina said but little during the dinner; her uncle shot out a remark or a query at distant intervals; but Miss Compton was gracious and agreeable, lively and satirical, and mingled bitterness in the abstract with kindness in the concrete, so that her conversation was more piquant than that of any woman I had ever seen.

When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, I saw in a moment that something untoward had happened. Miss Vernon's face was as dark and glum as it was possible for so brilliant a complexion to appear, and the "Squire" was literally *fuming* with suppressed indignation. She summoned Roger to her side, and thus began:

"My niece tells me, Mr. Walton, that she met you this morning at the lodging of a certain French milliner, and that words passed between you of not the most friendly kind. May I ask, without impertinence, what was the occasion of your meeting in such a place, as my niece declines to satisfy my curiosity?"

Roger looked infinitely foolish, and declared, that if he had said any thing which was rude or painful to Miss Vernon's feelings, he was sincerely grieved, and requested her pardon.

"At the same time," added he, "I am sure Miss Vernon will admit that there was some slight provocation on her part; and that the young person in whose lodgings we met would have been in a very uncomfortable position if I had not ventured to interfere."

"Eh? what? what's that?" cried Mr. Compton, suddenly waking up to an interest in what was going on about him. "Clementina! Mr. Walton! Pray explain yourselves immediately."

Both parties thus addressed maintaining a perfect silence, Miss Compton repeated her brother's command with additional emphasis. Miss Vernon then quietly observed to her uncle:

"It is impossible, sir, that you should understand either my motives or my conduct in the affair to which this gentleman alludes; our religious ideas are as far distant as the poles."

"I beg your pardon, Clementina," replied he, with grave kindness; "no conduct can be fitting in a young lady which cannot be justified in the eyes of her natural guardians."

"I decline to have my conduct regulated by any rules but those of the word of God," loftily retorted the young lady.

"Your *own* word, you should say," interposed Miss Compton. "But what has this to do with your uncle's question?"

"I shall leave this gentleman to satisfy you," replied Clementina, waving her hand towards Roger, who, thus appealed to, explained that Miss Vernon had been visiting Louise Fanchette, with a view to convert her; that she had, more than once, been accompanied by a male companion, whose conduct had been peculiarly impertinent; and that this very day Roger, happening to come in to visit Louise, who, he said, was an acquaintance of his, and a most respectable person (being born to a better social position), had been requested by her to defend her against the controversial attacks which Miss Vernon had thought proper to make upon her, and which she, being a Frenchwoman and a Catholic, could not in the least comprehend.

"And pray who is the individual whom you make your companion in these apostolic visits, Clementina?" asked Miss Compton, when Roger had ended. "I presume he calls himself some sort of a Dissenter, and is a low Radical, and has a design upon your purse."

"I know nothing of Dissent or the Establishment in *my* religion, aunt Mary," retorted Clementina; "my friend is a Bible Christian; and for me that is enough."

"Good heavens! Clementina," ejaculated her uncle; "is it possible that you can be consorting with persons of this class? Is it not enough that you should have adopted these mistaken views, and introduced Calvinism into this orthodox family, distinguished for generations for its High-Church principles,—that you must needs appear in the streets of London with a coarse-minded sectary, who lives by deceiving others?"

To this Clementina coolly replied: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," while her aunt rose from her chair, and paced the room in royal indignation.

"Perhaps, niece, you will tell me what it was that induced

you to select this Frenchwoman in particular as the object of your attentions?" she cried, without ceasing her walk. "You know I have a particular objection to the French."

"French people have souls," quietly remarked the niece.

"Pouff!" exclaimed the aunt, with undisguised scorn.

"But what are their souls to you, Clementina?" asked the uncle.

"Their souls are lost," replied the niece, "if they die in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

"What *does* the girl mean?" cried the aunt, stopping her perambulations.

"I mean, that this Louise Fanchette is a Papist," said the niece.

"Pouff!" cried the aunt, recommencing her walk.

"She considers herself a Christian, because she has been baptised; and offered to show me the certificate of her first communion," continued the niece.

"And quite right, too," exclaimed the uncle; "I honour the girl for doing so. And let me tell you, niece, that you are doing very wrong in attempting to disturb the religious convictions of any person who acts up to his light and knowledge."

"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" ejaculated the niece, with the tone and look of a popular preacher.

"Clementina," cried the aunt, "your remarks to your uncle are in the highest degree disrespectful. Really, brother, you ought not to allow your niece to be so impertinent to you."

"The word of God can never be impertinent," remarked the niece. "Paul says, that we should preach the word, both in season and out of season."

"*Saint Paul*, if you please, Clementina," said the uncle. "I heartily wish you would practise what the apostle teaches you, instead of misquoting his writings."

"All our righteousnesses are filthy rags," observed the niece, in the same quiet but artificially solemn tone in which she gave forth her Bible quotations.

"Good heavens! Clementina, you are absolutely intolerable," exclaimed the aunt.

"My dear niece," mildly remonstrated the uncle, "you mistake the meaning of the passage in question. The righteousnesses of those who are regenerated by baptism are not filthy rags!"

"A soul-destroying doctrine!" ejaculated the young lady, with unperturbed solemnity.

"Well, Clementina," said the aunt, "Papist or no Papist—

filthy rags or clean rags, I will not suffer a niece of mine to walk about London in company with Dissenters and revolutionists. I insist upon it, accordingly, that while you remain in my charge you conduct yourself in a way becoming your station and character, and do not make your religion, whatever it is, a pretence for disobeying your uncle and me. And as for you, Mr. Walton, if you will accept my advice, you will have as little as possible to do with Frenchmen or Frenchwomen."

"Come, come, sister," said Mr. Compton, "you are a little too sweeping in your censures. You should remember what services the French nation has rendered to science. The great Cuvier himself is a Frenchman."

And thus ended this passage-at-arms between the parson, the "Squire," and the proselytising niece. The rest of the evening was passed more peaceably, except that Miss Compton gave vent to an occasional gale of indignation against the levelling tendencies of the day. She rose from her seat, and again paced the room in queenly wrath, when I mentioned the subject of the rick-burnings, now becoming frequent in various parts of the country, under the guidance of the notorious "Swing" and his associates.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "is the race of English gentlemen extinct, that our landed proprietors suffer themselves to be attacked in their very houses by an armed mob of peasantry; and buy them off, bribing the scoundrels to spare their homesteads, instead of seizing the ringleaders in the midst of their poor deluded followers, and carrying them to the punishment they deserve?"

A startling recollection here came across her brother. He threw himself back in his chair, struck his hand on his forehead, and at length exclaimed, "My dear Mary, what *will* you say to me? I entirely forgot it till this moment. My thoughts have been so fixed on the wonders of microscopic discovery, that it has entirely escaped my memory to show you a most unaccountable letter which came to me this morning. Here it is."

The letter thus produced ran as follows. I give it *literatim*, having been allowed to take a copy at another time:

"Mistur Cumpton, Sur; This cums giving of notis to you and all it may consurn, that if so bee your infernal new macheens is not sent away befor the 7nth, they will be destroyed and burnt, your ricks also likewise. From one you know off. Swing.

"For Mr. Cumpton, Parson; Cumpton Parva."

Never shall I forget Miss Compton's countenance as she read this epistle; not a little alarming in the then troubled

state of the agricultural population of some parts of England.

"And you have had this in your pocket all day, William?" she observed, fixing on the penitent parson her piercing eyes. "Well, it is useless to reproach you now. Mr. Walker, be so good as to ring the bell near you."

I obeyed. The servant entered. Miss Compton quietly said to him, "Order the travelling-carriage and four posters to be at the door in half-an-hour from this time."

The man departed, with no apparent surprise.

"We must wish you good evening, gentlemen," continued Miss Compton, addressing Roger and me. "William, it is necessary that you should go with me. Clementina, ring for your maid, and bid her pack without an instant's delay. Good night, gentlemen."

CHAPTER V.

THE ORDINARY AT THE "THREE JOLLY FARMERS." AN AGITATOR AND HIS DUPES.

A few days after our dinner at the Comptons', I was turning over a heap of country newspapers, looking out for the odds and ends of intelligence, in order to assist the sub-editor of the paper on which I was employed in his responsible work. I was in hopes myself of soon getting a lift in the ranks of newspaper *employés*; and the kindness I was doing my friend the sub-editor was thus equally profitable to myself, as it gave me practice in a part of his duties, which I trusted shortly to turn to good account. If I could only be allowed to take his place, I thought, during an occasional illness or absence, and could prove my competence for the task, then, if the post should become vacant from any cause, I, though young, might possibly be elevated, at least on trial, to succeed him.

In those days London newspapers were more dependent on provincial journals for their information than they have since become. The astonishing advances we have made in the means of locomotion and of conveying intelligence have had their effect on journalism, by raising the metropolitan publications to a higher level than ever as compared with their country competitors. A London paper now sends off "our own correspondent," or finds such a personage on the spot, wherever any thing suddenly occurs of more than common interest. I flatter myself (not unjustly, I trust), that I have been one of the chief instruments by which this important "own correspondent"-system has become an elementary portion of metropolitan journalism; and it was on the morning I

speaking of, that it first struck me, what a pity it was that London editors were so little alive to the importance of having special agents of their own wherever any thing happened that was worth telling well.

Among a host of paragraphs about turnips, highway-rates, drunken brawls, borough squabbles, and tremendous Tory prophecies of the immediate downfall of the British empire, my eye lighted on the words Compton and Compton Hall, frequently repeated. The gist of the information, which was very stupidly conveyed and with palpable inconsistencies, was to the effect that the story of the rick-burning and riotings, which had caused the Compton family so much alarm, was only too truly founded in fact. The whole county in which Compton Hall was situated was agitated by disturbances among the peasantry; and scarcely a night passed during which the flames did not shoot up into the gloomy sky from the burning ricks or barns of some unfortunate farmer. Other parts of England were similarly disturbed; and accounts from Normandy brought tidings of a kindred incendiarism on the other side of the Channel. The alarm thus caused was increased by mysterious reports of the presence of emissaries at work among the ignorant country population assuming the name of "Swing." Whether this notorious personage was one or many-headed seemed totally unknown; but it was certain that a spirit of violence and discontent had spread among the labouring classes of the agricultural population to an extent which had seriously frightened the aristocracy and gentry of the disturbed districts.

It immediately occurred to me, that it would be decidedly for the interest of a London newspaper that it should be able to report the progress of these rustic troubles on some better authority than the penny-a-liners of the provincial press or the illogical declamations of terrified farmers. And as chance had just made me personally acquainted with the Comptons, whose names figured prominently in the list of the gentry who were especially distasteful to "Swing" and his dupes, I resolved on a bold stroke, and went straight to the manager of the *Daily Press*, and expounded to him my views. As there was nothing to gain by caution, I told him the whole story of the dinner at the Comptons', so far as it bore upon the incendiary question, in order to show the manager that I was on such terms of acquaintanceship with an important county family as would put me in a position among the landowners of —shire seldom accorded to the "gentlemen of the press." I ended by modestly proposing myself as a fit person to be sent down to report on the true state of affairs in

the agitated districts. In a couple of days the proposal was accepted; I received a sufficient sum of money for all probable expenses, and started by the mail for Arkworth, the nearest market-town to Compton Hall, the very same night.

It was my intention to present myself in my real capacity to Miss Compton, whom I well knew I could conciliate by a judicious application of the stock-phrases popular with ladies and gentlemen of her complexion; and in order to make my way with her brother the naturalist, I crammed diligently with some of the very latest and some of the most obsolete scientific information I could get hold of in a short space of time. This, I have observed, is the best way to pass oneself off for a well-informed and profoundly-thinking person, on any subject. Learn to talk fluently about what every body has long forgotten or exploded,—this makes people think how deeply you must have studied the subject, to have got so very far back in its study; and pick up a few telling discoveries and theories, quite fresh from the mint of the day,—and you are esteemed to be fully up to the demands of the present hour, and an enthusiastic lover of science, or what not. Accordingly I stuffed myself hard with Pliny, for the old, and with Cuvier, for the new; and feared not for the result of any encounter with the Rev. William Compton, whose brains, I shrewdly suspected, were pretty thickly hung with cobwebs.

On arriving at Arkworth, I put up at a second-rate inn, as more likely to bring me into contact with the people whose talk I wanted to hear than any house of more ambitious pretensions. From what I learnt from the desultory information vouchsafed by the sleepy and grumbling night-travellers who were my companions in the coach, I decided that the "Three Jolly Farmers" would be just the sort of rustic hostelry to suit my purpose. There accordingly I conveyed myself; and after breakfasting, strolled about the town and neighbourhood, to pick up whatever stray news I could come across in shops, farms, and labourers' cottages. One o'clock found me again at the inn, seated at table at a farmers' ordinary (for it was market-day); which, however, was joined by a few non-agricultural individuals like myself.

So far as it was possible for inane and wooden countenances to express any decided emotion, and so far as trouble could be imagined to exist in men whose capacity for platefuls of mutton and noggins of ale seemed unlimited,—so far the looks of the hungry farmers were indicative of an unusual gravity and thoughtfulness. When the meal was verging towards its close, and an occasional grunting or puffing gave signs of approaching satiety, occasional words and broken phrases began to

give utterance to the latent discontents and alarm. The conversation—if conversation it might be called—at last became general.

“Well, Mr. Hockley,” said a farmer near me, of a rather more educated-looking cast than the majority of the company, “what’s the news from your side of the country? It’s not often you give us your company here, and I hope you have better news for us than we have for you.”

“Bad’s the best,” rejoined Hockley, an angry-looking agriculturist of the very old school. “And the bad will be worse, if these cursed preachers and schoolmasters ain’t put down pretty soon. I say the law ought to do it: that’s what I say.”

“Ay! ay!” growled two or three sympathising but harsh voices, from different parts of the table.

“It’s all along of reading and writing,” cried one.

“That’s what I tells our pairson,” cried another, “when he tells me my labouring men ought to read the Bible. I say, that from reading and writing the next step’s rick-burning, says I. If a fellow can’t read, why then he can’t make nothing out of them papers that infernal scoundrel ‘Swing’ is sending about the country. Why, it’s as plain as the nose on my face, says I.”

And truly it must have been plain indeed, if as clear as the intensely rubicund feature to which the somewhat illogical speaker thus directed attention.

“When the pairsons get their own ricks burnt, they’ll sing another song, I’ll swear,” ejaculated another personage.

“Ay, ay! that they will,” echoed Hockley; “and the landlords too; when we have my lord’s threshing-machine knocked to pieces, and a few squires’ barns on fire, we shall have the soldiers down upon the murdering villains fast enough.”

“It’s all along o’ toithes; that’s my opinion!” interjected a fresh speaker.

“It’s all along o’ pairsons and bishops!” cried another, of a less jovial aspect than the rest, and evidently of a methodical turn. “There’s no pairsons in Scripture. If we’d none but gospel-ministers, we’d have no rick-burnings.”

“All pairsons be’ant so bad though, Mr. Corker,” suggested his next-door neighbour. “There’s our minister, now; he be a good sort of a man that, anyhow.”

“What, Pairson Compton?” responded Corker. “Ay, ay, he be a fool!”

“No, no; not quite that, Mr. Corker,” said the other.

“What! not a fool, that loves dead beetles better than

loive pigs? and when a' gets his toithes paid don't even count the money; but puts it in a bit of a desk in a room full of stuffed birds and outlandish beasts, where they say there's never a bolt to the shutters, nor a lock to the doors? If a' be'ant a fool, then I be!"

As Mr. Corker thus expressed his opinions, I happened to notice that an individual at the extreme end of the table suddenly pricked up his ears, and eagerly but quietly noted all he said. He was a tall wiry man—clearly not a farmer—with short-cropped hair, so far as I could judge from the sight of his back; for he sat on the same side of the table as myself, and his face being turned in the opposite direction, I could not catch a glimpse of his features. I could hardly tell why, but he attracted my attention more than any one else in the room. He proceeded to ask Mr. Corker a few questions about the said naturalist-parson, his habits, his wealth, and his parsonage; all in an apparently careless way, but, as it struck me, with some definite object beyond the mere satisfaction of his curiosity. The farmers stared at him as a stranger; but when he stopped his queries, took no more notice of him, and continued their desultory talk over lighted pipes and hot spirits-and-water. As I never could bear the mingled effluvia of gin and tobacco, I then made my escape; and after scribbling a few notes of the morning's occurrences, turned out for another walk.

Every thing I heard confirmed me in the belief that some persons were at work among the peasantry; working upon their ignorant minds, and inducing them to fancy that the destruction of threshing-machines, and the firing of barns and ricks, was a sure way of redressing their grievances. Who these persons were nobody seemed to know; though it was a general impression that they came from a distance, and were connected with some political society or other. It was said also, that more than one small farmer in the county was secretly leagued with the agitators; and motives of personal revenge were put down as prompting them to so suicidal a line of conduct. As to the alleged grievances of the labouring poor, I, who had no particular connection with any one class, could see plainly that some of them were real, and that the administration of the poor-law (as it then stood) was a frightful evil; while the ignorance of both employers and employed was profound. Nor, as far as I could make out, were the landlords generally at all equal to the emergency. Violently opposed to one another on purely political questions, Whig and Tory alike seemed to be insensible to the policy of ameliorating the daily life of the poor, as the best means of

making them practically contented. A few landholders, indeed, among whom the Comptons' were spoken of as pre-eminent, formed exceptions to the rule; and these were not confined to either of the two great political parties of the day. On the whole, I determined to try to learn something more definite before presenting myself at Compton Hall or Compton Parva.

I am naturally of a cool and collected temperament, as well as fertile in devising plans for attaining my ends. When, therefore, it struck me, that if I could by any lucky chance come across a secret meeting of the agitators and their dupes (such as I felt sure must be taking place some where), I experienced no sensation of alarm lest I should get into an awkward scrape. But how to discover the nests frequented by these birds of night completely puzzled me. If any to whom I carelessly mentioned the subject knew any thing about it, they kept it profoundly secret; and the day was drawing to a close, and the dusk' creeping on, and I was still at a loss. By way of precaution, in case any thing should occur, I went to the inn and fetched a brace of pocket-pistols, and once more sallied out.

A sudden shower of rain came on, and I took refuge under a narrow archway close at hand. It was gloomy enough in the street, but in the court to which the archway led it was pitch-dark. The rain soon began to drive through the opening, and I retreated further into the shelter, feeling my way with my walking-stick. Pressing closer and closer to the side-walls of the passage, I found that I was ensconced in a sort of large recess, which I guessed might be a disused coach-house, by a few fragments of broken wheels which I felt lying about. Where the passage led to, no eye could see, for the darkness was complete; but from the echo of an occasional noise, I formed a notion that it was but narrow, and was not a thoroughfare.

"Well!" thought I to myself, "it's dry enough waiting here, at any rate. After all, this is as likely a place as any other to lead to the kind of rendezvous that I'm looking out for; I can but waste my time if I stay for an hour or so."

As I thus meditated, a passenger entered the arch, walked rapidly along the passage, of course without perceiving me, and gently knocked once, at what I thus learned was a door at the furthest end. No one answering, he knocked again, —this time twice. The door still remaining closed, he once more knocked, with three low distinct taps. The door was instantly opened, and I heard a voice say: "Is the moon up yet?"

“An hour ago,” said another voice, in a similarly low tone. The same voice then continued:

“Which way does the wind blow to-night?”

“Over Lambton Moor,” quickly responded the first speaker.

“Come in,” said the other; and the door was gently closed.

“Oh, ho!” said I to myself; while, with all my coolness, my heart began to quicken its beats: “this is the right track at last.”

Fresh steps interrupted my speculations; and listening again with strained ears, I heard the same conversation take place, with the same result.

Parties of two or three at a time soon succeeded, and the repetition of the passwords invariably obtained them admission. At last no more seemed to be coming.

“Now,” thought I, “is the time; shall I venture? It’s a bold stroke, no doubt; but after all, I have my pistols, and they will hardly venture on extremities, and the chances are ten to one against my being found out; I can easily concoct some sort of a story if I am questioned.”

Bracing my nerves with a sharp effort, I then left my lurking-place, and felt my way up the passage. I tapped, as the rest had done; and when the door was opened, put the proper query in a whispering and artificial voice, giving my words as rustic a pronunciation as I could contrive. All went on smoothly, and I was admitted.

“The die is cast,” thought I; “now for the game.”

A hot stifling atmosphere almost choked me, coming as I did from out of the cold evening air. I found myself in a small room, opening into a narrow passage, up which I instantly proceeded; it was very dimly lighted, a circumstance in which I rejoiced, as favouring my chances of concealment. Going onwards, I found my progress stopped by a small crowd of men, who thronged the entrance into a large low room. I could see into it over the shoulders of the persons who closed the entrance, while they effectually concealed me from the people in the room itself; it was, like the passage, very scantily provided with light; indeed a large portion of it was almost in darkness,—a precaution doubtless taken in order to show the features of the leaders of the plot to as few of their followers as possible. My own eyesight being remarkably good, I probably saw as well as any one present; but it was with difficulty I could distinguish the appearance of the person who was haranguing the assemblage when I drew near. He was apparently an active, vigorous man, with long black hair and very large drooping moustaches, with a strange and dis-

agreeable expression of face; so far as a wide cloak allowed his dress to be seen, it was smart and showy, to the extent of decided vulgarity; indeed, it seemed to me as if it might have been got up for the purpose of astonishing the simple natives of ——shire, unaccustomed to discern between the habiliments of a gentleman and those of a London swell: he certainly was not of the rustic population of any part of England.

When I came within hearing, he was enlarging on the sufferings of the labouring classes, and abusing the farmers and landlords with no sparing words.

“Who starve and grind the poor, I say,” he cried, “but they that take the blood out of their veins and the strength out of their bones, and leave the men that make all the corn grow nothing but potatoes and cold-water to keep body and soul together? Who bring down these infernal machines to take the labour out of the poor man’s hands, and throw him starving on the parish? What right, I say, has one man to ride in a coach, while others as good as he is can’t get shoes to cover their frozen feet? Are not all men made equal? Why should one man be a master, and the other a servant? Don’t tell me these things can’t be helped: I say they can be helped, and they shall be helped—unless,” he added with a bitter sneer, “unless I speak to slaves and cowards, and men that had rather see their wives and children rot on the roadside than strike a blow to save them from dying. Talk to me of laws, and kings, and magistrates! Faugh! they make the laws, not for your good, but for their own. Will they give you your rights? Never! What! Squire Blagrove, that transported a man because he snared a hare to save his wife from starving, and she with a sick infant at her breast? And Lord Trumpington, that put a poor fellow in jail because he came drunk into his park one day, and couldn’t pay the fine of five shillings those scoundrelly justices laid on him; and his lordship’s self drunk every night of his life, if all stories be true? What! tell me that these are the people to give *you* your rights? Never!

“You must right yourselves, my men, I tell you:” and here he lowered his voice. “When my lord, and the squire, and the parson go to the windows of their fine rooms at night, and they see another light besides the moon and the stars, then they’ll do you another kind of justice. But remember, union and secrecy for all!”

And so he continued some little time longer; and when he sat down, one man after another followed from among the labourers themselves, speaking in their own rough, inarticu-

late, passionate way; and not contenting themselves with such vague generalities as were employed by the crafty scoundrel who was spurring them on, but naming one landlord or farmer after another as deserving swift and sure vengeance. At last Mr. Compton's name was mentioned; but it was not received with the same marks of reprobation which accompanied the names of most others. There was plainly a demur as to doing him any damage. But the strange man with the moustaches contrived, by asking a few leading, or rather misleading questions, to make Mr. Compton seem guilty of some petty atrocity really committed by his tithe-agent; and threats against him, low and deep, ran through the crowd.

By this time I thought that I had seen as much as I was likely to see with safety to myself, and I quietly turned round and walked away. I left the house unquestioned, and regained the "Three Jolly Farmers" in a considerable state of nervous excitement. After a moderate supper—for, as I before remarked, I am constitutionally a temperate man—I went to bed, my mind filled with the events of the day. Sleep was for a long time out of the question; and when it came at last, I was haunted with confused dreams of the farmers, and huge dishes of mutton, and incendiary orators, and dark passages, varied with that sensation of suddenly falling into bottomless space, with which most uneasy sleepers are so painfully familiar. Over and over again, too, I was harassed by that singular double consciousness which often attends dreams founded on recent events, in which the mind seems to be at once dreaming and knowing that it is dreaming. A sort of confused, yet clear chain of reasoning seemed to be passing through my mind, by which I proved to myself that I had before seen the individual with the dark moustaches, and knew who he was. At last all appeared unanswerably clear, and the agitation of the dream died away in a calm certainty that I would expose him to the world without delay; and so I slept in peace.

In the morning, the common puzzle between the visions of dreamland and the certainty of waking knowledge came upon me with its fullest force. I remembered my conviction that I could trace the identity of the incendiary orator; but the conviction itself had disappeared. Still, it had left a certain impression upon my mind; and all the time that I was dressing and breakfasting I worried myself with trying to put things together, so as to satisfy my cool judgment. After interminable meditation, the only thing I felt sure of was, that I had heard the man's voice before. To any previous knowledge of his appearance memory gave no clue. And such

were the results of my first four-and-twenty hours in Arkworth and its neighbourhood.

[To be continued.]

A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

[Concluded from p. 59.]

AT the end of that time a very honourable appointment was offered to my father; but such was his esteem for my mother, and such his respect for her opinions, that he travelled day and night a long journey to consult her before he returned an answer to ministers. She immediately recollected having heard, that in the situation which Lord T—— would fill, she, as his wife, would be expected every Sunday to accompany him in state to attend the Anglican worship. She told him that the etiquette, state, and forms of such a situation would be foreign to her habits, and irksome to her; but that for his satisfaction and wishes she would gladly make any sacrifice;—her only objection was one, but it was paramount; if he could remove the necessity of attending so publicly and in state, or at all, the Anglican worship, she would wave every other objection, and cheerfully accompany him;—for she resolved to make this stand, foreseeing that if she did not, it might afford a pretext for once more coercing her to what she not only detested, but knew to be wrong, and therefore was determined not to do. He appeared discomposed; but having anticipated almost a refusal, knowing how disagreeable such a situation would be to my mother, he was so charmed with the complaisance with which she put aside all objections, except that one which arose from conscience, that he solemnly promised her that she should not be asked to comply with the customary attendance on Sundays, and that her aunt, Miss N——, might accompany her; whom, if she promised entire secrecy, he would allow to make some arrangements during their residence in ——, which would probably be of three or four years' duration, to facilitate my mother's occasionally practising her religion. Miss N——'s great good sense and extreme prudence had not only entirely conciliated my father, but even completely engaged his esteem and affection; and her visits, which at first he did not encourage, were now, at his request, so much prolonged, as to render her nearly a permanent occupier of an apartment in his country-house; and in London her own was so near my father's, as to enable her and my mother to be constantly together; all of which had for the last two or three

years greatly contributed to the increasing happiness of my mother. Her character (my mother's) had indeed daily risen in my father's respect and even veneration. Sense, talents, wit, united with an unswerving propriety and decorum of manners, which had placed her reputation in the world even at her age so far above the possibility of censure or calumny, and all combined with a piety, religious feelings, and attachment to her religion under every difficulty, known only to himself, and which he could not have believed possible had he not seen it in her,—such conduct could not but induce him to be more indulgent towards her, especially as he had no reason to think that the secret of her religion was at all suspected; and to keep it secret seemed to be his only aim.

After their removal, therefore, to ——, which took place shortly, my mother's religious comforts increased; for her aunt, readily promising a secrecy which my father relied on as she *had* promised it, and delighted to be at length enabled to help her niece, easily made an arrangement which, while it insured the utmost privacy, afforded my mother almost every Sunday the happiness of assisting at Mass and participating in the Holy Eucharist,—my father's public avocations effectually preventing him from perceiving how often she availed herself of her aunt's arrangements; and as he had specified no periods when they should take place, there was no disobedience in her thus often profiting of this comfort, though possibly Lord T. was far from imagining how often she did so. This indulgence, however, lasted only a year and a half, during which time they remained in ——. When they returned to England, the sad trial of privation again awaited her whenever they were at their country-seat. Seven miles from thence there was a Catholic chapel, which Miss N—— regularly attended; but it was in the house of a Catholic gentleman, and could not be resorted to without the knowledge of the family; and my mother well knew that my father never would consent to admit others into the secret. However, during several months that in every year they passed in London, Miss N—— having proposed to Lord T—— (who was by this time heartily tired of having to arrange the annual meeting with Father T——, and who found that nothing had transpired in consequence of her arrangements in ——) to continue her arrangements for her niece, he consented to it; and consequently every Sunday and festival, and by degrees several days of the week, my mother, by going early to her aunt's house, privately heard Mass there, often too meeting Father T——, and approaching the holy sacraments.

After this had lasted a couple of years, Miss N—— found

herself obliged to visit the continent; but at her house my mother had renewed acquaintance with an excellent Catholic lady who in her youth often visited at her father's, and she introduced her to Lord T——, who, pleased with her, invited her often to the house; and learning to appreciate her character, allowed my mother during her aunt's absence to attend her devotions at this lady's house in town. It was here that one day, having met Father T——, she had desired the carriage to come for her and bring her two youngest children, my younger brother and myself, as she was anxious to procure for us the good old father's blessing, and we were too young to understand or repeat any thing we might see or hear. After he had blessed us, as we played about the room, Father T—— said to her, "Do not be anxious or unhappy about that little girl; it is true that she will be educated in a false religion, but endeavour to prevent any prejudices being instilled into her mind, and depend upon it she will be a Catholic. The poor little boy will have more difficulties, the world will stand more in his way; but do not despair either of *him*—pray for them both, and trust in Providence." Thank God! as far as regards myself, Father T—— was a true prophet. Oh, may the rest of his prophecy be also realised!

Many years thus passed away; the French Revolution broke out,—that astounding crisis, which, while it appeared to sound the knell to all religion in that unhappy country, was the instrument in the hands of God for mainly spreading and encouraging it in this ill-fated land, where the emigration of the royalists, above all, of the parochial clergy, caused an abundance of Catholics and of zealous labourers in the vineyard to be thrown upon our shores. When war was declared, my father, as colonel of the militia of his county, went to pass the summer in Winchester, where it was ordered, for the purpose of organising it, at its first mustering. Winchester was nearly filled with emigrants, and with hundreds of parish-priests from Brittany and Normandy. The English government seemed disposed to assist them in their distress. My father, who was always feelingly alive to the miseries of others, was warmly seconded and often guided in his benevolence by my saintly mother, who, having accompanied him to Winchester, entered with more than her usual zeal into a cause like this. The spacious building, called the King's House, was at that time nearly vacant,—part of it only being used for stores. At my father's suggestion to his relatives, then at the head of the ministry, this fabric was vacated, furnished coarsely but sufficiently, and all the French clergy found in it a shelter and subsistence from the allowance as-

signed to them by the English government; which was organised, as to its distribution, by my father, and entirely, in the first instance, superintended by my mother; whose talents and energy, as well as her unbounded charity, found an ample field for exertion.

But though necessarily a constant visitor at the King's House, and enabled to hold unrestricted communication with its inmates,—many of whom were priests, not only of exemplary piety, but also of great information and learning, several of them having been heads of seminaries and colleges,—yet she was restrained from visiting them every Sunday morning till it was supposed service must be ended. On week-days, however, and on festivals, no prohibitions were issued: she therefore easily found reasons for early visits, which enabled her to assist at Mass; nor had she been long in Winchester, when she received a visit from two Catholic ladies living in the town, friends of her aunt, who had written to them to request they would introduce themselves. Joyfully availing herself of the opportunity of making Catholic acquaintances, she immediately returned the visit; and found their garden-gate nearly adjoined to a Gothic entrance, to which a dead-wall, running at right angles, formed the enclosure on one side of the ladies' small shrubbery, through which their house was approached. On inquiry, they told her the Gothic gateway led to the Catholic church, a small structure then recently erected, and the first since the so-called Reformation, by the pious and learned antiquary, the Rev. J. Milner, at that time priest on the mission at Winchester, afterwards well known as an eminent controversialist and saintly bishop.

One day, as she walked with these ladies in their garden, she heard the sound of an organ, and found that this dead-wall formed one of the walls of the church; and that she could distinctly hear the chant which the choir had then assembled to practise. This instantly gave rise in her mind to a scheme which the following Sunday she put in practice. Having found out at what hour the service began, she went a few minutes afterwards to the ladies' house, and inquired for them. The servant telling her, as she fully expected, that they were gone to Mass, she said she would walk in their garden till they returned; and concealing herself behind the shrubbery, and standing close to the wall, she distinctly heard the *Kyrie eleison*, and was thus enabled to join with the Holy Sacrifice, and for the first time in her life assisted at High Mass! This answered so well, that for several Sundays she repeated it; Mrs. E. and her sister not affecting to notice it. But one Sunday morning, when she reached her destination, and Mass

was just begun, a violent shower of rain came on. Heedless of this, my mother continued at her post; when Mrs. E.'s servant came running out, entreating her to enter the house, and naturally appeared astonished at her preferring to remain in the wet; but, on my mother's peremptory refusal to enter the house, persecuted her with repeated offers of an umbrella, cloak, &c.; all of which, to end the discussion, were taken. And when Mrs. E—— returned from Mass, she met my mother leaving her garden, cold, and as wet as any one must be who has remained for more than an hour exposed to hard rain, sheltered only by a cloak and umbrella.

In the course of that day, Mrs. E—— requested my mother, with many apologies for taking such a liberty on so short an acquaintance, to allow her some minutes' conversation; and receiving her assurances that she would take all she said as coming from the old friend of her aunt, Mrs. E—— told her that her secret was no longer such amongst the Catholics; that she had herself known it some time; and that it was known to the excellent priest of the congregation, who was most anxious, if it were possible, in any way to serve her, or facilitate to her the practice of her religion. That her walks in Mrs. E——'s garden were observed and known to all the congregation; so that her attending Mass was as public as if she were seen in the church: that she was requested by Mr. Milner to tell her, that if, as he thought probable, public attendance were impossible, she had only, half an hour before Mass on Sundays, to go to his house; a stair from the sacristy led to a small gallery above the altar, the front of which was closed, but where he could easily contrive an aperture, which would enable her to see the altar, while it would be quite unobserved in the church: that he should feel himself much honoured by her placing in him this confidence, and by allowing him, as far as was possible, to devote himself to her service. To this, Mrs. E——, requesting to avail herself of the privilege of age, united her earnest advice and entreaties that these offers might be accepted, and that my mother would allow her to introduce this worthy priest to her at her own house, which might be done privately; assuring her of the full reliance which she might place, not only on Mr. Milner, but also on herself and her sister.

My mother could not but gladly avail herself of these friendly offers; for she ran no greater risk by going to the priest's house than to Mrs. E——'s; and she had no reason to believe that my father had observed these Sunday visits, or if he had, that he objected to them. In fact, he was then beginning to shut his eyes to every thing that did not attract

public observation in my mother's conduct, convinced that it was in vain to continue a system of coercion which the natural kindness of his heart and generosity of his temper rendered most painful to him, especially when directed towards a wife he so highly respected, esteemed, and loved, and which experience had shown him was utterly useless in diminishing her attachment to, or her eagerness in practising, the observances of her religion. So that it was evident to the world that he discouraged, and in no way facilitated to her the practice of Catholicity, it had now become indifferent to him how far she attended to it in private. She therefore immediately made an acquaintance with Mr. Milner, putting herself under his spiritual direction; and a mutual respect and regard soon commenced between them: whilst on the Sunday following, great indeed was her joy at taking possession of the concealed place in the gallery, where undisturbed she, for the first time, though she had then been one-and-twenty years a Catholic, had the happiness of joining with a congregation of the faithful in offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and of uniting in the prayers of the Church. It was therefore with great regret that she knew my father intended shortly returning to his country-seat.

But Providence now seemed inclined to reward her long-tried constancy. During his stay at Winchester, my father had contracted intimacies with several of the French clergy, whose attainments in literature made them acceptable to him; while, at the same time, the urbanity of their manners, and their patience under suffering, had won his regard. He invited the most distinguished amongst them to the enjoyment of his magnificent library at ——. As they had long suspected my mother's secret, she after a time confided it to several of them, and obtained their promises that, in turns, all whom Lord T. (now Lord B.) invited should accept his hospitality; so that while she remained in the country two of them should always be at the house, to be replaced by others in rotation. They explained to my father, that if they were his visitors, he must allow them a place, however small, be it room or closet, where they could celebrate Mass; for that every day they wished, if possible, to do so; and that he might see by the small oratories fitted up in various parts of the King's House, that, bringing with them, as they should do, what was necessary, such as chalice, &c., a small space only was necessary.

A great change had been wrought in my father's mind. But a few years before, he would have exclaimed at the impossibility of allowing Mass to be said in his house; but my mo-

ther's conduct, and that of the excellent men whom he had now for some time seen so constantly, had inspired him with a respect for Catholics, and shown him that under no circumstances or temptations did they neglect the practice of religion. This request, however, made him hesitate. But he saw that unless he agreed to it he must forego their society; nor can I doubt that he wished, without appearing to do so, to afford my mother secretly the comforts which he knew to her were the greatest she could enjoy. He assured them, therefore, that all he stipulated for was a promise of inviolable secrecy,—that not even a servant in — House must suspect that Mass was said,—that it must be at the earliest possible hour, privately and unknown to any one. All this they faithfully promised; and when, soon after my father and mother's return to —, the venerable Abbé Martin and Abbé Malsherbes announced their intended visit, Lord B—— desired the groom of the chambers to prepare rooms for them opening one into another, one of which led into a closet lighted by one window, only seven feet by ten, but large enough to contain a large table, which served as an altar. And this closet, for the remainder of my mother's life, was her oratory,—the sanctuary where she fled for refuge from sorrows, trials, and mortifications, and from the annoyances of a world where she was compelled to live and mix in its gayest scenes; for — was always the centre of all that was what the world calls delightful,—all that riches could give, and power, and influence,—its halls constantly filled with the leading politicians, wits, and fashion of the day;—yet, while it resounded with music, laughter, and hilarity, my mother (whose wit and talents made her the life of every diversion, and who constantly exerted herself, even when her mind was ill at ease, to promote the amusements of a crowded host of visitors, because it was her husband's pleasure to assemble them, and to see his house the focus of splendour and gaiety), when mirth was at its height, and her absence would be unperceived, would steal to the little solitary oratory, and pouring forth her heartfelt thanksgiving that she at last could constantly, though secretly, enjoy the consolations of religion, earnestly pray that the mind of a beloved husband, which she rejoiced to see emancipating itself gradually from a dark cloud of prejudice, might be enlightened to see and know the truth.

And how earnestly would her prayers be offered for the poor children, to whom she was not permitted to teach the one only faith; but whose young minds she endeavoured to train at least to the love and practice of virtue, to fear and love God above all things, and to the exercise of charity and benevo-

lence ; and how, as they advanced in years, did her prayers for them become more earnest and frequent ! And while her daughter, full of life and youth, the spoiled child of fortune, to whom the very name of sorrow was as yet almost unknown, passed the gay hours of a Christmas festival in levity, amusements, and all the splendour that wealth could bestow, surrounded by flattery and folly, and the young and the gay,—did that poor mother, on her bended knees, invoke a blessing which at last was granted to her prayers ;—for three years before her death I had the happiness of being received into the Church !

Long was it, however, before my mother had reason to hope that God would hear her prayers on my behalf ; and once, in great depression of spirits, when she was seeking consolation and encouragement from a holy man, Father Strickland, S.J. (who on the death of her friend and director Father Talbot, succeeded him as Superior of the Jesuits in London, and also in her confidence), he bid her not despair ; but to remember St. Monica, who, weeping over the derelictions of her son St. Augustine, was told to be comforted, for that it was impossible that the child for whom she shed so many tears should perish ; and often after my conversion, with thankfulness she remembered these words ! After her return from Winchester, then, her heaviest trials ceased. The Abbé Martin recommended one of the priests known to himself, who could be settled at B——, not three miles from my father's house, as teacher of French ; he soon obtained much employment, and remained there till the Restoration, loved and respected.

My mother underwent a heavy affliction in the death of her aunt, Miss N——, whom she loved as a mother, and in whom she lost her chief aid in arranging her spiritual concerns. But the lady at whose house my mother had sometimes heard Mass in London was then on a visit to her ; and my father, eager to afford her consolation, and finding this lady's society most agreeable, proposed to her to prolong her stay. This, she said, she could not do after the Abbé Martin's departure, unless the French priest from B—— were allowed to come on Sundays and celebrate Mass. After a little hesitation, as he had not found that it had got abroad that Mass had been celebrated the whole winter, and daily, for ought he knew, in his house, he consented,—exactng, however, a solemn promise of secrecy, which the amiable and excellent Miss —— readily gave, and that it should be arranged as privately as it had hitherto been ; and my mother, after some months, prevailing on her friend to take up almost a permanent abode with her both in London and in the country, an

early, private, and generally daily Mass was thus arranged, which continued to the day when my dear mother was called to that reward which her many trials, her patience, resignation, and attachment to her faith had merited.

At this time, too, the crowds of French emigrants who sought refuge in England exciting much sympathy and commiseration, the then prime minister, Pitt, decided upon organising a permanent relief for those who were found worthy objects. My father, his near kinsman, and always his adviser, suggested that some one of their own body should be found capable of investigating and reporting the character of each individual, and who could undertake the distribution of the government relief. I do not know by what providential means my father became acquainted with the Comte de Leon, Bishop of St. Pol, a man of rank and noble family, long in the world before he entered holy orders, and with all the exquisite polish which at that time distinguished nobility in France, combined with extreme piety, humility, and goodness of heart, talents, knowledge of the world, capacity, activity, and habits of business, which singularly qualified him for an occupation which charity for his unhappy countrymen induced him to accept. Having much occasion to be in his society, my father soon appreciated his worth; and a mutual friendship soon sprang up, which ended only with the bishop's death, many years afterwards. He soon became intimate in the family circle; and when we went into the country, passed with us at S—— as many of the summer months as he could spare from his multifarious business; and the last year of his life was passed in instructing me in the Catholic faith.

With the increasing emigration, the number of my father's *émigré* guests increased; all of the distinguished clergy, as well as laity, were included. The little oratory and adjoining room were generally crowded; but as my father still persisted in insisting on my mother's not being seen at Mass, she knelt behind a screen in the oratory, while the others knelt at the door: all affected not to know what was behind the screen, while there was not one who did not know that my mother was there.

The French princes soon after settled in England. The Comted' Artois, afterwards King Charles X., became my father's friend and often partook of the liberal hospitality of S——, with his ill-fated son the Duc de Berri. They, with their suite, and subsequently Louis XVIII. and his queen, with the Duc and the interesting Duchesse d'Angoulême, brought a host of Catholic society to the house. It then became necessary to have Mass publicly said in my father's house,— at S——, the cradle of a family noted for its anti-Catholic

feelings and prejudices! On such occasions, my father, not affecting to think that my mother could have any share in such arrangements, would take Miss M— aside, and say, "You will arrange what is wanted for this service; you can have such a room—I will tell the servants to ask your directions." And always the little folding-screen was seen in the corner of the room; and the royal guests would amuse themselves in asking my mother afterwards, of what use that screen could possibly be? Of late years, however, the secret could not be called such; it was known to all: and so that it was never mentioned in my father's hearing, my mother gradually ventured to speak freely whenever she found herself amongst Catholics.

A magnificent acquisition had also been made to my father's library of the rarest Irish mss. To give a translation of these, on which should be founded a history of Ireland, from the earliest times, my father endeavoured to find a person versed in that ancient and almost-forgotten character, and willing to undertake the work. The deeply-learned Dr. — volunteered his services, and became domesticated in the family, as a constant recourse to the mss. was necessary: and though, after a time, his residence there was not important to his historical work, his amiable manners and general knowledge of books rendered him invaluable to my father. And thus another curious anomaly presented itself at S—; the companion of Lord B—'s literary pursuits, his almost constant associate, and known to be his friend, was an Irish Catholic priest, educated at the Propaganda in Rome! His residence was another source of comfort to my mother: it insured her daily Mass, and the daily happiness too of Holy Communion, which, by the advice of her director, Fr. Strickland, she had practised for several years before her death;—when, assisted by that long-trying and respected friend, receiving at his hands the holy sacrament of extreme unction, she yielded up her sainted spirit to that God whom she had served so long, so faithfully, and for whose sake she had endured so much.

When enduring the first shock of my mother's death, I sent to ask Father Strickland to come to me, that I might hear from him some details of a scene which God had not permitted me the melancholy consolation of witnessing. The good old father concluded his account, by saying: "Your excellent mother was my penitent for years; to my knowledge, she endured the heaviest and most heartbreaking trials with the patience of a saint; but she has obtained her reward. Be consoled, my dear child; your mother arose from her bed of death as straight to heaven as if she had risen from the rack of martyrdom."

Reviews.

OUR CAMP DISASTERS AND THEIR CAUSE.

Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it. By Mrs. Young. Bentley.

IF King Solomon were now alive in this country, and engaged in instructing the English people in the right way to beat the Czar, we apprehend that he would neither abuse Lord Raglan, nor sneer at the Duke of Newcastle, nor insinuate that Palmerston would do better than Sidney Herbert, nor attempt to reinstate Lord Derby in office. We are confidently of opinion, that in every possible way he would din into our dull ears a certain sentence from his own book of Proverbs; to wit, "Pride goeth before destruction; and the spirit is lifted up before a fall." We had almost said, that we marvelled that this saying of King Solomon's had not found its way generally into the speeches and compositions of the numerous personages who delight to teach their fellow-men what ought to be done at home and abroad on every point and by every body. For we have often observed, that when a speech-maker or letter-compounder is hard-up for a sentiment, an argument, an introduction, or a finale, he usually seizes some Bible text, and either flings it in somebody's face or applies it to himself. But recollecting that it is the distinguishing mark of Englishmen, as a body, that they *have* the Bible, but do not *read* it, or at best read only their "favourite passages," we ceased to wonder that so very obvious an explanation of the terrible disasters we have suffered during the war had not occurred to every body, from the Queen and Prince Albert down to the pew-openers in the humblest conventicle.

The fact is, nevertheless, that never has there been a more striking illustration afforded by history of the truth of Solomon's saying, than we have seen in the sufferings of our army and navy in Turkey and the Crimea. It is convenient for party-talkers and party-scribes to impute these miseries to this man and that man in power at home or abroad. Of course they do this; it is their vocation to do it. It is the function of Tories to abuse Whigs, and of Whigs to abuse Tories. While Mr. Disraeli is out of office, *of course* he thinks—*i.e.* he says—that it is these incompetent Peelites who have done all the mischief. But we know that this is just talk,—the ebullition of jealousy, spite, and vexation, or

else the conventional phraseology of partisanship. The real cause of our mismanagement lies far deeper. It is to be found in the nearly universal national prevalence of those two kindred, but most detestable vices, conceit and pride. People who busy themselves with searching out the origin of the incompetence we have exhibited, in contrast with the mastery over affairs displayed by the French, find every thing explained by the words officialism, red-tapism, indolence, and aristocratic connections. And truly comfortable and soothing to the spirits is it, to light upon so very unmortifying a solution of our mischances. These things are very venial infirmities. They are the consequences of the enjoyment of forty years' peace. They are the result of the time-hallowed steadfastness of the British constitution. They are the amiable weaknesses of a race that loves order, and law; and is cheerfully contented, as the Anglican Catechism has it, to "do its duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call it." Who can be very severe upon men who thus amiably err? "To err is human," is it not? Of course, therefore, as the Great Briton is the noblest specimen of humanity, he possesses all the privileges of humanity in their fullest extent,—*the right to err* among the rest. If he errs, he does it like a man,—a grand, noble, magnificent specimen of his kind; and the magnanimity with which he pleads guilty to these human peccadilloes is rather a feather in his cap than otherwise. And so he smites his breast, with a self-complacent smile upon his broad countenance; and while with his lips he says aloud, "Our allies beat us in every thing," in his secret heart he murmurs, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are,—superstitious, cowardly, or blood-thirsty; or even as this Frenchman!"

Undoubtedly, officialism, red-tapism, indolence, and sheer stupidity, have all been hard at work in promoting the starvation and death of thousands of soldiers; but they themselves acquire all their power for mischief from that overweening confidence in self which is so lamentably prevalent amongst us. In private life and civil affairs the pressing urgency of circumstances forces upon the British race that very practical organisation and careful forethought which we neglect in military affairs. We plan and carry out enormous enterprises, with a courage, a grandeur, and a perseverance of almost heroic dimensions, because in these things we have personally found out that pride, and conceit, and a trusting to the immaculate virtues of the English race *will not pay*. Every chief insists on every inferior doing his duty, or going to the right-about. But in the affairs of the army no one man feels

that interest which personal possession imparts to the management of one's own individual concerns. Each officer, from the commander-in-chief to the rawest ensign, has his fixed pay, and there is an end of it. That abominable pride which has practically confined all the highest posts in the army to the aristocracy, and has forbidden the private soldier from quitting the ranks, necessarily fosters the national vanity to the last degree. "How *can* an army, commanded by the aristocracy, and officered by the gentry, ever come to the dogs?" That is the secret thought which lulls the energies of our generals, colonels, and captains. "Why *should* we trouble ourselves with all these odious details, about studying, and examining, and practising, and gun-carriages, and hospitals, and doctors, and eating, and clothing, and transports? Are we not Englishmen, and is not that enough? When the trial comes, *of course* we shall 'go in and win.' We have unparalleled courage, and genius, and are gentlemen; and things will right themselves. Don't let us import the plodding cares of shopkeepers and railway-contractors, and the examinations and book-learning of Oxford parsons, into the army. We always did win, and we always shall; and that settles the whole question."

This is no over-statement of the implicit opinion of an immense majority of our fellow-countrymen, who have the guidance of our armies in their hands. They are convinced that there is a special Providence watching over the British soldier in the camp and in the field, which renders perfectly needless all sublunary forethought. In the most popular of old Dibdin's sea-songs, which had such a success during the last war, that the government actually gave their author a pension larger than that bestowed on Queen Victoria's dancing-master, occurs the following delightful burst of naval piety—a genuine "act of faith" on the part of the British tar:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Here we have the true reason why the shivering soldiers before Sebastopol have had unground and unroasted coffee served out to them, wherewith to solace themselves after eight or ten hours' digging in a pelting rain. "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," who takes care of all these minor matters. A special Providence is particularly engaged to roast and grind coffee, feed the horses, pick up the floating hay and wood from the waters of Balaklava bay, mend the men's shoes, teach them the use of fire-arms, make roads, transport the sick, give out hospital-stores at Scutari, pack up

goods in London and send them off regularly to the seat of war, and generally to undertake the execution of the innumerable orders issued by the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert in Downing Street.

When things go wrong, nothing is easier than to turn round upon these two unlucky ministers, and lay the blame on their shoulders. Of course they have made mistakes; no human being, the least conceited and the most able, could have helped it in such circumstances. But as to charges of any carelessness or want of devotion to their work, or of their inability to carry on the war, in comparison with any other statesmen who could take their places, we don't believe one word of them. We believe the country has got *as much out of* those two men as it would have got out of any possible persons who might have occupied their situations. The mischief lies in the wretched system on which the army—and the navy to an almost equal extent—is administered; and in that overweening conceit which leads people to think that a grand clap-trap like “England expects every man to do his duty,” issued by general or admiral anybody just before going into action, will ensure to an English army or fleet a hard-bought but glorious victory. Ask any person what he considers is the true meaning popularly affixed to this celebrated Nelsonian signal, as applied to the general conduct of soldiers and sailors. Is it not this: “England expects every man to fight like a bulldog;” and nothing more? If we are but true *to ourselves*—what a revelation is comprised in that common saying!—if we are but true *to ourselves*, and fight like thorough-bred Britons, the laws of nature and the “sweet little cherub” will combine to do all the rest. Why, if an angel were war-minister in Downing Street, what could he do when his hands were hampered by such follies as these?

Of the physical and purely military evils which follow from this wretched system, every one has recently read abundantly in the newspapers of the day. But there is another aspect of the question, not so much insisted upon by newspaper correspondents, perhaps because it would be the most galling of all to the most “respectable” and “proper” of all the nations of the earth. We are persuaded, that if, even now, you were to ask a roomful of Englishmen and Englishwomen their opinion of the French and English armies, they would tell you, with one voice, that whatever the French were in the battle-field and simply as soldiers, *as men* they were marked with every vice, and were, in comparison with English troops, immoral to the last degree.

The experiences of Mrs. Young, whose book on *Our Camp*

in Turkey lies before us, will go far to dispel these flattering notions. She tells us, from her own observations, what may be made of soldiers when they are treated as men, and disciplined with that just regard to their *humanity*, without which we are convinced that soldier, sailor, and civilian must ever be more or less a degraded being.

Mrs. Young is the wife of an English officer, and was with the army at Gallipoli and Varna, where she had also the advantage of a large acquaintance among the officers of the French army. Her book was written before the attacks on our misdoings became prominent in the newspapers; so that she comes forward as an independent witness, who cannot help telling the truth, however unpopular it may be. We cannot give a better specimen of the opinions she formed of the relative characters of the French and English soldiery, as men, than by quoting her account of her passage from Malta to Gallipoli, in the French transport *Thabor*:

“The *Thabor* was crowded with French troops; but fortunately they *were* French, so that less annoyance was to be expected; and, moreover, I looked to have a very interesting opportunity of observing a good deal of their system of military discipline. It was possible to enjoy fresh air too, which would not have been the case on board an English transport; but here, on each side of the deck, was stretched a rope, behind which the men being ranged, room in the centre was secured for the accommodation of the passengers. On the left hand were grouped the ‘Administration,’ as they are called, composed of a certain number of men employed as attendants on the sick, with tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and artisans of all sorts. The attendants on the sick, as it may be supposed, are an eminently valuable class; they are carefully selected for the work, and regularly trained in their responsible and important duties. All these soldiers composing the ‘Administration’ appeared full of intelligence; during the day they employed themselves in reading, working, and writing,—one or two among them even drew with considerable skill and taste; while, in the evening, they formed into little circles, and amused themselves by singing. It is notable, however, with what decorum this matter was conducted; there was no uproar, riot, or impropriety of any kind. A sort of leader mounted a little way up the rigging of the vessel, to direct the proceedings; each circle followed in order, with their glees and choruses: the songs were usually selected from ‘Guillaume Tell’ and the ‘Sonnambula;’ occasionally we had a solo from Béranger, or glees in honour of Napoleon. It was observable in these last, that the enthusiasm expressed towards the great leader did not appear so much to arise from his exploits, as from his fraternisation with the French army, as every verse ended with the chorus: ‘He ate with his soldiers;’—‘Il mangeait avec ses soldats.’

One man, of extremely delicate appearance, was very popular from his talent for singing French romances, which he did with a charming voice and exquisite taste. The part of the matter the most remarkable, however, was the perfect propriety observed, the good taste shown in the selection of the music, the order in succession observed by the singers, and the courtesy and good feeling, which were never violated. This last characteristic was also very remarkable at Smyrna. The French soldiers all went on shore,—a certain tariff having been fixed for the boats employed,—and I looked with terror for their reappearance, expecting scenes of intoxication and punishment. I had no cause for alarm, however; my friends all returned sober, polite, and in the best possible humour with each other and their boatmen.

“Again, they are not treated as mere machines by their superiors. The French soldiers learn to feel that their health, their comfort, even their daily recreations, are subjects of interest to their officers; this fact originates a strong degree of personal attachment; and the men feel elevated by their knowledge of the existence of this sympathy. My voyage in the *Thabor* afforded me great opportunities for observing these facts, and the staff-officers on board were good enough to afford me many interesting proofs connected with such matters.

“The wives of French soldiers generally are never permitted to accompany their husbands on service, unless in case of the one or two *cantinières*, whose service to each regiment was likely to be useful. We had only one Frenchwoman among the troops on board the *Thabor*; and she was a middle-aged Norman, who, in a somewhat dirty cap, orange neckerchief, draggled chintz dress, and sabots, was any thing but an attractive object. Having seen no other woman, however, except our pleasant little Marseilles stewardess, and a *femme de chambre* on her way to Constantinople, I was somewhat startled, the morning we anchored off Smyrna, at the sudden apparition of a brilliant *cantinière*, who, in red trousers, short skirt, and tight jacket, came clanking her spurs down the companion-ladder at breakfast, and, strutting with a most self-possessed air into the saloon, touched her casquette to the colonel, and stated her intention of passing the day at Smyrna. Monsieur le Commandant smiled, bowed, addressed the individual as ‘Madame,’ and requested she would have the goodness to be on board again at four. On this she touched her cap a second time, wheeled round, and reascended the ‘companion’ in most military style. Truly dress is a great improver of persons; for this dashing *cantinière* was no other than the lady of the sabots, whose chance of creating an impression was entirely the result of this *grande tenue*.”

The sex of the writer of *Our Camp in Turkey* leads her to bring prominently forward another point, unhappily too much overlooked by male writers, even the most determined of abuse-hunters; namely, the condition of the women. The

abominations of barrack-life at home are bad enough. The "Rules and Regulations of the Service"—that ready-made justification of every wickedness—condemn almost all women who have to do with the English soldiery to an existence utterly inconsistent with the preservation of comfort and peace, much less of feminine delicacy and virtue. But when it comes to camp-life, every evil is intensified. Read the closing sentence of the following paragraph, and admit what an enormous amount of humbug there is in our national professions of morals and propriety:

"The culinary talents of the French soldiers astonished our people. The English soldier was half-starved upon his rations, because he could not, with three stones and a tin-pot, convert them into palatable food. The pork and beef were often cast aside for this reason, and the man ate only his bread, or he was compelled to pay a woman of the regiment to cook for him. The Frenchman, on the contrary, caught tortoises, and hunted for their eggs; gathered herbs of all kinds; made, in addition to the soup prepared with his ration-meat, ragoûts, and 'omelettes aux fines herbes;' and so dined well on dishes seasoned and delicate. The French and English women did not seem to associate at all. The wives of our soldiers wondered at the manly costume of the useful cantinières, who have their horse and tent, and are treated with equal courtesy by officers and men; and they, no doubt, were astonished by the want of gallantry in a people who bring women to the wars in a foreign land, suffer them to stand unsheltered to wash the clothes of the men in a burning sun with a thermometer at 110° Fahrenheit, leave them unprovided with carriage when the regiment moves, and oblige each woman to sleep with nine other persons of both sexes in a circular tent some twelve feet in diameter."

Some of our military abuses do not necessarily spring from the prevailing Protestantism of the country; but some undoubtedly do so. Among others, the stupid insensibility to the importance of amusements as an aid to morals, is one of the most efficaciously pernicious. We admit that here and there in sensible Protestant quarters a slight amelioration is at least talked of in this respect; but as long as England believes in the meritoriousness of looking glum, and the curse of Sabbatarianism broods over the country, we expect but small measure of real change for the better. Mrs. Young was forcibly struck with the systematic use of *employment* and *recreation* in the French camp, as means of preserving discipline, while our own men were left to sulk in dismal idleness. In Prince Napoleon's camp she saw not an idle man; those not hard at work were hard at play; and the only man she saw taking it easily was a great red-whiskered Zouave playing

with a little bird, and *teaching it to nestle in his bosom*. And as an instance of the sort of *spirit* the officers contrive to infuse into the men, she mentions, that leave was one day given to a Zouave to walk all the way from the camp to the coast by himself, because he particularly wished to see the fleet, thinking the army would not return to France. In order to indulge this piece of what *our* people would have called sentimentalism, his superiors actually gave him three days leave of absence, and applauded him for his zeal in undertaking a laborious journey with just enough to eat to keep him going. We can, however, find room for no further quotations, except the account of the camp-theatricals, which is too curious to be overlooked :

“ This practice of, under every circumstance, looking for and cultivating external amusement is peculiarly French. In our camps nothing of the kind was ever heard of. The band occasionally played, but very seldom and very badly ; and as to parties of our soldiers being told off to exhibit their vocal talents and taste for the recreation of their officers, that happily was never attempted. General Canrobert, before he left Scutari, had found it so dull without a ball-room, or *fête champêtre* of any kind, that not approving of the tranquil quietude of the ladies at the ‘ Sweet Waters,’ he declared that on arriving at Varna he would originate a ‘ Jardin des Fleurs,’ and make all the Greek ladies ‘ dance and be happy.’ The good general, however, seemed to see the difficulty of the attempt, and did not risk the humiliation of a failure. Not but that the Greek ladies, and the Turkish too, when they had once shuffled off prejudice and yellow-boots, would have enjoyed a *deux-temps* of all things, and not been averse even to a polka.

“ However, there was absolutely a theatre got up in Prince Napoleon’s camp,—a very droll and amusing affair indeed. The men had erected it of the old material,—walnut, not wood, but leaves,—and had all sorts of devices for scenery and decoration. *We* always said, ‘ What’s the use ? we shall move directly,’ when any thing was proposed, even so simple a matter as stabling the horses ; but the French set about every plan they could devise at once, and carried it into execution. Thus there was a theatre, decorated with arms, and all the turban-cloths and waist-scarves that the Algerines, glad enough to form part of the audience, would contribute ; and the Zouaves acted, and droll enough they were. They composed their dramas too, as well as acted them ; and they were usually rude satires upon existing circumstances, full of coarse humour and rough mirth. The officers encouraged these performances by their presence ; and the men, sure of their efforts pleasing their superiors, exhibited freely all the accomplishments they had,—singing, dancing, or practising tricks of jugglery, *tours de force*, and so on, they had learned among the *athletæ* and gipsy tribes of Algeria. A good deal of the Arab character was apparent in all this, blended with the French.

Their style of theatricals reminded me very much of the *impromptu* plays—the acting charades, as it were, I had seen the Arab boatmen introduce and enjoy so heartily in old times upon the Nile;—telling histories of the Conscription in a drama, mixed with all sorts of rude jesting, and clever though broad caricature.

“The Czar of course was very prominent as a hero on ‘the boards’ of the ‘Prince’s Theatre.’ In one drama, that met with immense applause, and was announced for frequent repetition, a windmill was introduced, constructed with much cleverness with bayonets and turban-cloths, a few brushes, and so on. A sack was brought in, by a man supposed to be a Russian, who emptied it into the windmill, and then screamed out that he wanted the contents back, as they consisted of the Czar! But the Zouaves told him to wait; and then grinding away a quantity of dust, the remains of the Autocrat, reduced by French power, was shaken out to the Russian, who anon capered about, and danced a round with the Zouaves, to show his sense of the value of emancipation from the yoke of a tyrant.

“Childish as all this may seem, the French commanders know its value. The minds of the men are amused by it; the occupation caused by the necessary preparations employs time that might be given to evil habits; and it improves good feeling between officers and their men. There is a kind of originality and cleverness, too, often displayed by the soldiers, that, in lack of better things, tends to amuse the officers themselves; and I have often thought how much more cheerful the French camp was, with its glees and theatre, than ours, where two or three officers sat, almost in the dark, in their tents, writing letters, or unemployed, except by a cigar; and the men were lying idly about, or crouching round the green-wood smoke of our kitchens, grumbling at the delay in our military operations, canvassing the acts of their immediate superiors, or finding fault generally with all about them. These recreations and indulgences form a material part of the absolute discipline of the French army, and the men certainly seldom appear to abuse it. They have commonly much intelligence, and seek to gain information on what surrounds them.”

GLEANINGS FROM THE "BROAD CHURCH."

1. *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.* By F. D. Maurice. Cambridge, M'Millan.
2. *The Unity of the New Testament.* By the same. London, J. W. Parker.
3. *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney, with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.* By J. B. Braithwaite. 2 vols. Norwich, Fletcher and Alexander.
4. *Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition.* By E. P. Hood. London, Arthur Hall.

LET no man think he knows Protestantism because he knew it five or ten years ago. His ideas are sure to be as old-fashioned as the coat of a man who has just returned from a twenty years' sojourn in the Cannibal Islands. You might as well attempt to get up modern chemistry or geology from the pages of an Encyclopædia of the last century, as to make yourself acquainted with modern Protestantism from books published before 1840. As in astronomy, the periodical addition to the numerous family of planets, the eccentric vagaries of comets, and the ambiguous conduct of the nebulæ, necessitate at least a monthly "cram," if you wish to keep up your knowledge of the present state of the science,—so is it with Protestantism. Its rapid variations dazzled even the eagle eyes of Bossuet, two hundred years ago. But it has learned by experience, and can change much more rapidly now; the most celebrated clowns, contortionists, or wizards, are not fit to hold a candle to it. When you try to examine the theology of the "common Christianity" of Englishmen, new "views" appear on the horizon, rush by, and disappear in the distance with the speed of a prospect from the windows of an express-train. No eye can take in all the shifting parts. Turn your aching head aside for a few moments, and you have lost the connection of events; things have gone a-head without you, and you will hardly recover your hold upon them. And no great loss either, provided you do not pretend to know that which has already got beyond your knowledge.

The moral is, that we Catholic controversialists do not sufficiently regard this truth; we rest too much on the arguments we learned when we were students, not reflecting that our enemy has changed his place, and that the blows we deal merely divide the air. A gaping Protestant auditory will listen to us without knowing where in the world we are driving, and without being able to divine the meaning of the extremely

triumphant expression of a certain part of the audience, which is always delighted when it supposes any body is being knocked down, or otherwise punished. No, if controversialists wish to speak to the purpose, they must be *au fait*, up to their work. A refutation of Jeremy Taylor will not silence the Puseyite, nor will Mr. Maurice give in because you plant a good blow in the left eye of Luther. If you wish to refute the moderns, you must first know what they say.

At present, perhaps, the most rising school of Protestant divinity in England is that represented by Maurice and Kingsley. Those who do not yet deny the existence of hell, are yet taken with the style of their sensuous and sentimental philosophy, which, like a comedy, always ends in marriage. Laugh not, gentle reader, it is a literal fact; read any modern system, Maurice, Kingsley, Gurney, F. W. Newman, Hood's Swedenborgianism, A. St. John's *Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross*, and you will find that all religion and life has its centre and starting-point in the union and love of the two sexes. Marriage, that is, marriage of affection, not of convenience or of honour, inspires all their most eloquent pages, teaches them their newest lessons, and points their most brilliant sarcasms against that Church which "sins against nature" in enforcing the celibacy of the clergy. In this point we doubt not all sects of Protestants can unite, from Socialists and Mormons to the last dapper and dandy curate from Oxford.

But we are not going to give a sketch ever so slight of the rising systems; we only pretend to offer a few "gleanings" from some of the latest Protestant books that have come in our way. And first for Mr. Maurice.

Is it that, like Dr. Cumming, this gentleman is making hay while the sun shines, publishing books as fast as he can, simply because the public buys them, or does he think he really has something to say worth saying? We give him credit for the latter alternative: he evidently has a vocation. His lectures on Ecclesiastical History have a purpose. As Origen and the Alexandrian school harmonised Christianity and Neo-platonism, as St. Thomas united it with Aristotle's philosophy, so Mr. F. D. Maurice celebrates its newly-invented compatibility with the infidel thought and feeling of the day. Whatever is, is right; the present feeling is in favour of nationalities, philanthropy, and abolition of creeds. So Mr. Maurice undertakes to give a new reading of ecclesiastical history, and to prove that St. Paul was the great assertor of the sacredness of nationalities; that churches necessarily receive their character from the countries where they are established; that man is the great and noble moulder of religion; that all religions, so far

as they differ, are wrong; that St. Paul was a preacher of God, not the propagator of a religion; that religions are distinguished by opinions, but worship is directed to truth; that to make opinions the bond of union is to destroy the Gospel and the Church. To suppose that false schools were put down by the force of decrees, or of some formula recognised as authoritative in the Church, is to trifle with history. When Clemens appealed to the apostolic as opposed to a later tradition, he was able not only to talk about it, but to produce it. He trusted in the thing itself, not in the persons from whom it came (Mr. Maurice seems to mean, that he carried in his breast the living witness of the Spirit). Traditions about Christ might be very interesting and valuable; but Christ Himself was needed to bind men together, and take place of the opinions which had separated them. Heretics could make schools, they could not build up men as members of a family. Opinions were their foundations. The opinions of this man about God, or humanity, or the universe, produced the opposing opinions of that man. There was an endless whirl and interchange of notions; but no rest and no progress. The early policy of the Church of Rome was to crush disputes and heresies, for the sake of peace and government. That of the African Church was to do so by setting up a certain opinion, which should be maintained as the right opinion on the ground of tradition or of prescription. The real peril was, that these two maxims should ever become united; that the ruler and the politician should become the dogmatist (*i. e.* the Pope); then to heal the distracted Church would be impossible, till it confesses that it has its ground in One who is not the stifler of thoughts, but the quickener and inspirer of them; Who is not the conservator of opinions, but Who came into the world to bear witness to the truth: for Whom, and not for his opinion, every martyr has died.

Are we right in understanding Mr. Maurice to mean, that it is possible to possess Christ, to acknowledge Him in our heart, and yet to have no opinion at all about Him, or to think that all opinions about Him are indifferent? We never saw Quakerism (from which Mr. Maurice pretends to be a convert) so nakedly carried out: all forms, it appears, are useless, even the intellectual form, or opinion. Some deeper expression is to be found for the communications of religion; its thoughts are too deep, not only for words, but even for thought itself; we must be content with religious feelings, and let the mind do what it likes. We may be Christians in heart, even though in opinion we be Spinozists, Epicureans, Mahometans, Hindoos, or Devil-worshippers.

Well, if this is Mr. Maurice's opinion, we certainly think that it will produce counter-opinions, and will in nowise tend to allay the war of opinion. Men will continue to think Mr. Maurice a great heretic, however perseveringly he may argue that we have no business to think at all about it. If he speaks (which he does very copiously), it may in charity be assumed that he thinks. What he does himself, he clearly has no right to forbid others from doing also.

Another book, lately published by the same gentleman, is called the *Unity of the New Testament*. In reading this, we were forcibly struck with the thought, that as Protestants sink lower into the depths of their subjective (or private) speculations, which are infidel from the very nature of the case, because the authority which propounds them (self) is not an adequate foundation for faith, they do more and more justice to the flimsy pretences on which their predecessors first seceded from the Church. Not that moderns are at all nearer the truth than the first separatists; but that, in the progress of error, they have given up the doctrines which to their fathers seemed so self-evident, though they are as fanatical as ever for the fundamental principle, the absolute right of private judgment. As men of sense have long ago done justice to Luther's theory of original sin, which asserts that then man had a new faculty added to his nature, an organ of sin, which must act, and whose every act was sin; so now they are doing justice to the Anglican theory of image-worship, the theory which, in the minds of the homily-writers, made the cross and crucifix the symbols of as damnable an idolatry as the phallus, the lingam, or the fetish.

Mr. Maurice is a case in point. Of the principles of Christianity he has certainly relinquished as untenable more than the Anglican reformers would have consented to give up. He has descended to a lower depth than they; for he has approached nearer to a philosophical heathenism, to pantheism, or to the apotheosis of humanity. In his new speculations he is as much opposed to the truth as they were; but also he is in many points as much opposed to them as he is to the truth. Error has cast her skin, and appears in a new form; her followers now scoff at her old dogmas, though they persist in believing her new ones, because they created them.

The following are Mr. Maurice's remarks on St. Paul's preaching of "Christ crucified." "This preaching of the Cross . . . is neither the Romanist nor the Protestant preaching, as they stand out in opposition to each other. It does not appeal to the senses, or to the intellect primarily; it goes to a region deeper than both. But it does justice both to

the Romanist and the Protestant method; it explains their relation to each other, and why each by itself is unsatisfactory. *The sensible image corresponds to the spiritual reality. Christ Himself must be as actually an object to the spiritual organ, as the crucifix is to the outward eye. The forms of sense are therefore the best,—nay, if we follow Scripture, the only forms which can express spiritual truths; all attempts to translate them into intellectual propositions weaken their force.*"

As a Protestant, Mr. Maurice of course assumes that the Catholic preacher appeals *only* to the sense; uses the crucifix "as a charm or mesmeric influence upon the outward man," without "preaching Christ as the power which is attracting him and all creatures to itself." We do not care what Mr. Maurice says against our system, for he knows nothing about it; but when he condemns and controverts the Protestant system, which he knows, we accept his testimony as valid; and are glad to add him to the list of involuntary apologists for the Catholic Church.

Bad as Mr. Maurice's theology is in some respects, it gives us a degree of pleasure. It shows a breaking-up of the offensive old Protestant dogmatism,—that self-sufficient John-Bullism, which was as arrogant on the strength of its private sense, as any Catholic could be on the ground of his Church. It shows that men's minds are loose from their old anchorage, and are seeking some new one; and are not unwilling to engage in modes of search for it, which certainly require some trouble. Surely we may hope, that when such a number of vessels are adrift, some will find their way into the safe roadstead.

Passing now from the Quaker in spirit to the Quaker by profession, we light upon *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney, with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence*, by J. B. Braithwaite. We are glad rather to light on this book than that it should light on us: any thing more ponderous we never handled. Mr. Braithwaite is unmerciful on his readers in not compressing what he has to say into half the space; but he is so carried away with his enthusiasm for his subject, that he finds it "difficult to believe" that people can be interested in a novel, and not be touched by "the simple and truthful records of a life" like that of Mr. Gurney. He does not know that the interest of these volumes, such as they have, is altogether like that of a novel or history, imaginary or real. People may possibly want to know the interior history of the anti-slavery, the anti-capital punishment, and the prison-discipline movements, in all of which Mr. Gurney was mixed up. Most men have also a reprehensible curiosity about other people's family history; but with regard to the self-anatomy in these journals and

letters, even Mr. Braithwaite himself ought to doubt their interest; for, as he very truly observes, "the continued repetition of similar sentiments, however excellent, tends to weaken their force upon the mind." We think so; we think that if a young man of high spirits had these oddly-phrased experiences put before him as a model for his conduct, the result of the study would be a hasty enunciation of a bad word beginning with d——, rather than the adoption of *thou* and *thee*, with obligato accompaniment of broad-brimmed hat and snuff-coloured coat without lappets. As, therefore, we don't think it advisable to weaken the force of excellent sentiments, we would advise persons not to read them as set forth in these memoirs. There is, however, a kind of psychological interest attaching to the book, as the latest specimen of Protestant hagiology. That Mr. Gurney was a most excellent and charitable man, no one can doubt; moreover, he was brother to Elizabeth Fry; and besides, was distinguished by a considerable hatred to Calvinism. Still, we find an egotistical self-importance (not to mention a touch of very canny consideration for his own interests) abundantly scattered through these pages, and quite opposed to our ideas of saintship. We cannot imagine saints writing letters and autobiographies in which "I" is almost the only pronoun that occurs, and almost the only *exemplar* of things to be done and avoided. A saint of this kind sets too much store by his own very small deeds and speculations. Moreover, to judge by Mr. Gurney's own confessions, he is generally almost too good. In general terms he admits he is a sinner ("but then so are you, sir"); but still, somehow he is not like other men; and he "thanks God" for it. "My nightly catechisms (*i. e.* examinations), with one or two small exceptions, have been satisfactorily answered. I have been uniformly diligent, and I humbly trust, generally speaking, under the wing of the Lord" . . . He shows a creative genius in making his religion out of the *materia prima* of Christianity in general, and the *form* of his own choice. "My wish is, 1. To stand fast, on fundamentals, in general Christianity. 2. To conform to friends whenever it may be my duty." And this substantial form is generally such a queer one! The first manifestation in Mr. Gurney took the shape of a scruple about his hat. "Three weeks was my young mind in agitation, from the apprehension, of which I could not dispossess myself, that I must enter the drawing-room with my hat on." Accordingly, "in a Friend's attire, and with my hat on, I entered the drawing-room at the dreaded moment, shook hands with the mistress of the house, went back to the hall, and deposited my hat." He did the same afterwards elsewhere; and the result very naturally was, that

"to dinner-parties, except in the family-circle, I was asked no more." And yet this stickler for hats found it in his heart to give up sacraments as useless! The absolute condemner of all forms sinks by the just judgment of God into the most ridiculous of all formalists!

The distinguishing tenet of Quakerism seems to be, that the Holy Spirit guides us in all our actions, and that by a peculiar feeling of pleasure we may be conscious of this guidance. Pain and difficulties are not God's work in us; accordingly, when the soul overflows with pleasure, we may know that God is there. As a very significant comment on this notion, we may remark that Mr. Gurney commenced operations as a "minister of the Gospel" at the very time when he "popped the question" to the future Mrs. Gurney; and that his first "motions" to preach and pray came to him in the meeting-houses where she was sitting with him. We have noticed in sundry young curates in the Establishment this singular confusion between "spoon" and piety. We know not whether their religion is more "pious spooning" or "spoony piety."

From one kind of mystic to another is no such very great jump; we therefore easily proceed to *Swedenborg, a Biography and an Exposition*, by E. P. Hood; a gentleman who seems to have a mind that can assimilate contradictions with great facility. But, after all, he is a representative of a large class of "thinkers;" so called because they do not think.

Philosophy a few years ago was eclectic, now it is universal. Eclecticism is guided by something like taste; it is little Jack Horner in his corner, who with his thumb extracts the plum, and leaves the lumps of suet. But universalism has no taste in particular; it is as formless as the *materia prima*, greedy for any and every form. It is never satisfied, but only wearied—*lassata, necdum satiata*; it is the true intellectual pig, that puts its foot into the trough, not to pick out one dainty before another, but for the convenience of burying its snout in the mass of comestibles, to swallow them all as they occur. Mr. Hood is, in a Pickwickian sense, this pig; all is fish that comes to his net; he is more hungry than nice; he has no sense of taste to distinguish qualities; he takes in with equal zest "Thomas à Kempis and Bunyan, the hymns of St. Ambrose and the melodies of Watts or Toplady, the labours of Francis Xavier or John Williams." The "total whole" of his world is a congeries in which even things that are not have their places; there we find "the rhododendrons of the Alps" opposed to "the cactus of the Himalayas," "beautiful corpses of dead religions," "objective dreams," "souls rising like an

awful starless concave, or like a dread whispering-gallery," and similar plumed contests of helmeted words, differing however from those of Æschylus in that the helmets have no brains in them. But it is all one to Mr. Hood; whatever is (or is not) is good; no religion was ever wrong: "was it not the development of the mind of the age? . . . was it not an outbirth of the mind of man?" When a man who calls himself a minister of Christianity holds that all human inventions in religion are true, he must want either sense or honesty. We incline to the former alternative in this case. Our biographer has ears like Midas, and they have been his ruin; he can catch the tune of Carlyle's language, and can imitate the turn of the sentences of our fashionable philosophies pretty well. For his theories, let not his readers think to extract any thing consistent from the hodge-podge; they are rhyme without reason; they are sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; they vary with each new phase of phraseology.

We are sure that such a man cannot have given an accurate exposition of Swedenborgianism. He cannot understand it sufficiently well to be able to give a good analysis of it. Swedenborg was certainly a great man; a profound philosopher, if not an orthodox divine; and he deserves a study as much as any other great heathen or heretical founder of a system. But let not our readers imagine that they will be able to study Swedenborg in the pages of Mr. Hood. He is one of those "solemnly powerless natures" who are both infidels and credulous; who reject the Church, and believe any other supernaturalism, from table-turning and spirit-rapping to Swedenborgianism.

Mr. Hood's liberalism and universalism goes so far, that he will not even allow F. W. Newman to be an infidel. His "Church" has such a wide mantle, that it includes even that "Christian." We are happy to say, however, that the vestment is too narrow to admit us; for it is, after all, but a strait-waistcoat. Catholicity is about the only food that the stomach of our *porcus Midas* loathes and rejects. His chief reason seems to be, that we imagine the Scriptures to be too difficult to be the horn-book of Christian doctrine for the ordinary believer. He is very indignant with Cardinal Wiseman for having said so. "His Eminence, who exists in England by sufferance, after having rudely violated and insulted the laws of the land, dips his pen in ink to dash-off a series of rapid and intolerant impertinences against that very Protestantism which permits his office and allows his ministrations,"—and so forth, in rapidly exacerbating fits of mania; and all because the Cardinal suggests that the Bible is rather too difficult a

book for the usual run of Englishmen. But when Swedenborg teaches the same thing, then Mr. Hood has nothing to say; that which at p. 47, in the mouth of the Cardinal, was a cross between burglary and blasphemy, is thus put by himself at p. 369: "What is the greater part of the sacred writings to most minds, but a tone—a sound without meaning or sense?"

The spread of Swedenborgianism is a sign of the times. On the one hand, it is much more intellectual than the popular Protestantism; and on the other, it requires a belief in the supernatural, such as Englishmen ridicule amazingly in Catholics. Both of these characteristics are grounds for hope. What we want is not the cry of private judgment, but the thing: the real honest spirit of inquiry, not the mere pretence of it. Perhaps when people consult Swedenborg, they will soon come to consult St. Alphonsus Liguori, Cardinal Wiseman, and Dr. Newman.

After all, perhaps we are too sanguine. We had hoped that even policy and a consideration for their own interests would have made English Protestants a little more polite towards the religion of their allies, and of the third part of their own army. But no: not an opportunity is wasted of insulting us. People who never believed in original sin at all, are insane in their denunciations of us for believing that the Blessed Virgin was never tainted with it; the scurrilous and impudent journalists grow suddenly, and for the first time, believers in the fall of Adam, in order to spite Pius IX. But this was always the way of Protestants; they never sought to oppose us with the truth, but only with arguments; their truth has always varied according to the supposed vulnerability of our bodies. The most respectable writers do not consider themselves degraded by inventing the foulest and most malicious slanders, provided that it is only the Catholic Church which is attacked. We reviewed in our last Number a valuable work of the Rev. J. L. Petit, *on the remains of Catholic art in France*, in which he recommends Anglican architects to give up Gothic, and adopt a new style compiled by himself. He is, of course, quite welcome to recommend any such proceeding; but he should be more careful to give the real reason for it; he should not pretend that he wishes to relinquish Gothic because it is a style adapted to a state of Christian feeling which seeks absolution for murder before it is committed, and the like. For our parts, we cannot divine why such a very useless search should be more effectual in a Gothic cathedral than in a modified Byzantine-domed building. If Mr. Petit does not think Gothic churches adapted to the Anglican service, let him say so like a man; but do not let him humbug

himself and his readers by pretending that this unfitness is the result of his "Church" having got rid of abuses which never existed. The fact is this: there are only two religions in the world without a sacrifice, Protestantism and Mahometanism;—these are consequently contented with preaching-houses. All other religions have a sacrifice, and make their buildings subservient to its ceremonial; Mr. Petit's modified Byzantine-domed building is but a euphemism for a mosque. That is the predestined end of Protestant temple-building: no doubt the Anglican bishopric of Jerusalem, and the professed alliance with Turkey, are two steps in this direction.

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

THE most superficial reader of Scottish history, and the most anxious to impugn the character of the Church, finds it impossible to deny, that for upwards of a thousand years she had been identified with the national tradition, institutions, policy, and glory of the Scottish people. For ten centuries she had been the national benefactress. She tilled the land, which but for her had been a waste, and returned with interest the benefactions of devotion, by causing to bring forth fruit abundantly lands which their donors knew only to lay waste; she protected the weak, fed the poor, restrained the excesses of the nobles, and humanised their barbarous strength; she built bridges, and founded seats of learning, which remain (alas, in a most degraded condition!) to this day; she guided by her wisdom the councils of the Scottish monarchs, set an example of peace and love where all else was bloodshed and revenge, maintained the independence of the country, and, so far as in her lay, vindicated her violated laws;—but for her, Scotland had been a feudal waste, or a foreign tributary, or both; there had been no sanctuary for the miserable, no refuge for the penitent or the peaceful, no schools for the studious, no asylum for the oppressed: to assume a feud had been the only security for life or property, and the only law had been administered at the

sword's point. The abrupt extirpation from the country of such an institution is a phenomenon the import of which has not, we think, been sufficiently considered.

It is no explosion of a theory before the march of enlightenment, because the greatest intellects and the most virtuous men in the most civilised quarter of the globe live in its light and die in its faith at the present day. It is no sudden revolt of a population indignant at injustice, and goaded by oppression; for, as we propose presently to show, it was effected by a dominant oligarchy, against the wishes of both the sovereign and her people. Still less does it resemble the gradual disappearance of Pagan mythologies before the silent triumphs of the Church; for *her* apostles were martyred fishermen, not mailed barons; and far from violence being done to the consciences of the masses, they had become enamoured of a religion which was at fault in none of the relations of life, and which taught them by the resistless logic of heroic virtue. But the most remarkable characteristic of that sorrowful revolution, and the one which deprives it of all historical precedent, is, that although the Church was driven out of Scotland, and a religion invented by an apostate priest of infamous manners established in its stead by a series of the darkest deeds which history has had to record, nine generations or thereabouts of educated and reasonable beings have clung to the new sect with a tenacity equal to the animosity which to this day inflames them against the Catholic Church; and yet that sect has nothing in its tenets to propitiate the intellect, still less to attract or charm the soul. Fully as mystical as the Church's creed, without, however, its logical cohesiveness, they constitute a mere jargon of incomprehensible contradictions. Making no claim to the supernatural aids which the Church offers to the test of experiment, the Scottish sect is wholly deprived of her consolations; and as it proposes for human conduct a standard of morality higher than is attainable by human beings without supernatural aid, it degenerates of necessity into a gross and gloomy superstition, which is none the less bigoted because of its hypocrisy, and which, but for the thirty pieces of silver, would perish on the spot.

The two religions which took the place of the Church in England and Scotland are in themselves apt illustrations of the state of society at the time of their appearance in the respective countries, and of the circumstances under which they took their rise. In England, the oligarchical power of feudalism had become absorbed in a monarchy all but unlimited. There was no rival claimant to the throne to impair the power of the reigning king, who was a man of more than

royal attainments, and whose indomitable will brooked no restraint, whether from without or from within. The stern morality of the Church happened to stand in the way of the guilty gratification of this man's passions: he repudiated her with the same facility with which he forsook wife after wife; and from having been her distinguished defender, he resolved on dismissing her from his dominions. By seizing on the vast treasures which she held as the stewardess of the poor, and enriching with them his nobility, he secured their neutrality even where he could not command their co-operation. The new English ecclesiastical establishment owed its entire parentage to this monarch. And as he chanced to be a scholar, a man of considerable parts, and, moreover, vain of his theological proficiency, it is easy to see how it might be made to retain so much of what is Catholic both in its doctrine and discipline. Subsequent events obliterated a great deal of this; but neither the political exigencies of the infamous Elizabeth, nor the obscene excesses of the Puritan brawls, were able to erase so entirely all traces and lineaments of Catholicity, as was effected in the sister-country at the very first.

At the period when the conspiracy against the Church of Scotland commenced, the feudal system was still predominant. The love and honour, however, which so gracefully tempered the patriarchal despotism of the feudal oligarchs elsewhere, was in great measure wanting. The Crown was almost at the mercy of a set of needy and illiterate barons, who respected little else than brute force; to whom the name of "traitor" had ceased to be a reproach, and who were always ready for any deed for which a sufficient bribe was offered. What little authority the Crown did possess was due chiefly to the intestine feuds of the barons, and to the counsels of the Church. In such a condition of a kingdom, a vigorous and just prince was sure, as indeed happened, to have the shortest and the most troubled reign. These were the men who seized upon the Church's possessions, and established a new religion in its place. A change worked by such agents was likely to be violent and heady: a system of religion owning such an origin was likely to be characterised by vulgarity and folly.

The incorporation of the Scottish with the English Crown had been an object of national policy with the latter nation almost throughout its authentic history. So early, at all events, as the reign of Alexander II., a distinct claim had been advanced by the English monarch to the homage of his Scottish cousin. The treachery of some of the Scotch barons was never wanting in support of this baseless pretence. The

patriotism of the Stuart dynasty, with (we believe) one single exception, the national spirit, and the French alliance, had hindered it from meeting with any considerable or lasting success. But no obstacle to its realisation can be compared in importance to the wise, steady, and patriotic opposition of the Church, which, ever ranged on the national side, opposed itself as an equally efficient barrier against the force of arms or the craft of policy. Of all the line of English kings, no one ever pursued this object with such inflexible determination, or with such various and overwhelming resources, as Henry VIII. The marriage of his sister with James IV. opened a ready door for the flagitious policy he pursued with a view to this end. But when that chivalrous monarch fell, covered with wounds and glory, in the prime of life, on the field of Flodden, a long minority, and the regency of Margaret, seemed to invite the ambition of England to take immediate possession of its victim. The profligate character of that princess,—in which respect she very closely resembled her royal brother,—prevented the death of James from being so fatal to the independence of his kingdom as it might otherwise have been: as it was, however, only the Church preserved it.

The Earl of Angus was the head of a family whose power was second only to that of his sovereign, and at times even superior to it. The marriage of the young widow of James to this powerful baron appeared at first to throw a weight altogether decisive into the scale of the English party;—for it was about this time that the adherents of England began to assume the importance and organisation of a political faction in the state. But Angus was “childish young,” as Lord Dacre describes him; and the same disregard of principle which permitted him to accept the bribes of Henry and betray his country, when his own interests suggested such a course, led him to forsake that alliance, and embrace the national party, whenever those interests seemed to invite another way. Moreover, terms of amity were not long maintained between himself and his wife, the regent;—a circumstance which went far towards neutralising the power of both. Whenever one was in the arms of England, the national party was sure to enjoy the favours of the other. A divorce put an end to these differences; and Margaret, marrying a son of Lord Evandale, descended to a private station, and forfeited the greater part of her influence in the state. The power of the Douglases increased as that of the regent waned; to it even that of the national party was compelled for awhile to succumb. Its only powerful and steady supporter, the Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, uncle of Cardinal Beaton, was completely stripped of his power

by that unscrupulous faction. To escape their violence, he was even reduced to the necessity of adopting the disguise of a shepherd. At length Angus, the possessor of the young king's person, having put every place of dignity and power in the state into the hands of his own partisans, was for a space the *de facto* reigning monarch of Scotland. And, supported by England, who now seemed to be not far from realising her long-cherished designs, his aggrandisement appeared to be tolerably secure. He enjoyed it just long enough to provoke one feeling of indignation throughout the entire country at his inordinate selfishness and the enormity of his crimes. The archbishop, with consummate prudence, bent before the storm. When the first crisis of violence was expended, gradually re-appearing without noise or effort, acting on the Scotch cupidity of Angus, he recovered a position, from which he at length succeeded, to the unspeakable delight of the country, in effecting the liberation of the youthful king, and overthrowing the insolent and detested power of the Douglasses.

In many respects the reign of James V. very closely resembled that of his father. We observe a similar energy of character; a similar vigour in the administration of affairs; an equal devotion to the interests of his people, who gave him in return the appellation of "The King of the Commons;" a patriotism equally chivalrous, and an addiction to pleasure perhaps not altogether so keen. It was, however, both in its progress and in its end, far more calamitous. James IV., too, had disgusted the great body of his nobles by his vigorous vindication of the people's rights against their lawless tyranny. But his great popularity, the wise and patriotic advice of the ecclesiastics, who were his chief counsellors, his own talents and extraordinary energy of character, together with his chivalrous courage, gave him a strength which was more than a match for them. Many of them retired in gloomy discontent to their castles. During the interval, however, between that gallant monarch's death and the assumption of the government by his no less gallant son, the English king had so completely demoralised the whole body of the Scottish nobility by his bribes and intrigues, that a powerful English party was constituted, which scarcely retained the decency of a disguise, but openly furthered the ambitious designs of England, whenever discontent against their sovereign or the success of some rival baron offered an inducement to their treachery. The Earl of Bothwell is imprisoned for half a year: forthwith he negotiates with Henry, in his own words, "*to crown your grace in the toune of Edinburg within brief time.*" Angus had bound himself "*to mak unto us*" (thus writes the English king) "*the*

othe of allegiawnce, and recognise us as supreme lorde of Scotland, and as his prince and soveraigne." The Earl of Argyle is deprived of his lordship of the isles: immediately he is at the service of Henry. The Earl of Crawford acts in precisely the same manner. Even James's ambassador at London, Sir Adam Otterburn, was a paid agent of England. Sir George Douglas, Angus's brother, writes, "*Yff it pleases God that I continewe with lyff and helthe, I sall do my soverand lord and maister gud servyce be the helpe of God; and yff I dee, I sall depart his trewe servand."*

All the treasures, however, at Henry's disposal, would not have gone far towards satisfying the insatiable cupidity of the traitor-barons of Scotland. But he had within the last few years lit upon a resource out of which he had been able to purchase the assent, either tacit or active, to his wholesale spoliation of the poor and the abjuration of the national religion. Availing himself of the example of his own success in this shameless expedient, he was able to whet the cupidity of the Scotch barons by inviting them to possess themselves of similar sources of enrichment. He made his first attempt upon his nephew. Sir Ralph Sadleir, one of the most unscrupulous of Henry's unscrupulous agents, was despatched into Scotland with instructions to use every artifice to induce the young monarch to imitate his uncle's example, and throw off his allegiance to the Papal See. He was to dwell, amongst other things, on the scandalous lives of some of the clergy, on the Papal tyranny, and the wealth to be procured from a dissolution of the monasteries and appropriation of their treasures. He was, moreover, provided with some intercepted letters of Cardinal Beaton's, which he was to interpret as containing a proposal for the usurpation by the Pope of the government of James's realm. The young king received his uncle's ambassador courteously; but, with the utmost promptitude, positively declined to abjure the religion of his forefathers. He made a well-merited eulogium upon the attainments, capacity, and loyalty of the clergy, informed Sir Ralph Sadleir that he had already seen the Cardinal's letters, and smiled contemptuously at the interpretation attempted to be fastened on them by the English agents.

The guilt of the sacrilegious deed which Henry had perpetrated left his conscience but ill at ease. He was labouring to appease or choke it by various pretences. There is nothing which a criminal thus circumstanced so ardently desires as the countenance of some partner in his iniquity. This alone could account for the passionate earnestness with which the English monarch urged upon his royal nephew to break with the Pope.

But such a step was still further desirable for the success of that policy which England had so long and so pertinaciously pursued for the subjugation of Scotland to the English Crown. By abandoning her national religion, Scotland would necessarily be deprived of that intimate alliance which throughout her history, and to her immeasurable benefit, had united her to France. She would be deprived of all hope of foreign succour, and be left to contend alone against the ambitious encroachments of her powerful neighbour. And so it fell out; for scarcely had she been compelled by her traitor-barons to accept "*the new evangel*" in lieu of the Catholic faith, before her existence as an independent country ceased, and she sunk into the subordinate position of a mere province of England.

About two years after Sir Ralph Sadleir's first unsuccessful mission, taking advantage of a favourable contingency in continental affairs, Henry again despatched his unscrupulous minister upon the same errand. As, however, artifice, appeals to the Scottish king's pride, cupidity, and jealousy, had alike failed, he was now to use the language of invective and menace. He was to exhort him not to be "as brute as a stocke," nor "to suffer the practices of juggling prelates to lead him by the nose, and impose a yoke upon his shoulders." Other means failing, arrangements were to be made for a conference between the two monarchs at York; wherein Henry hoped to overbear the inexperience of his nephew by the violence and inflexibility of his own will. The patriotism and prudence of Cardinal Beaton and other ecclesiastics, whose counsels James chiefly used, together with the noble character of the youthful monarch himself, were more than a match both for the impetuosity of Henry and the cunning of the base agents whom he employed. Disappointed of meeting his nephew at York, Henry returned to London, breathing vengeance against the whole realm of Scotland. The Duke of Norfolk, dignified by his royal master with the flattering title of "*The Scourge of the Scots*," was sent at the head of 40,000 men to chastise those whom he could not persuade. James prudently obtained all the delays he could, by despatching successive embassies and commissions with proposals for a truce and for a personal interview with Henry. Meanwhile, assembling all his forces, he found himself at the head of 30,000 men, strong in numbers, and courage, and the warlike accomplishments of the day, yet rendered literally powerless through the treason of those infamous barons of whose followers the army was composed. Whilst James had been collecting his strength, the Duke of Norfolk had been inflaming to a still higher degree the bitter animosity of the Scotch people against the English

by the most barbarous devastations of the border-country. Winter approached; the country he had ravaged could not support his army; and he was in full retreat. James lay encamped with his army at Fala-Muir. The opportunity was literally thrown before him of giving a severe lesson to his passionate relative; and this was the opportunity that was seized by the basest nobility of which all history makes mention, to wreak their long-cherished revenge upon their sovereign. Feudal custom compelled them to follow his banner within their own kingdom. With a hypocritical stiffness, which they afterwards transferred to the new manners and religion of their betrayed and demoralised country, they obeyed the strict letter of the custom; but when the king commanded them to march across the border before the retreating host of the English commander, they refused to stir. James, enraged and mortified to the quick, reproached them with cowardice. They scowled, and bethought them of Lord Dacre's and Sir Ralph Sadleir's gold. He pointed to their desolated country; they thought of the check he had administered to their tyranny. He pleaded their knightly honour; they remembered the preference he had displayed for the counsels of the ecclesiastics. There was no remedy. The barons would not fight, and their vassals were under their orders; and so the army was disbanded, and the opportunity irrecoverably gone. A few of the less abandoned of the barons appear to have been subsequently visited with some compunction for this flagrant act of disloyalty and treachery. An effort was made to muster another force. The clergy, as usual, came to their country's aid, and furnished funds. An army of 10,000 men was secretly assembled. A trifling cause of discontent exploded even the loyalty of these: 300 English horse, sent to reconnoitre, came upon them in the midst of their irresolution and murmurings, charged them furiously, and routed an army of 10,000!

James's short life,—for he was now but thirty-one years of age,—had been one series of trials and calamities. His youth had been spent in the brutal captivity of Angus; he had lost, within a short period of his marriage, his queen, whom he tenderly loved; his two only sons had died within a few days of each other; and his own life was in constant hazard from the plots of his nobles, whose enmity he had incurred by his very exertions in behalf of his people. His youth, the vigour of his constitution, and his strength of character, enabled him to rise above all merely private calamities; but *this* blow he never recovered. "From the moment the intelligence reached him," writes Tytler, "he shut himself up in his palace at

Falkland, and relapsed into a state of the deepest gloom and despondency; he would sit for hours without speaking a word, brooding over his disgrace; or would awake from his lethargy only to strike his hand on his heart, and make a convulsive effort, as if he would tear from his breast the load of despair which oppressed it. Exhausted by the violence of the exertion, he would then drop his hands by his side, and sink into a state of hopeless and silent melancholy. This could not last: it was soon discovered that a slow fever preyed upon his frame; and having its seat in the misery of a wounded spirit, no remedy could be effectual." The broken-hearted monarch lay upon his death-bed, where intelligence was brought him that his queen had given birth to a daughter. The greatness of his grief and the nearness of another world had quickened his sagacity with prophetic powers. "It will end as it began," he said; "the crown came by a lass, and it will go by one. Miseries approach this poor kingdom. King Henry will labour to make it his own by arms or by marriage." The same able Protestant historian whom we have just quoted shall describe the end of this gallant but unfortunate prince. "A few of his most favoured friends and councillors stood round his couch; the monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss, and regarding them for some moments with a look of great sweetness and placidity, turned himself upon the pillow and expired."

At the death of James, there was found upon his person a list of 360 barons, who were engaged to share the designs of the English monarch in possessing themselves of the treasures of the Church. Assured of the treachery of the entire body of his nobility, he had left directions by which Cardinal Beaton was appointed governor of the kingdom and guardian of his infant daughter; and with him he associated in the government the Earls of Huntley, Moray, and Argyle. In defiance, however, of the patriotic designs of the deceased king, the Earl of Arran, one of the 360, assumed, as next heir to the throne, the place of governor. The Earl of Angus and the Douglasses were recalled to their country and estates after a banishment of fifteen years, which they had employed in offering all the help they could to the English king in his designs upon their country and its religion. The prisoners taken at Solway Moss, in that affair whose disastrous result had proved so fatal to James, had been treated at first by Henry with every harshness; but no sooner was he aware of his nephew's demise, than he changed his treatment of them into the utmost kindness and attention; and eventually sent them back to Scotland, bound by hostages, which they left

in Henry's hands, to an agreement containing the following terms: "The procuring of the consent of the three estates to the marriage of their infant queen with Prince Edward; the obtaining of the delivery of the person of the queen into Henry's custody; the surrender to him of the fortresses of the kingdom; and the obtaining the consent of the estates to have the country placed under the government of England." Such were the terms of agreement to which a majority of the Scottish barons subscribed their names or "their marks;"—such were the men who ushered into Scotland the "new evangel."

Against this formidable combination, consisting of the King of England, the Governor of Scotland, with the Douglasses, and a powerful faction of the nobility, inspired by the most sordid and the most unappeasable of human vices, the only considerable obstacle that remained was Cardinal Beaton. Thus, by the force of external circumstances, and in the almost entire absence of any internal convictions, the design of England, so long pursued, for the subjugation of the sister-country, was assuming more and more an ecclesiastical aspect. The treachery, turbulence, and ignorance of the barons had always driven the Scottish monarchs to a preference for the counsels of the ecclesiastics; and this had been all along a rankling sore and animosity towards them in the breasts of those unscrupulous men. The English king's separation from the Papal See had made the extirpation from Scotland of her Church a chief object of his policy; and now an eminent prelate of that Church was foiling single-handed the designs of Henry, and standing between the itching palms of the Scotch nobility and their tempting prey. The Cardinal was accordingly arrested upon a ridiculous charge of treason. The Church vindicated her prelate's privileges, and laid the realm under an interdict. No plausible pretext of any crime could be found; the people were ready to rise; and it was thought safer to suffer him to escape.

Henry's marriage-proposal was then brought before the three estates. Influenced by the wisdom of the Cardinal, it was accepted, but surrounded with conditions which hindered it from being employed as a means of destroying the independence of the country. Henry broke into one of his paroxysms of fury at the intelligence. To the ambassador sent to him by the estates he openly claimed the superiority of Scotland; and he threatened to take their queen, if they would not send her. When this was reported, the Cardinal became more popular than ever, and the people more than ever exasperated against the English faction. Arran, the governor, who was a popularity-hunter, went over to the

national party, and, as a token of his sincerity, dismissed his two Protestant chaplains. Sir Ralph Sadleir, Henry's bribery-agent, could not move abroad without insult; and the lords of the English party wrote to Henry that "their devotion to his cause had made them the objects of universal detestation and contempt." Henry's inflexible will was compelled to yield for a while to the unbounded dissatisfaction of the Scottish people. By the advice of Sir George Douglas, he pretended to withdraw the articles of the immediate delivery of the queen and of the fortresses into his keeping. But the Cardinal discovered, from a deed called "the secret devise," found on the person of Lord Somerville, that the Douglasses and the barons taken prisoner at Solway Moss had bound themselves anew to the English to the original conditions. So flagrant a sale of their country aroused, for a space, the indignation of even some of the barons of the English faction, who passed over to the national party. The former, in its emergency, advised Henry that now was his time for an invasion. Just at this crisis, Arran, who only a few days before had renewed his "entire fidelity" to the English king, returned to his loyalty, and was openly reconciled to the Church in the Franciscan convent at Stirling. Henry was exasperated beyond all bounds, rose in his demands, and resolved on an immediate invasion. The foiled Douglasses retired sullenly to their castles, taking with them, for his protection, the English ambassador. At a full meeting of the three estates, the marriage-treaty with Henry was declared null and void; and a summons of treason was issued against Angus and the subscribers of the "secret devise." The Douglasses now found it time to dissemble; but after passing backwards and forwards between the two parties for a while, a personal affront effected what no considerations of honour or patriotism were able to, and threw them altogether upon the side of the nation. Henry had rendered his cause yet more desperate by a merciless invasion under Lord Hertford, who left Edinburgh in flames. Lennox and Glencairn were now the only considerable barons who openly espoused the English cause. On the 17th of May they concluded an agreement with Henry at Carlisle, by which, for the consideration of the government of Scotland and the hand of Lady Margaret Douglas for the former, and an ample pension for the latter, they acknowledge Henry as protector of the realm of Scotland, agree to labour for the delivery of the queen and fortresses into his hands, undertake to serve him against France and all nations and persons for such wages as his other subjects, and "*to cause the Bible, the only foundation from which all TRUTH and HONOUR proceedeth, to be taught in their territories!*"

The passionate precipitancy of Henry's measures had brought matters to such a pass, that the greater number, even of those who most anxiously desired his success, durst not openly espouse his cause. He was consequently driven at length to change his policy; and a fresh negotiation was opened in inoffensive terms. The old traitor-faction was easily recovered to favour these new overtures, which, however, were rejected by the estates. It was evident, that so long as the Cardinal remained, the English cause could not hope to triumph. Before Hertford's invasion, a plot for his assassination had been proposed to, and manifestly, although very cautiously, approved of, by the English monarch. The conspirators were Crichton Laird of Brunston, Kirkaldy Laird of Grange, the Master of Rothes, John Charteris, and lastly Wishart, subsequently executed, and venerated by the Scotch Presbyterians ever since, up to this day, as a martyr to their "new evangel." This plot had been proposed to Henry by Crichton, 17th of April, 1544. It slumbered for a year: for what cause is no where stated; but we venture to conjecture, in consequence of one of the conspirators having subsequently bound himself to the Cardinal in bonds of "manrent," which it was considered great baseness to betray. On the 2d of April, 1545, the plot was renewed by the proposal of the Earl of Cassilis in his own person to Henry. In a letter to that monarch, dated 12th July of the same year, the Laird of Brunston informs his royal correspondent that certain gentlemen, his friends, were willing, *for a small sum of money, to take the Cardinal out of the way.* And in a letter to the Earl of Hertford, we find the same conscientious apostle of Scotland's new religion renewing his offers, but urging the king to be plain with them.* On the whole, it appears that the

* We present our readers with a quotation from a letter of Sir Ralph Sadleir to Crichton upon the subject of this design, as a specimen of the frightful hypocrisy that was added to complete the guilt of these criminal proceedings.

"In one parte of your said lettres, I note chieffie, that certayn gentlemen, being your friends, have offred for a *small soume of money to take hym out of the waye, that hath been the hole impediment and lett to all good purposes there.* . . . Of this I judge that you mean the cardinall, whome I know to be so much blynded, &c. Wherefore I am of your opinion, and, as you wryte, thinke it to be acceptable service to take him out of the waye, which in suche sorte dothe not onelie as much as in him is to *obscure the glorie of God,* but also to confound the commonweal of his owne countrey. And albeit the king's majestie, whose gracious nature and *goodnes I knowe,* wool not, I am sure, have to do or meddle with this matter touching your said cardynall, for *soundrie considerations;* yet if you could so work the matter with these gentlemen your freends, which have made that offer, that it may tak effect, *you shall undoubtedly doo therein good service both to God and his majestie,* and a singular benefit to your countrey. Wherefore, lyke as if I were in your place, it shudde be the first thing I woolde earnestlie attempt, thinking thereby for the respect aforesaid *chieffie to please God and his majestie,* and a singular benefit to your countrey."

reluctance of Henry to commit himself to an approval of this dark plot, and the unwillingness of the assassins to execute it without so powerful a co-operation, kept it for so long a time from being carried into effect. From the last-mentioned date there is no further correspondence on the subject in the State-Paper Office. And Tytler's conjecture is doubtless correct, that Henry, finding himself compelled to signify his direct approval of the design, if he really was bent on its execution, did at length do so; and that the correspondence containing such approval was destroyed *for reasons of state*. Be this as it may, on the morning of Saturday, the 29th of May, 1546, the assassins accomplished their sacrilegious deed of blood. The account of it we will give in the words of James Lindsay, a spy in the pay of Lord Wharton. It is taken from a letter to that nobleman, which is preserved in the State-Paper Office, and is given at length by Tytler at the end of his History:

“Syr,—To advertise you, this Saterdag betwix v hours and vi in ye mornyng ye cardynale is slane in the castle of St. Andrewe's, be Normond Leslie, in yis maner: At ye cumyng in of ye masones and warkmen in ye place to ye wark, Normond Leslie and thre wyth him enteret, and after hym James Melwin and thre men with hym, and feazit themselves to have spokin with ye cardynale; and after yawe cam ye zoung laird of Grange, and viii men wyth hym all in geir, quhilk the porter stoppit to lat in quhill ane of them strak him with ane knyiff and kest him in ye hous. Incontynent they shot furth all ye warkmen and closet the zet, syne sought the chalmer and shot furth all ye howsald men as thae gat thame mastrit. Ye cardynale herand ye dyn in his chalmer come furth, was passand to ye blockehous hed to heir quhat it was, Normond Leslie and his cumpanye met him in ye tornpyk and slew him; and after ya have depossest ye place of all therein tilt, excep ye governor's sone, his priest and servand, and ye cardynale's chalmer child, ye common bell of ye toun rang, ye provest and toun gadert to ye noumer of three or four hundredth men, and cam to ye castell, quhill Normond Leslie and his cumpanye come to ye wall heid, and sperit (*asked*) quhat they desyrit to se? Ane deid man?

“Incontynent ya brot ye cardynale deid to ye wall heid in ane pair of shetis, and hang hym our ye wall be ye taue arm and ye taue fute, so bad *ye pepill se yer thair god!* This Johne of Douglas of Edinburh, Heu Douglas, Ayr, shaw me, and Master Johne Douglas, quhilk was in Sanct Andrewe's and saw ye sam wyh yar ene.

“Wryten this Saterdag at midnyt, zour servand,

“JAMES LINDSAY.”

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

Lectures in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, &c. Routledge.

WHEN a man—or a “gentleman”—has no position, no business-habits, small capacities, a damaged character, and a good stock of impudence, he sets up for a wine-merchant. When a family falls into misfortune, or is so hard-up as to be unable to keep its daughters at home in idleness, the young ladies are turned loose upon society as “governesses,” without the most distant conception as to whether they can write a grammatical sentence. And while the respectable *paterfamilias* is content to swallow the decoctions and compositions of the dealer in liquors, with an implicit faith in their purely vinous origin, the *materfamilias* with equal simplicity commits her children to the tutelage of the very unfortunate but highly-respectable young lady whose misfortune it is to be condemned to that anomalous position filled by the professional *gouvernante*.

With equal brass or equal simplicity, almost every man who knows a little about any thing, conceives himself capable of “giving a lecture;” and if he knows nothing particular about any one subject more than another, he betakes him to that refuge for the destitute, the “educational question.” Here is a field for crotchets, theories, and quackeries in general, positively unlimited. Education is the grandest of all subjects for clap-trap, science-and-water, hard-words, and sounding propositions. The listening multitude sits ready for the pleasing titillation, and retires from the exhibition perfectly at ease with itself, and pitying the benighted generations who were condemned to eat, drink, spell, and cipher, unenlightened by the luminaries whose blaze it has found so beautiful.

That most amiable, and now active association, the Society of Arts, has recently been riding the educational hobby pretty considerably hard. What with the patronage of Prince Albert, and the managership of Mr. Henry Cole, it has been for some time in a perfect fever of educational benevolence. We must do the Society the justice to say, that it is a very tolerant and well-intentioned society, and that some of its notions are not at all bad ones. It is only when it puts forward assumptions which imply a belief that the Society’s house in the Adelphi is to prove a sort of New Jerusalem, whence a power is to issue to regenerate the world, that we quarrel with its presumption,

and hint to its managers that cobblers are not the only persons who need to be reminded to "stick to their last."

One of the Society's last efforts in its philanthropic course was as tolerant and liberal in its details as it was vague and objectless in its original plan. A host of notabilities, scientific and literary, religious and non-religious, and above all, Popish as well as Protestant, were to be invited to deliver their testimony to the people of London in a series of lectures on education at St. Martin's Hall. The volume before us is the final result.

It contains, as we are told in the preface, such of the lectures delivered in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, "as the authors had either previously written, or have subsequently prepared from their notes." From the character and standing of the Society, and from the fact that since May 1852 it has proved its anxiety to do something for the educational cause, by putting itself into communication with, and actually receiving into union no less than three hundred and sixty-eight of the literary and scientific institutions, athenæums, mechanics' institutes, &c. of the United Kingdom, it was fairly assumed that these lectures would be of a value somewhat commensurate with the importance of the occasion, and that those who differed might at least learn. With eighteen out of the twenty here reported, we are, nevertheless, and in spite of a desire to find matter of commendation, more or less vexed and disappointed.

On all sides the miserable shortcomings of our existing system (if system it may be called) of education are admitted, at least in words; the absolute necessity of action, prompt and energetic, is fully granted in like manner. But we conceive that the object of the Society of Arts was, or should have been, to obtain solutions to problems reducible to the following queries: 1st, Who are to be taught? 2d, Why are they to be taught? 3d, What is to be taught? And 4th, Who is to be the teacher? In the answers to these few questions full place ought to be found for the exposition and dissection of the enormous social evils laid to the charge of defective education, for the exhibition and explanation of proposed remedies, and for details of the mode in which such remedies should be applied in order to produce their greatest effect. Yet, of all this, with one remarkable exception, we find next to nothing. In almost every instance the speaker lectures simply on his own especial branch of science, as to a special audience; and as far as any phase of the educational question is concerned, might as well, or better, have bestowed his hour on the loungers at Polytechnic or Panopticon, instead

of wasting the time of those anxious to be informed on the great subjects of the day at St. Martin's Hall.

First comes Mr. Henfrey, lecturer on botany at St. George's Hospital, who plunges headlong into the mazes of the connection and classification of the sciences, and endeavours to drag his unprepared hearers into a forest of thorny technicalities with a cruelty which can only be compared to that of forcing an unlucky Cape Boer through a thicket of "wait-a-bits," without giving him time to put on his buffalo-hide "crackers" for the protection of his limbs. Then we have a comical discourse on the value of good penmanship, wherein we are informed that the plainer writing is, the more legible it becomes; that angular writing irritates the nervous system (a stricture with which most of us who have lady correspondents can sympathise); and that Roman characters are indisputably more legible and agreeable than the old English,—a fact which we hope our Gothic friends will duly appreciate. Professor Rymer Jones next forsakes the chair of comparative anatomy, which he so ably fills at King's College, to tell us that the microscope is a most valuable instrument, both for education and for amusement. About the former, "the less said the better" appears to be the professor's motto; but the latter he at least affords us, in assuring us that "these infusoria form the base of that pyramid of animal life at the apex of which man has proudly stood for 6000 years, without discerning that foundation to which it owed its strength and its security." What a sublime idea! Imagine a vast concrete foundation of *radiata*; then a stratum of insects; then a slippery layer of molluscs; a stage of fishes, reptiles, birds, beasts, until we have man standing proudly on the apex (on one leg, of course), and for the wonderful period of no less than six thousand years!

Of a better class are lectures on "Science in the Mines," on "Teaching the Idiot," and "Teaching the Deaf and Dumb." Still more germane to the question are those on "The Influence of Examination as an Instrument of Education," "Industrial Schools," "The Necessity of an extended Education for the Educator," and some others. But even in these last we fail to recognise any firm grasp of the subject, the outline of any well-digested theory, the shadow of any well-considered scheme of practice. Instead of broad and philosophic views, we have narrow and useless, because irrelevant details. We are told that such and such a science, or a branch of it, is imperfectly taught in schools; that physical geography is neglected; that models are very useful, and so forth: when all our anxiety is to be taught how to probe a fearful mass of ignorance which

ferments into *crime*; to learn how the power of education can open ears deafened by habitual curses, and soften hearts become stony in the struggle for bread. Viewed in connection with the magnitude of the evil, the prescriptions of popular lecturers are nothing short of ludicrous. More or less they look upon their hearers or patients as empty bottles, into which a little learning of many kinds is to be poured: a little political economy, for instance; a little chemistry, a little botany, a few statistics; in fact, a little of every thing (except religion); until the bottle is full, and the educated individual corked for use. As in Robert Houdin's magic flask, the supply is then assumed to be inexhaustible; and according to his company, the educated bottle may dribble out glass after glass of learned phrases at will, to the delight and amazement of bottles emptier than himself.

It is true that the Council of the Society of Arts imposed a condition that religious and political topics should be carefully excluded; and this may have been misunderstood by some few of the lecturers, as implying that the *existence* of religious duties and political relations was to be ignored. But that it need not have so operated, is clear from two lectures, incomparably the best in the book, which form the remarkable exception we have before alluded to. Catholic readers need hardly be told that we refer to the *Lectures on the Home Education of the Poor*, by Cardinal Wiseman; and we are convinced that many a candid Protestant will not gainsay this judgment. Without any parade of learning, without any exaggeration of description for effect, but with a most accurate appreciation of the best method of dealing with his subject under particular circumstances, his Eminence's lectures are models of their class. The scope of a couple of hours or so was, of course, utterly inadequate to the development of a general theory; and the Cardinal, therefore, confines himself to a single but important point. In his first lecture, after explaining that although education cannot be commenced too early, *yet it never ends*, he asks the simple but pregnant question, "Is this the plan on which we are engaged in educating the great body of the poor?" Alas for the answer! He then proceeds to give some interesting details of the system of *Colportage*, by which the literature of the agricultural population of France is supplied, and passes to the consideration of the cheap literature of England, its periodicals and penny journals, some with a circulation of 400,000 copies weekly, which, for the most part, instead of supplying water from a wholesome fountain, distil moral poison, drop by drop, to satisfy the thirst for knowledge of the very poor. The Cardinal con-

cludes by suggesting the propriety of a parliamentary inquiry into the whole matter; at the same time reminding his hearers, that it is the duty of the rich to provide means, as well for the cultivation of the inward garden of the poor man's home as for the garden outside his house.

There being thus "an absolute want to supply, an existing evil to counteract," his Eminence, in his second lecture, glances at the subjects suitable for treatment in providing a sound and wholesome literature by way of remedy. History, science, biography, poetry, music, and art—none are forgotten. That there is already a fund from which much may be drawn and adapted to the literary power and appetite of those we wish to serve, he does not deny; but adds, that there remain departments of popular education, which, to be brought home to the people, must be made anew, must be created. The Cardinal ends by expressing his conviction that, when once the public feeling is excited, its high sense of social duty will find no rest until it is nobly and gloriously fulfilled.

We rejoice that the appearance of these lectures in one of Messrs. Routledge's cheap volumes will ensure them a hearing in distant places. That in London they made their mark, we know by the extended criticisms bestowed upon them in all the journals of consequence. We recommend every traveller who has not already possessed himself of the book, on his next railway journey to forego his usual shilling's worth or so of James or Cooper, Murray or Bohn, and to invest his eighteen-pence in this little purchase. Many of the lectures will amuse and interest him; but unless he is very stupid (and of course he is not), Cardinal Wiseman will *instruct* him, and direct his thoughts in a way good for himself, and, it may be, for others also.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Origin and Developments of Anglicanism; or, a History of the Liturgies, Homilies, Articles, Bibles, Principles, and Governmental System of the Church of England. By the Rev. W. Waterworth, S.J. (Burns and Lambert.) No doubt the chief work of the Catholic controversialist consists in an exposition of the doctrines and history of Catholicism. As our aim is, not to "protest" against what other people hold to be truth, but to establish what we know to be truth, the substance of our controversy will always be positive rather than negative, constructive rather than destructive. Still, the destructive element does enter into our duty in certain cases, and especially with many upright and conscientious Protestants. Indeed, it is seldom useful except with those whose religion is genuine, earnest, and based upon a belief, however feeble and

indistinct, in certain elements of Christianity. With persons of this stamp it is of very great importance to show that the religion which they value for what is really good in it, or in themselves, has no foundation in the principles of Anglicanism, or of any species of Protestantism. We want to let them see that the case with them is the very reverse of what it is with us. Our abuses, where they occur, are those of individuals, not of the Church; and their virtues, where they occur, are those of individuals, and *not* of their community as a body, which is utterly rotten in its foundations.

Just this purpose is served by Mr. Waterworth's learned and able book: grant every thing, and more than every thing, of the goodness of Anglicans, and of the plausibility of certain theories manufactured for their use, before the undeniable facts of history here brought together the whole superstructure of Anglicanism tumbles to the ground. The book is extremely well done; and, notwithstanding the nature of the subject, is really very pleasant reading. There is also another important purpose which we think it will answer: it is highly desirable that our young Catholics of the middle and upper classes should know something of the true history and controversial position of that vast Establishment which they will have to face all their lives through—if it lasts; and this is equally desirable both for our laity and clergy. And we do not know a better book to put into their hands, at the age of from eighteen to two or three-and-twenty, than this history of Mr. Waterworth's. He is an author to be trusted, because he knows his opponents from their own writings, with which he is acquainted in a degree out of the question to the ordinary theological student.

Breviarium Aberdonense; reprinted in red and black letter. 2 vols. (London, Toovey.) Two classes of persons will be glad of this reprint of a book which now exists only in four imperfect copies,—book-collectors, to whose libraries it will be a welcome addition, on account of the care and fidelity displayed in rendering it an exact copy of the original, which is here reproduced even to the minutest peculiarity of the type; and secondly, the lovers of ecclesiastical antiquities, who will find in it information which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere. It is the only known Breviary extant of all that were used in the thirteen dioceses into which Scotland was divided. It gives some interesting information with regard to the usages of the Church in Scotland. Its correspondence with the Roman Breviary is very striking, with the exception of some peculiarities, among which we may notice the Litanies, which in part vary every day in the week; and Compline, which has different antiphons for different festivals. The offices of the Saints' Days are well worthy of attention; in some cases the lessons contain all the information we possess of certain periods in the history of the British Churches; so that as a collection of early records of the progress of Christianity in Great Britain, it will be worthy of the notice of all those who wish to inquire into such matters. As a specimen of typography, this reprint will bear comparison with any production of the press, modern or ancient; while the care with which it is edited, every abbreviation, every peculiarity in the spelling, being scrupulously rendered, the copy corresponding word for word, line for line, and page for page, with the original, renders this one of the most remarkable productions of modern antiquarian industry: it is as good in its way as the photograph copies of the etchings of the old masters. The price of the volumes seems to us to be very moderate, when we think of the small number of purchasers of this kind of literature, and the great expense of its production.

The Dublin Review, January 1855. (Richardson.) Two excellent

articles fill up about half of the last published *Dublin*. The subject of one of them, "The attack made on St. Alphonsus' teaching on Equivocation" by the *Christian Remembrancer*, was treated of in a popular way in the *Rambler* of last April. The reader who desires a more elaborate and copious treatment of the question will not be disappointed in the essay before us. Another, but far more learned and temperate attack on Catholicism has recently been made by Dean Milman, the very title of whose book, "The History of Latin Christianity," tells its own story. This "history," or rather this historical exposition of the Dean's theory, is extremely well reviewed by a perfectly competent writer; and with so much courtesy and fairness, that a much less good-tempered controversialist than Dr. Milman could hardly read it without seeing many things in a light quite new to him.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.: Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, from January 1515 to July 1519: translated by Rawdon Brown. 2 vols. (London, Smith and Elder.) It is not often that we have to record the appearance of so valuable and so novel a book as this: though trammelled with the forms of diplomatic correspondence, the acute and astute Venetian knew how to fill in his details, and has bequeathed to us perhaps the only contemporary photograph of society of that period. It is a book which novel-writers will study, and which must be consulted by those who wish to learn about the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. *Ex post facto* prophets will probably profess to see in the conduct of the young king the germs of the ruffianism of his later years; we cannot see more than a young man, very pious, hearing five masses a day, eminently handsome and strong, vain of his personal gifts, with a good but plain and unhappy wife, and placed in the midst of the most dangerous temptations. Probably his very piety made his fall more hopeless; for he could not run into crimes cynically, but was obliged first to falsify his conscience, and then to obey this blind guide. The dishonesty of his foreign policy, and his childish endeavours to form dynastic parties in Europe, come out with great *naïveté* and pleasantness. Mr. Rawdon Brown has spent his years in Venice to some purpose; we cordially recommend his volumes.

Home Life in Russia, by a Russian Noble. (2 vols. London, Hurst and Blackett.) This book, published as an original work, and asserted to be such by the author in spite of the contradictions of critics, is an amusing though scurrilous production, bearing on the face of it the evidences of being written by a Russian malcontent, and sufficiently harmonising with the testimony of most travellers to warrant the belief of its being founded on fact. It relates the adventures of one Tchichikoff, a government *employé*, who, after sundry chances of knavery and fortune, conceives the admirable idea of purchasing dead slaves whose names still stand on the census lists, and then mortgaging them to the government as if living. The story is not developed as it might be; but what there is of it is generally lively and droll from its simplicity.

The Island Empire, or Scenes of the First Exile of Napoleon I., by the author of "Blondelle." (London, Bosworth.) An agreeable book, in three parts: 1. A narrative of a visit to Elba, full of anecdotes and reminiscences; 2. An account of Napoleon's short residence there; and 3. A sketch of Elban history from the earliest times. The first part will

be found especially interesting, and the memory of Napoleon is not treated in an offensive way.

Germany during the Insurrections of 1848. (London, Nisbett.) But for the fact that the bodily presence of the author was bestowed on Germany during the period in question, this book might as well be called "New Zealand at the time of the Gunpowder Plot." It tells us positively nothing of the revolutions; but contains many texts of Scripture (perhaps three to a page), much unctuous and contented reference to the religion and happiness of England in contrast with the deserved scourges inflicted on Popish lands, and many prophecies that those who come after us shall see what they shall see. It is an inane volume, that may have been written either by a Dissenting minister or his grandmother; who does, however, in spite of much drivelling, take a really religious view of things, where the sight is not influenced by Protestant prejudices. There are here and there indications, that but for this nightmare the author might do something much better.

Prose Halieutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish-Tattle, by the Rev. D. Badham, M.D. (London, J. W. Parker.) An excellent book, which appeared originally as a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*. The hard word in the title is an index of what the reader will find in the text; the author is a scholar, and writes for scholars; and we know of no more amusing book for the well-educated, fanciful, and idle sportsman. In a very different order, Mr. Badham rivals Mr. Digby in the extent of his reading and the variety of his quotations; he is also an excellent naturalist, and a good idea of ichthyology in general may be gathered from his pages. He is not so good-natured a parson as Mr. Newland, whose analogous book we lately noticed; for he says some very disagreeable things about Catholics, and occasionally solaces himself with some highly reprehensible blasphemy about the Nicene faith and other sacred things, besides dwelling with evident gusto on allusions to subjects not of the cleanest. In spite of these faults, people who are not afraid of a little Greek should read his book. As a specimen of his style we will give his description of the "Lamprey:"

"No animal in creation has so singular and so sensitive a mouth, serving at once as a prehensile instrument to secure, and an organ for the trituration of food. . . . The oral apparatus consists of a loose extensible lip, which the fish can project in a circular manner, and apply like a boy's leathern sucker to wood, stone, or any other object he happens to have a design upon. Within the circle of this extensible lip lies a nimble little rasping tongue, stuck all over with points, and always on the wag; and as this sharp file works up and down on the surface of whatever may be covered by the flattened mouth, the result of its operation soon becomes apparent, especially when, as it often happens, the scalp of an unfortunate fish is the subject of experiment. In this case it matters not how large or how fierce the victim may be, no effort can extricate the luckless head 'in Coventry' under that fatal disk; στόμα νέρβην ἐρύκει: quicker than any eating ulcer the tongue works its way through the integuments; the patient may plunge and writhe, but the operation of trephine goes on; and soon, with all the ease of a cheesemonger driving his scoop into the rind of a Cheshire or Stilton, does the lamprey push his tongue through the bony plates of the skull, and draw it back with a sample of brains adhering."

The book is, among other things, a complete treatise on the ancients' knowledge of the habits of fish, and their modes of cooking them.

The Life of P. T. Barnum, written by himself. (London, Sampson Low.) To his former trade of showman, in which he proved himself a

clever and successful, but impudent and lying charlatan, the author in this book adds not only the practice but the profession of canting hypocrisy. It is a cynical exposition of all his tricks of trade, justified by quotations from the Bible. The style, though not good, is amusing; though the scenes which he means to be touching, as that between Jenny Lind and Vivalla, are simply absurd. Those of our readers who wish to make themselves acquainted with a new phase of life, may spend a shilling and an hour on the 'cute Yankee, who out of an old woman, a mermaid, Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, and a woolly horse, has managed to extract a colossal fortune, and to lodge himself in an oriental palace, a view of which graces the end, as a portrait of his own cunning face embellishes the beginning of his book. We must say in Mr. Barnum's favour, that he is good-natured enough not to show up any one but himself.

The Popular Library: 1. *Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs*; 2. *The Life of St. Frances of Rome*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; 3. *Heroines of Charity*; 4. *Catholic Legends*. (Burns and Lambert.) We are sorely puzzled what to say of these books; the first of a series long promised, and now at length begun. Considering the editorship under which the *Popular Library* appears, it would be mere affectation in the *Rambler* to pretend to give an impartial criticism on its merits. We cannot help thinking, however, that it really deserves the hearty support of the Catholic public; and we have every reason to believe that it will receive it. The author of the first on the list, though his name is not given, is, as many of our readers are aware, one who has ever been foremost in promoting the cause of English Catholic literature; and the sanction of his reputation and office is a guarantee for the value of the series, which cannot fail to be appreciated. We venture to anticipate for his own contribution to the series a very marked popularity. The best advice, however, we can offer in respect of all the volumes, is to suggest to our readers to buy them, and judge for themselves of their quality. We may also add, that the first instalments of an accompanying series of a more purely entertaining and entirely secular character, in preparation by the same publishers, is on the very point of appearing. Between the two, we cannot but hope that a very great step will have been made towards supplying some portion of the void which has hitherto existed in our popular and miscellaneous Catholic literature.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by Agnes Strickland. (Vol. V., Blackwood.) Miss Strickland has here reached that portion of her subject which is best adapted to bring out her good qualities, and leave her defects in the background. She brings down the tragedy of the poor queen to her imprisonment at Lochleven. The heartiness of her sympathies is as evident as ever, and her painstaking is not diminished. We have also no excessive prominence of those details of millinery, tailoring, housekeeping, and upholstery, which are at times a grievous snare to the fair authoress. To Catholics the volume is full of interest, notwithstanding the occasional amusing misconceptions which Miss Strickland, with the kindest intentions, falls into. Take the following, where *the one* reason why we Catholics do not often commit suicide is supposed to be given: "The crime of self-destruction is, however, rarely committed by members of the Church of Rome, as it involves the loss of those rites which they deem essential to salvation" (p. 362).

Chaucer's Poems. Vols. 1 and 2; edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker and Son.) Mr. Bell's critical introduction to Chaucer is one of the best specimens of his capacity for reading the *history* of English poetry which he has yet given. We recommend his remarks on the

manners, politics, and religion of the middle ages, at pp. 42-46, to every reader of Chaucer. It is satisfactory also to find a Protestant commentator letting people know that indulgences are commutations of the *temporal* penalties of sin. See also Mr. Bell's explanations of the anti-ecclesiastical spirit of many ballads of Chaucer's day, in his note at p. 255, vol. 1, to "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn." We need hardly remind our readers, that the "Father of English Poetry" is not a poet for indiscriminate circulation.

Chambers' Journal, Jan. 1855. We have here the completion of the 2d vol. of *Chambers* in its new series, which proves a real rejuvenescence, and not a second childhood. Few miscellaneous periodicals are so informing and so entertaining, and also so rarely objectionable. In this last part, two of the best papers are—one on the old race of Cossacks of the Don, and a capital sketch—"Revelations of Whist." The story now publishing in each successive Number—"Maretime," is a poorish affair, its author knowing nothing of the state of society he writes about.

Life, Religious Opinions, and Experience of Mde. de la Mothe Guion, by T. Upham; edited and revised by a Clergyman of the Church of England. (London, Sampson Low.) There is only one thing that will give a Catholic permanent popularity with Protestants, and that is, insubordination, disloyalty, rebellion, suspicious orthodoxy, Jansenism, Molinism, or any other of the multifarious manifestations of the one principle, the "fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," the inclination to be a heretic or schismatic, only just kept from its full development by a fear of giving oneself unreservedly to Satan. Of such people, who are neither rebellious nor yet faithful to God, but are mainly for themselves, Dante says, that both heaven and hell reject them; but for their consolation, we may add, that Protestantism takes them up and writes their lives, and decks itself out in the glory, such as it is, that it can extract out of them. The editor tells us, that Popery can fairly claim no glory from Pascal and Arnauld and Madame Guion. Be it so; we do not claim it. But also we do not see how Protestantism can fairly claim it, except on the plea of the *chiffonnier*, to whom belong of right all cast-off rags and scraps of paper that are thrown into the dust-heap.

The book before us is a long and tiresome account of a Jansenist nun of the 17th century, who went through no more trials than she deserved, though it was certainly most unpolitic to inflict them; and Louis XIV. and his Gallican government had not the slightest right to do so. With the usual artfulness of her sect, she knew how to deceive the amiable Fénelon, whom our editor, in consequence of his friendship for Madame Guion, most unfairly classes with the three Jansenist luminaries mentioned above. As a specimen of Mr. Upham's style, here is a brick out of his building. He is painting the character of the good Archbishop of Cambrai: "With a heart filled with the love of God, which can never be separated from the love of God's creatures, it was his delight to do good; and especially in the religious sense of the terms."

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett; author of "Walks about Jerusalem." With Illustrations. (London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) The illustrations of this posthumous work are beautiful; the text is in the following spirit:

"The sombre chapel of the Latins (in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre) will not sustain a comparison with the gorgeous glitter of that of the Greeks; but it may vie with, if it does not surpass it, in spurious holy places: for here are to be seen the place where the Gardener appeared to Mary Magdalene; also where the latter stood; while within the little church itself is the spot where Jesus appeared to His Mother after

the Resurrection; the place of the Recognition of the Cross, with part of the pillar to which the Redeemer was bound. Pretty well for a nook about 60 feet long by 20! These legendary localities, it is but fair to explain, were gradually accumulated around that of the Sepulchre as mediæval darkness became more dense, and the credulity of the pilgrims more craving, and the fraud of the priests more barefaced."

M. de Saulcy goes to Jerusalem a French *savan*, an unbeliever of the Academy, a universitarian sceptic, and returns a believer: Mr. Bartlett is admitted into the most sacred places, and behaves there no better than Launce's cur. Father Newman, we remember, gave great offence to the Protestant visitors to Rome in 1846-7, by telling them that they showed no more consciousness of sanctity in a holy place than a dog does; they stare about in the same inane manner, and snuff round the corners with the same indifference to what their betters are doing around them. Is it not true? Was not the French infidel in a better way, nearer to faith, than the prim and respectable Protestant? Is this the meditation of the Englishman in the House of Calvary?

The Catholic Directory for 1855. (Burns and Lambert.) The rivalry of a competitor has improved the old "Directory" considerably, though its editor lets his readers know that his equanimity is considerably disturbed thereby. There is an interesting memoir of the late Cardinal Fornari, by a very competent hand, and a portrait, bearing out the amiable and sensible character which the writer gives of his subject. We advise the editor to stick to his own "Directory" for the future, and make it as good as possible, leaving his rival to keep the field if he can. The best of the two, whichever it is, will ultimately win the day.

Florine, Princess of Burgundy; a Tale of the first Crusaders, by W. B. M'Cabe. (Dublin, Duffy.) We like Mr. M'Cabe better as a novelist than as a journalist. He has more invention and historical knowledge than many of the fiction-manufacturers of the day. *Florine* is a story of the school of Mr. G. P. R. James, whose books are popular with many readers; but it has less milk-and-watery twaddle than Mr. James's novels, and more originality of downright melodramatic horror. In fact, Mr. M'Cabe lays the black rather too thick upon his "villains," so that not a trace of humanity is visible beneath it. We wish him all that success in his books which we cannot in conscience desire for him as a newspaper editor.

The Church Festivals, by Agnes M. Stewart, authoress of "The World and the Cloister." Second Series. (London, Thomas Jones.) We always gladly give a kind word to help the sale of Miss Stewart's publications. She does not aim at attracting the learned or the very critical; but the Catholic character of her stories, and their historical colouring, fit them for younger readers and for lending-libraries. She has our best wishes for the success of *The Church Festivals*.

The Druses of the Lebanon, by G. W. Chasseaud. (Lond., Bentley.) This book claims every indulgence, as the first attempt of its author; but a person so familiar with the country he describes might have given us less of a compilation and more original observation. Moreover, we have not much patience with the prevalent English custom of treating the rankest heathens as the greatest heroes. We do not think with Layard, that the devil-worshippers are the most interesting people of Mesopotamia, nor with our present author, that the Druses are the model men of the Lebanon. It is doubtless very consoling to find people who still hold the most rampant absurdities of the Gnostic sects, mixed with those of Mahomet, flourishing in what should be the seat of Christianity;

but we have enough *esprit de corps* to prefer the poor Maronites to their more brawny heathen persecutors.

In his language Mr. Chasseaud not unfrequently verges on the bombastic and the obscure: "To describe the desolation, the fierceness, the wrath, of (certain) deadly strifes, would be to depict the face of humanity in its most hideous aspect; it would be to convert earth into hell," &c. Truly his words must have a very magical power, if his mere description could do any thing of this kind. Again, when a Druse Emir seeks refuge in Italy, our author tells us that every Italian "made it his business to endeavour to unravel the mystery of the flight of so great a man from a land intuitively connected with the supposed knowledge of all Christians who had read of the Lebanon."

Those who are curious in the symbols or creeds of false religions will find a singular Druse confession of faith translated in an appendix to this volume.

Healthy Homes, and how to make them; by William Bardwell, Architect. (Dean and Son.) Mr. Bardwell's facts, suggestions, and plans, may be confidently recommended to the attention of every one engaged in getting rid of one of the most serious physical evils of this day. A good deal of his information is useful to every body who has a house to buy, build, or alter, or who is plagued with his chimneys. He announces another new patent for consuming one's own smoke in *private houses*.

The Pretty Pleasing Picture-Book. (Dean and Son.) A cover smart enough to set little people's eyes glistening in expectation of what is to come, here encloses some five hundred woodcuts, printed serap-book fashion. It is a good present for children; and the prints are not such miracles of the engraver's delicacy of touch as to be hopelessly unintelligible to juvenile apprehensions. It should never be forgotten, that children delight most in a sort of Pre-Raphaelitism run to seed; they love hard outlines and distinct forms, and have no more affection for "aerial distance" than for the multiplication-table.

The Illustrated London Magazine. (Piper, Stephenson, and Spencer.) We understand that the conductors of this very prettily illustrated periodical are desirous of excluding all matter that may be objectionable to Catholics. It has some good writers' names on its list of contributors. The prints are most of them good; one of them, by M'Connell, has really a taste of the fancy and fun of Richard Doyle.

A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol. By a Non-Combatant. (London, Longmans.) Ten letters, occupying 125 pages,—lively, and, of course, very interesting,—which the writer has wisely determined to publish "on his own hook," rather than make a present of them to the newspapers. They are open and natural, not pretending to more authority than really belongs to them, and exposing unreservedly all the difficulties which a civilian feels in understanding the movements of a battle-field, even when he is enjoying a bird's-eye view of it.

Psychological Inquiries. By Sir B. Brodie. (London, Longmans.) It would have been better if Sir Benjamin had studied ontology a little before he had grappled with psychology, and then he might have avoided the notion, that "the minds of the inferior animals are essentially of the same nature with that of the human race." Though the distinguished surgeon "does not mean to infer that the mind is always the same, and that the greater or less development of it depends on the greater or less perfection of the material organ," but rather thinks it supposable "that the original difference is in the mind itself;" yet it is manifest that any

one who likes may infer this from his system, and may tack on it the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls,—that the pig and the ox have human souls, confined by their organisation, so as not to be able to express or to manifest their powers.

The best thing in the book is the refutation of some of the pretensions of phrenology, in the last dialogue. The style is a not very successful imitation of that of a much greater man—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Legends of Mount Leinster, by Harry Whitney, Philomath. (Dublin, Kennedy.) Mr. Whitney's lively sketches introduce the reader to scenes and personages fast disappearing from Irish life, but well worth preserving, at least in memory. He himself seems a very good sort of a fellow; kind-hearted, acute, and conscientious withal: his book is certainly above the average of the light railway literature of the day, and we wish him a good sale. One of his best sketches is "A Sunday with Father Murphy," clearly drawn from the life. "Eddwynne and Angeline, Fytte ye seconde," is a very fair parody on Goldsmith's pretty and fantastic ballad.

The Baltic; its Gates, Shores, and Cities, with a notice of the White Sea, by the Rev. T. Milner. (London, Longmans.) A parsonic compilation; but gives a good deal of information, picturesque, statistical, and historical, about these coasts and their inhabitants, interwoven with the newspaper accounts of the allied squadron that has been sailing in these seas during the past summer.

Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston. By the Author of the "Biography of B. Disraeli." (Longmans.) This is another voluminous pamphlet, more tedious, because less personal and vituperative than the author's former one. His object seems to be, to prove on the one hand the immaculate disinterestedness of our foreign policy, and on the other its weakness. England has done many wonderful things; "but she has never been able to negotiate successfully a great, advantageous, and glorious peace. Again and again have the acquisitions of her arms been sacrificed through the incompetence of her diplomatists." In other words, a just Providence has always made her the tool of a principle which in her heart she detests, but which she always finds in the hour of negotiation to be necessary to that which she holds dearer than principle, namely, prosperity.

Books of Adventures: 1. *Romance of Adventure, or True Tales of Enterprise*. Routledge. 2. *Perils and Adventures on the Deep*. Edinburgh. T. Nelson. 3. *Voyage and Venture*. Routledge. 4. *Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land*. Lunley's Tourist's Library. 5. *The War, or Voices from the Ranks*. Routledge's Shilling Series. Of all these books, comprising all kinds of bold doings, from lion-killing to the now most popular sport of all, Russian-shooting, the last has the best subject, but is worst in execution. It is a selection of soldiers' and officers' letters from Sebastopol and elsewhere, with a connecting narrative, written apparently by a penny-a-liner. The other books will be relished by all who like to read of dangerous passages and hair-breadth escapes.

General Bounce, or the Lady and the Locusts. By G. J. W. Melville. 2 vols. (London, J. W. Parker.) One of those flashy and unsatisfactory novels which so many cleverish fellows of the present day have a great facility in throwing off. It is a reprint from *Frazer's Magazine*.

March Winds and April Showers, being Notes and Notions of a few Created Things. By Acheta. (London, L. Reeve.) A little volume

which, in pretty and imaginative apologues and fables, gives young people a very fair idea of several classes of natural objects. It is certainly a nice book.

Russian Life in the Interior, or the Experiences of a Sportsman. By Ivan Tourghenieff, of Moscow. Edited by J. Meiklejohn. (Edinburgh, Black.) A translation from a French version of a Russian book, which gives in a lively, but superficial way, several detached sketches illustrative of various points of national character or phases of life. It is more unobjectionable morally than most Russian books which we have come across.

Messrs. Longman have published a new edition of *Macaulay's Essays*, in two volumes, double columns, which for clearness of type seems to us a model for publishers of cheap editions.

The Cecilian; a Collection of Sacred Music for the Church, Chapel, or Oratory, edited by H. W. Crowe. (London, G. White.) Two numbers of this monthly collection have been sent to us, and we are truly sorry that our praise cannot extend beyond the very pretty and graceful frontispiece, designed by Mr. C. White. The selection of music does not please us. The best thing in the first number is the *Kyrie* of André; but the organ part, besides perpetuating the exploded fault of playing all the harmonies with the right hand, instead of spreading the chords, contains also notes of the pedals which are not to be found in any organ. The *Ave Maria* is a slow movement from a violin sonata of Mozart, with the most characteristic part (the accompaniment) omitted. In the Hymn of St. Bernard, besides the weakness of the melody, the rhythm is not properly preserved. In the second number the *Ms. Litany* is beneath criticism, and the way in which the words *Christe audi nos* are set is simply absurd. The *O Salutaris* attributed to Graun is Martin Luther's hymn, which Graun harmonised, and introduced as a corale into his oratorio, the *Tod Jesu*.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Histoire, &c.—History of the B. Mary of the Incarnation, called in the World Mde. Acarie, Foundress of the Reformed Carmelite Nuns in France; by the Abbé Boucher. 2d edition, much enlarged, by the Bishop of Orleans. (Paris, Lecoffre.) Mde. Acarie was a very distinguished person in an age of celebrities, the early part of the seventeenth century. A *Parisienne*, rich, clever, beautiful, married in her seventeenth year, living in the world amidst all the distractions of a high station and in all changes of fortune, till the age of forty-nine, and then spending the last four years of her life in the cloister, during all which time, like a good economist, she turned all the events of her career into so many occasions for advancement in sanctity,—her biography is a model both for women in the world and for religious. Mgr. Dupanloup has enlarged the book to twice its former size by extracts from the *ms.* records of her convent, and has made it a religious history of the period in which she lived. The right reverend academician has also added a beautiful introduction, which reads like the proclamation of a general inviting his friends to share with him the labours of a glorious war. It is a book that ought to be translated into English.

La Fleur et la Feuille, traduit de G. Chaucer en vers français, par le Chevalier de Chatelain. (London, Jeffs.) The Chevalier de Chatelain is a bold man. If there is an English poet more than others un-French in style, it is perhaps Chaucer. Here, however, we have

one of Chaucer's most charming poems translated into French verse. We cannot venture on saying whether the Chevalier has "achieved a success;" but we think he has succeeded very much better than might have been expected.

Etudes sur l'Etat actuel de la Religion en France, par M. D'Exauvillez. (Paris, aux bureaux de *l'Ange gardien*.) This gentleman, the editor of a monthly review called *The Guardian Angel*, with which we do not happen to be acquainted, is much sharper at seeing evils than at divining their remedies. He is disposed to take a gloomy view of the state of religion in France, and thinks that the engineering that is brought to bear against the ramparts of Satan is marvellously inadequate. Such societies as that of St. Vincent of Paul are capable of wonderful good; but much of their utility is spoiled by the manner in which it is attempted. "How often," says he, "have I seen a poor man curse, rather than bless, the religion in the name of which a man came to insult him with an alms, and to institute a judicial inquiry into his domestic concerns, rather than treat him with the tender anxiety of a brother!" He complains that the zeal of ecclesiastics is often spoiled by an attachment to ancient usages and routine entirely contrary to the real spirit of the age. He is severe against preaching fine sermons to a set of servant-girls and good mothers of families, who do not understand a word of them, and would have all preaching rather of practice than of dogma. He approves very much of those seminaries where the students are made to live in the world for some years of their course, so that they may know what they are called upon to renounce, and may be more *au fait* in dealing with it. As a remedy for all the evils and shortcomings which he enumerates, he proposes a vast confederation of Christians, with a committee and officers, to preside over all sorts of things; religious controversy, the choice of priests, the propagation of good books, missions and missionaries for religious revivals, providing work for the poor instead of distributing alms, and disposing of the products by lotteries and tombolas; taking charge of theatrical entertainments, soirées, and all sorts of harmless amusements, and so on. Against all of which we have but one thing to say, and that is, that the Church depends on the grace of God, on the Sacraments, and on His Saints, not upon any human organisation, though it should be the pet scheme of the most organising Frenchman of that land of organisers. Impossible as his scheme is, there are many things in M. d'Exauvillez' book that are well worth reading. His great fault seems to us, the overvaluing of schemes and plans as such, and is well symbolised by his undervaluing dogma in comparison with practical exhortation. The ultimate development of this principle would lead us, like the *Times* newspaper, to ask what was the use of defining the Immaculate Conception, and to wonder what possible motive it affords for practice, or how it can render the Church more palatable to the classes which reject her. We do not wish to say any thing against our own craft; but we are afraid that, in ecclesiastical matters especially, schemes which first appear in print seldom come to much. When any thing great is done in the Church, it generally comes out as a successful *fait accompli* on a certain scale, for which the permission of the authorities is demanded, to enable it to assume a wider field of utility. M. d'Exauvillez seems to be so enamoured of his scheme, that he has exaggerated the evils for which it is to be a remedy. Not content with taking things as they are, he predicts they will be worse, because Providence has not yet sufficiently avenged the death of Louis XVI. Surely there is no end to the vengeance of a Legitimist!

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PART XV.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND AND PROSELYTISM.

“HEAVEN helps those who help themselves.” We are sometimes tempted to wish that we could convert this proverb into a kind of ball, or bolus, and cram it down the throats of sundry noisy agitators who content themselves with crying out against the proceedings of people who wish to turn our children and our poor into apostates, as if this crying out were the panacea for all our ills. Of all the shoutings, and halloings, and speech-makings, and letter and article-writings, to which the facilities of tongue and print condemn us in this present day, there are few more aimless and wearisome than those which are expended in demonstrating the rascality of Protestants in trying to bring us over to their religion. Far be it from us, indeed, to wish to stay the exposure of the smallest facts which take place, or to deny the immense importance of a thorough knowledge of all the proceedings of our adversaries. The class of persons whom we long to persuade to silence, are those blustering individuals who fancy that mere talk will actually stop proselytism; that by abusing Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Cumming, or the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, or by denouncing the Government as devils incarnate (or something very like it), we shall really put an end to the efforts of those who are prepared to leave no stone unturned to pervert those who are helpless among us.

This class of persons have one idea only of the way to do good, namely, to do as much harm as possible to the characters of those who are opposed to them. Their great argument in favour of Catholicism is the wickedness of Protestants. Their grand panacea for the cure of all our ills, is the free “exhibition” (as doctors say of their physic) of all the hard words in the dictionary and out of it. If we want to educate the poor, to keep Catholics from apostatising, and to succour the widow and the orphan, all that is needed, it seems, is to show up the zeal of Protestants for their destruction, and to impute to every Protestant a deliberate

desire to consign all Catholic children to hell. And if any Catholics take the extreme liberty of thinking that knocking a man down is not exactly the way to get him to do what you want, they are supposed to be guilty of a sort of complicity in treason to the Church, and in cold blood to have bartered their independence for a mess of pottage.

From this system of universal vituperation various untoward results follow. One is, that, in a state of things like the present, many well-meaning persons are driven into that very course which the lovers of hard words profess to deprecate. Such persons know quite enough about the matter to perceive that this scheme of action will never do, that it is founded on injustice, and that it is in direct contradiction to the system which the Church, by her highest authority, has invariably acted upon in her dealings with the world. At the same time, not being sufficiently clear-sighted to see what is the really wisest course to pursue, and excited and irritated by the storm of personalities which rattles like hail about their ears, they rush to the opposite extreme, and become the most obedient and helpless servants of the temporal power, or of the un-Catholic spirit, in whatever shape it is embodied. Strong as is the taste for personalities in human nature, and delicious as it no doubt is to see a disagreeable adversary cut up into controversial mince-meat, there is a large number of persons who instinctively know that no practical good was ever accomplished by crying out; and they turn with sympathy to any thing that seems practical, business-like, and definite, even though mixed up with elements of the most objectionable kind. A man who, instead of talking grandly, sets about acting quietly, thereby presents to many minds an irresistible argument that he is in the right, whatever may be *said* against him.

So, too, these ceaseless assaults on individuals, whether Protestants or not, inevitably produce a large amount of sympathy with them, however culpable they may really be. You may blackguard a rogue till people come to think him a virtuous and much-injured man. It is the worst possible policy to overstate your case against an adversary, in the long-run. You may run a man down by the mere force of your tongue, for a time; silencing him, frightening him, and making your hearer's hair stand on end with your denunciations of his villainies. But wait awhile and see the result. Before you have well recovered from the hoarseness you have contracted in your oratorical efforts, people begin to suspect *you*; they see plainly that you have overdone it; and their sympathies arise for those whom they think you have treated with in-

justice. We are convinced that many and many a Catholic, both English and Irish, in every rank of society, has been driven to a dangerous subservience to Protestants, by the exaggeration of the misdoings of individuals which forms the staple of a certain portion of our stock-in-trade. There is a much better way to neutralise the baneful influence of people with any pretensions; namely, to "damn them with faint praise." There is a common saying, that no man worth any thing was ever *written down* except by himself. It is equally true that we cannot permanently talk a man down by the mere force of Billingsgate.

Of course, we do not for an instant pretend that it is not a very desirable thing to show up Protestantism and Protestants, and the proceedings of questionable Catholics, with all the vigour of argument and all the vivacity of ridicule, provided this is done in moderation, and without personalities; and above all, provided we do not imagine that this is any thing more than a preliminary to action on our own parts. That which we complain of is, that too many people abuse Protestants for doing what, *as Protestants*, they are bound to do, or what they at least consider to be for the good of mankind; while, and at the same time, they neglect setting about that course of *action* which alone can counteract the mischief they foresee. The system we protest against is that which actually aggravates the evils it pretends to prevent, by irritating our enemies to still further dislike to us, and leading them to believe that we are a set of uproarious, boisterous, empty talkers, who, instead of doing our own duty on our own principles, abuse them for doing their duty on their principles.

The present moment is one when, perhaps more than at any season for a long time past, it is of vital consequence that we should recognise the truth, that acting, and not talking, is the way to do good and prevent mischief. We have, moreover, recently had an instance of the practical advantages to be gained by acting instead of talking, which is pregnant with instruction. Every body knows that a good many Catholic nuns are engaged in tending the sick and wounded at Scutari, that they are sent out by Government, and that they act under Miss Nightingale, who is not a Catholic. Now to some intensely keen-sighted individuals, this appears a most improper and unprincipled proceeding. What! a heretic order a Catholic nun here and there at her own good pleasure! What a violation of Catholic principles! What a wicked "coalition of creeds!" What abominable and un-Catholic latitudinarianism! At any rate, if the class of persons of whom we speak do not *think* this, they *say*

it, or something like it. But what is the fact? The fact is, that no religious principle whatever is involved in the matter. Miss Nightingale is no more the Superior of the Catholic nuns, than the Protestant doctor who tells the mother-superior of a convent that Sister So-and-so is troubled with dyspepsia, and must be careful about her diet. A priest going to visit a sick person might as reasonably refuse to be driven by a Protestant cabman, as our nuns to take the places in the hospitals at Scutari allotted to them by Miss Nightingale. *The real Superior of the nuns at Scutari is the Catholic ecclesiastical authority who sent them out.* Miss Nightingale is no more their superior than the colonel of a regiment is the superior of the Catholic chaplain. To talk of such an arrangement as a religious compromise is simply without meaning. As for ourselves, we rejoice at what has been done. Not only have incalculable benefits been secured to our sick and dying Catholic soldiers, but an intercourse has arisen between our nuns and clergy on the one hand, and the best class of Protestants on the other, which cannot do the former harm, and must do the latter good. It is on such occasions that we rejoice to see Catholics mingle with Protestants, just as when they mix with the worst classes of Protestants we see that nothing but harm can result. The more we share *good works* with our professed enemies, the less will be their bitterness against us. It leads them to see us as we are in reality, and not as we *appear* in the newspaper or on the platform. Even if the whole scheme fails, we shall be of the same opinion, holding that it was an experiment well worth the trying. Are those who oppose it prepared to accept the alternative of allowing our sick and wounded Catholic soldiers *to be committed to the charge of Protestant nurses alone?*

This result, however, is but the first instalment of the advantages to religion which this war will ensure to us, if only we have sense and self-denial enough to turn our opportunities to account. We have no hesitation in saying, that it entirely rests with ourselves whether the Patriotic Fund becomes to us a source of immense good or of frightful evils. This collection is already more than half-a-million in amount, and we Catholics have professedly and in fact a claim upon it to the full extent of the proportion of Catholic soldiers in the army engaged in the war. Now, what may we fairly expect will be the effect of the employment of this large sum of money on the faith and morals of our widows and orphans? The whole question, we are told, depends upon the constitution of the commission appointed to manage the Fund, and upon the Government of the day, among whom, no doubt, the War-

Minister in such a case would have an influential voice. And as this commission happens to include just *two* Catholics, we may rest satisfied, it is said, with the conviction that hundreds and thousands of our orphans, not to mention poor and desolate widows, will be bribed into desertion of the religion of their fathers. And the true preventive of this impending mischief is supposed to be unsparing abuse of the Government for not having given Catholicism a strong numerical influence in the commission, with denunciations of the wickedness of all attempts at proselytism. We need not add, that this is so very cheap and easy a method for satisfying our consciences and discharging our own duty towards our fellow-Catholics, that it presents irresistible attractions to those who believe in the powers of talk.

But now, setting aside party cant and conventional clap-trap, what is the real state of the case? In the first place, any introduction of a large body of Catholic names into the commission was practically impossible. No government could have attempted it, for the Protestant feeling of the country would not have tolerated it for an instant. It is absurd to blame a man for not doing what could not have been done. The accusation also is based upon a transparent fallacy. It is imagined that there ought to have been several Catholics among the commissioners, because so many of those who are to benefit by the Fund are Catholics. If one-third of the army is Catholic—as it is—why should not one-third of the commissioners, it is argued, be Catholic also? The answer is ready on the part of the Queen and her advisers; the persons who *contribute* to the Fund are nearly all Protestants; or if not nearly all in numbers, certainly an immense proportion of the entire sum of money comes from Protestant hands. Is it credible, then, that when nineteen-twentieths of the Fund is provided by Protestants, they would endure to see it distributed by a body of men of whom one-third, or more, were Catholics? Nobody really supposes that such a thing could be. Should *we* act on such a rule, if the relative numbers were reversed? Most undoubtedly not; for we consider, as every body does, that the distributors of a fund should represent the donors, and not the receivers of the bounty.

Can we, then, trust this commission, as it stands, not to suffer it to be perverted to the purposes of proselytism? Considering the respectability of its members, the undoubted honesty of many of them, and the definite promises given on the side of fairness, ought we to be satisfied, and leave them to do their work at their own discretion? Not for a single moment. We are as confident as that the commission exists,

that it *will* become an instrument of frightful perversions if left to itself and to the resources it will command. It cannot be otherwise. All the good intentions of its members themselves could not prevent it. If one third of the commission were Catholics of the most prudent and the most zealous description, they could not prevent it. England being what it is, and with the machinery which the commissioners must, as things now stand, employ for the distribution of their bounty, we look on it as out of the question to suppose that the souls of our widows and orphans will not be made to suffer while their temporal interests are advanced. Nor shall we blame the commissioners themselves for this result. Of course, we blame every man who is not a Catholic for not being one; but when a man *is* a Protestant, it is extravagant to condemn him for being insensibly biassed by his own convictions in his employment of sums of money intrusted to his distribution. We should be the same ourselves. If we had the distribution of half-a-million of money among the widows and orphans of the army, we *could* not help employing, and with satisfaction too, a purely Catholic instrumentality for their relief and education, if no Protestant machinery was offered to us by Protestants themselves. We should not consider ourselves bound to go out of our way to devise institutions for the preservation of the Protestantism, "pure and undefiled," of the wives and children of non-Catholic soldiers. It would not be our business to leave no stone unturned in order to bring up several thousand children in the "doctrines" of the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Assembly's Catechism. We should take the machinery that we found prepared by circumstances, and be perfectly satisfied with it; and if it turned out that, somehow or other, the children of Scotch Calvinists and English Churchmen grew up with a strong predilection for saying the "Hail Mary," and believed in purgatory, we should be rather glad of it than otherwise.

And so will it be in the opposite direction. The force of circumstances, defying all the zeal for religious equality, or religious indifference, of certain influential members of the commission, will infallibly give a proselytising direction to their labours. They cannot help yielding to the influence. In their secret hearts, if they care about religion at all, they must be pleased, rather than grieved, to see Protestantism spreading by any means not positively dishonourable; and to expect from them that they will not in the slightest degree allow their various regulations to be coloured by these feelings, is to look for more than ever was got out of human nature, Catholic and Protestant alike.

Then how is this to be prevented? By writing against it? by speaking against it? by petitioning against it? by exacting more rigid engagements of impartiality? by abusing the commission like pickpockets? by showing up every instance of proselytism that we can hear of in the newspapers? No; but by ourselves preparing the proper organisation for the care of our own Catholic widows, and the education of our own Catholic children. If the commission does mischief, we may bawl till doomsday, with no other effect than that of making matters worse than before. The least narrow-minded or least zealous portion of their body will regret, and apologise, and promise, and patch up matters a little, and be really extremely annoyed; but as for the red-hot zealots, the wooden-headed majority, and the angry and irritable-tempered, they will just hold their tongues, and set to work harder than ever to pervert the faith of those in whose behalf we worry them. We shall "take nothing by our motion." A thousand-horse power of abuse would leave our poor just where they were before. The old poets made Orpheus build cities by the sweet strains of melody; they never took a brawny fellow brandishing a stout shillelagh, and longing to crack his neighbours' skulls, as an allegorical representation of that strength which raises a noble structure from the desert plain. Suppose we do establish beyond the possibility of doubt, not only that the commissioners, but all the ministry, are engaged in a deadly plot against us,—what then? While we are sitting over our dinner-tables, and demonstrating to the meanest capacities,—or, at any rate, to our own,—that Lord Panmure is a noodle, and Lord Palmerston a villain, and Mr. Gladstone a prig, there is little Barney Braganan in the street, without shoes or stockings, and the whole number of his tattered garments amounting to two, quietly going to be entrapped into some establishment where he will be taught to swear at the Pope, and laugh at the Blessed Virgin. While we are eloquent, souls are lost; while we demolish Protestant reputations, Protestants destroy Catholic souls.

There is but one remedy. *We must find the necessary organisation ourselves.* We, as Catholics, and represented by our proper ecclesiastical authorities, or by those authorised by them, must come forward and say to the Government and the commissioners, "We have every thing ready; schools, hospitals, orphanages, and every requisite machinery for distributing alms: we will give you every possible security for the employment of our portion of the funds; we will guarantee them against waste and misappropriation; and you yourselves shall continually inspect our proceedings to any extent you desire." Unless we come forward with some such offers as these, all

the eloquence and all the arguing in the world will be fruitless. Protestants think, and justly, that if we really care for our poor, we *shall* find the means to do this. They consider that if, when *they* find the money, we do not find the men, the clergy, the nuns, and the schoolmasters, to employ it, our professions are hollow, our principles mere humbug. Can we with any face pretend the contrary, if we stand still, and see Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Blandford, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of them, organise a system which must, by the mere effect of its active operation, absorb our fellow-Catholics into itself? Is it not our boast, that when it comes to practical benevolence, the truth of Catholicism is shown by the skill, the self-denial, and the devotion with which clergy and laity, religious and secular, alike become all things to all men? Are we not incessantly contrasting the zeal and readiness for work of our unmarried clergy with the comfortable luxuriousness of the married ministry of the Establishment? Do we not smile at the spasmodic efforts of Anglicanism to produce genuine and thorough-going nuns? Is it not our glory, that for every philanthropic purpose we have our own proper instrumentality ready for all emergencies? Above all, do we not believe that apostasy from Catholicism is a mortal sin, while few Protestants are so absurd as to maintain that a Protestant who becomes a Catholic is thereby guilty of a damnable offence; so that our *motives* for labouring to preserve the poor man's faith are far greater than those which can influence any one who is not a Catholic?

And, certainly, never before in the memory of us all was such a golden opportunity offered to us. A striking and happy change has taken place in the temper of the nation towards our faith. Bigoted and irrational as it still is, it is disposed to give us a larger measure of justice than it ever was before. Never, since the Reformation, was so much held out to us, if we will but come forward. But come forward we must. It is futile to imagine that the better-disposed members of the commission can come forward the whole way, and find us out, and stir us up to do our duty, and stand still at our gate and wait our royal pleasure, and meekly ask our royal approbation before they take a single step in a business of the most pressing urgency. *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.* Are we to stand still, and move nothing except our tongues, and expect the world to right itself, and the devil to become a pious Christian, and those who hate us to undertake our special work?

Once more, we repeat, we must find the organisation for the Catholic portion of those who are left desolate. We must

find out the proper persons to whom the work is to be intrusted; we must point to this place and that place, and be able to say, there is a beginning made; every one you send us we will take charge of. To make this beginning we must find funds of our own; for though the commission may be willing to intrust us with the disbursement of large sums when the needful institutions are in existence and at work, they will *not*, we may be assured, enable us to begin entirely on new foundations.

The question then is, Have we brains, have we practical capacity, have we perseverance, have we self-sacrifice enough, to take this matter in hand? Have we priests, have we nuns, have we schoolmasters and mistresses, have we co-operating ladies and gentlemen, who are equal to the emergency of the times? Or are we to grumble and to fail? To talk and to do nothing? To fold our hands, look pious, and shed sorrowful tears over the ruin of our fellow-Catholics, and say it is very sad, but it can't be helped, and it is no fault of ours? No doubt we should find many difficulties in doing what is necessary. Of course we should. Was any good thing ever done without difficulties? Priests are scarce, so are nuns, so are schoolmasters, so are useful laymen, so is money. Still, have we not brains, have we not a golden opportunity, have we not the cause of God to labour for, and the blessing of God awaiting our efforts? And shall it be said, that as soon as the tide turned a little in our favour, and our Protestant fellow-countrymen gave us a chance of employing for the good of the poor about one-third of half-a-million of money, we shrugged our shoulders, and only said, "We are very sorry, but we don't know how to turn it to any account?"

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. HERMANN STEINKOPF. INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

IN the course of the day I rode over to Compton Hall, preferring horseback to any species of carriage, as I had heard that Miss Compton, the "squire," had a particular predilection for horsemanship, and thought a man effeminate who "rode in a coach" when he could bestride a saddle. As I am

also, I believe, a pretty good rider, I was the more ready to choose this means of locomotion; and a very respectable hack being offered to me for hire, I was not without hopes of having some opportunity for displaying my powers of equestrianism before that very spirited lady. I have always observed, that though men are rendered a little jealous by seeing other men ride, or do any thing particularly well, women are not so; just as a man is less vexed by a woman's successes than by those of his brethren in the male sex. Making sure, therefore, of the capacities of my nag for a good leap or gallop, and dropping as much of the cockney *littérateur* as possible in my dress, I cantered leisurely over to the Hall.

I found it a splendid old house, Elizabethan in architecture, and in a first-rate state of repair. The park was large and tolerably picturesque, but the oaks were magnificent. Every thing bore the marks of antiquity without decay, and spoke of the well-filled purse and active oversight of the present owner. A couple of grooms were exercising four splendid carriage-horses as I rode through the park; and half-a-dozen large dogs of various breeds gambolled and barked around them in boisterous gaiety.

On presenting my card, I learnt that the "squire" was not at home. She had gone over immediately after the letters had come in to her brother's house at Compton Parva; and on my asking how soon she was likely to return, I learnt that every thing was uncertain; for that the alarm in the country was increasing, two farmers' ricks having been burnt the previous night within half-a-mile of Mr. Compton's parsonage. Half-an-hour's ride, I was told, would take me there; and away I cantered over the undulating turf.

The parsonage of Compton Parva was a fitting appendage to the Hall, as comfortable and picturesque as the other was superb and lordly. Gothic gables, half-hidden with ivy and Virginia creepers, showed above the well-clipped holly hedges; venerable cedars rose dark and stately in the background, a neat farmyard, a huge barn, and numerous hay and corn ricks, were clustered together within a stone's throw of the house; and as I rode up to the door, glimpses of a broad terrace with formal flower-beds, stone vases, and a sparkling fountain, completed the picture of that luxurious gentlemanly ease, which is the lot of so many of the younger sons of ancient houses, who hold the hereditary and wealthy "family livings."

The lady I sought was standing at an open window, looking out with a fixed and anxious gaze, too much absorbed by her thoughts to notice who I was. I was shown into a small room, and received a polite and stately welcome; though my

arrival evidently caused some surprise. As briefly as possible I explained my errand, touched judiciously in passing on such political ideas as I knew would please Miss Compton, and added, that chance had made me acquainted the day before with some circumstances which I was anxious to lose no time in relating to her and Mr. Compton. As I spoke she visibly thawed, and her reply was almost cordial. I then told her what I had seen and heard the previous day, and concluded by expressing my hope, that if I could be of any service to her or Mr. Compton, she would freely command me.

“You are very good, Mr. Walker, very good indeed. But we must lose no time in communicating this very serious intelligence to my brother. If you will be good enough to follow me, I will show you the way to his library. As you are aware, my brother is an enthusiastic naturalist, and I fear he may not be so sensibly alive to the dangers of the present crisis as he might be. Your tidings will, however, I think, at last alarm him.”

As she spoke she led the way up a handsome dark carved-oak staircase, and through a long passage panelled in the same rich but sombre manner, ending in a spacious though rather low apartment with deeply-recessed Gothic windows and with the walls completely hidden by book-shelves and glass-cases loaded with all the treasures of a wealthy and eager naturalist. The mantel-piece, moreover, and every available shelf or board was crowded with kindred possessions. A heap of stuffed birds was thrust into one corner, with a gun, fishing-rods, and a landing-net huddled together among them. A dozen or so of extraordinary monstrosities, preserved in spirits, stood on a small table at one of the windows. A superb microscope was on the large library-table in the middle of the room, with boxes, bags, and little cabinet drawers lying about in truly scientific confusion.

We entered, and closed the door unnoticed by the occupants; one of whom was the parson himself, stooping over a side-table, and turning over a pile of papers and odds and ends of all sorts; and the other an antiquated-looking dame of intensely respectable and self-approving looks, and in dress and manners generally a very model housekeeper for an elderly and rather helpless gentleman. She silently courtesied as we came in, while her master, without looking up, continued muttering a series of reproaches to her, in a half-angry, half-apologetic tone.

“Really, Mrs. Margaret,” he grumbled, “this is too bad. Have I not told you over and over again *never* to clean this room without letting me know. Here is the most magnificent

specimen of the *Scarabeus ægyptiacus* in the kingdom lost, and fifteen of the finest Persian caterpillars tumbled about among the papers here. Good heavens! here is the *Scarabeus* actually broken to pieces. Here is the head literally torn from the body. The loss is irreparable."

"Mr. Walker, William," interposed Miss Compton. "He has been good enough to come here on very serious business."

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Walker," said the brother, with an air of the most perfect unconsciousness. "Really, Mrs. Margaret," he continued, stooping his head over the remnants of the damaged beetle, till it was crimson with the blood flowing into it, "I must insist on this never happening again."

"My dear William," said his sister, "are you aware that Wilson and Thomas Goodyear both had their ricks burnt last night?"

"You don't say so, Mary, do you?" responded he, sitting down, and trying whether it was possible to restore the *scarabeus* to any thing like symmetry; "I'm uncommonly sorry to hear it, but I'm afraid that will never restore this unrivalled specimen to its original beauty."

"Is it possible, brother," cried she, "that you can think of dead insects at such a time as this?"

"Why not, Mary?" said the naturalist; "there are ten thousand more ricks in England, but not one other *Scarabeus ægyptiacus*."

"Has not your master heard of these lawless doings, Mrs. Margaret?" asked the sister, turning to the housekeeper.

"Good gracious! yes, ma'am," responded Mrs. Margaret; "we woke him in the middle of the night, as soon as ever we saw the flames; but master do seem to care more for scrapuses and dead flies, and that like, more than ever now."

"Scarabeus, Mrs. Margaret, if you please," interposed her master. "How often have I told you how painful it is to me to hear things called by their wrong names!"

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Margaret, "scrapuses or not scrapuses, I call them beetles; but master do care so much about them when they're dead, and so little about them when they're alive, that my heart's pretty nigh broke with trying to keep things in order in the house. There, down in the wine-cellar, the black beetles is by hundreds and hundreds; and master he won't let me so much as set a cat among them to keep them down, because he says cats don't ought to eat beetles."

"I assure you, Mary," here interrupted the man of theories, "that it's quite contrary to all rules of science that unguiferous animals should prey upon *Coleoptera*."

"Angry-with-uses animals, ma'am!" cried the amazed

housekeeper; "I never said any thing about angry-with-uses, though master is so angry with me."

"Unguiferous, Mrs. Margaret," said Mr. Compton; "I must entreat you to be careful about the language you use."

"Brother, brother!" ejaculated the lady at last, her patience tried beyond endurance, "are you mad? Do you know that you are likely to have your own farm-yard fired in a night?"

"Good gracious!" replied he, now really alarmed; "and the farm so near the house; my books and my entire museum may be sacrificed!"

"Then you think nothing of the loss of your barn, and hay and corn, I suppose?" said his sister, growing seriously angry.

At this moment the door was flung open, and a footman handed a letter to his master, who hastily read it, and replied,

"Show him up here, by all means."

"Who is it, William?" asked the sister.

"Dr. Hermann Steinkopf, Mary," said he, "a converted German Jew, who has renounced every thing in order to become a Christian; and being a distinguished naturalist, is now forced to get his living by selling the remains of his own splendid collection to men of science in England. He wrote to me this morning, and said he should call and bring letters of recommendation from some of the most celebrated *savans* of Poland and Germany."

"Bah! a German and a Jew," said Miss Compton. "A revolutionist, I have no doubt."

"My dear Mary, he has become a Christian," remonstrated her brother.

The discussion was cut short by the entrance of the individual in question. He certainly bore the appearance of being what he represented himself, in some respects at least; for I confess I could discern few traces of what is popularly considered to be the true Hebrew physiognomy. Many of the German and Polish Jews I knew were not nearly so dark as those of the same race in this country; and I was therefore not surprised to see a personage with a huge red beard and hair of a similar hue. Whether his eyes had the very peculiar look of those belonging to the Jewish nation I could not perceive, as he wore large and heavy tortoise-shell spectacles. He was rustily attired, with what seemed an ostentatious shabbiness, and conducted himself with a servility of manner evidently peculiarly displeasing to Miss Compton. The naturalist received him with polite affability; and while the preliminaries of the conversation were passing, Miss Vernon entered the library, and gazed a moment or two at the new-comer, and sat down.

She vouchsafed me a lofty recognition, which she could scarcely avoid granting, as the only vacant chair in the room was close to that which I was occupying.

“I am grieved to hear that you are suffering so much for conscience’ sake, Dr. Steinkopf,” said Mr. Compton; “but you have your reward. You tell me that you are disposing of the last remains of your own museum, no doubt originally a very fine one.”

“De very finesht in all Shermany, sare,” replied the doctor; and as he spoke, I involuntarily fastened my eyes on his countenance, attracted in some inexplicable way by the sound of his voice. I observed, also, that Miss Vernon was similarly affected, and almost startled by something quite unexpected. I was not very familiar with the bad English of natives of Germany; but it certainly struck me that the doctor’s murdering of our language bore an extraordinary resemblance to that of an unmitigated English Jew of Seven Dials or Petticoat Lane.

“But I musht have de honour of showing you my letters of recommendation from de mosht celebrated men of Shermany and Poland,” continued the doctor; and with that he began rummaging in his pockets. After searching in every one of those receptacles, he suddenly exclaimed,

“Oh dear! oh dear! I am so sorry as never was. Dey are all left behind. Dey are at mine hotel, or vat you call it? in dat town yonder; but never mind, I vill have de honour to send them to-morrow. De shpeshimens I have not forgot. Dey are only de remains; de resht are all sold.”

And so saying, he opened a box which he carried under his arm, and handed it to Mr. Compton. While the latter was diligently inspecting the contents, the doctor carelessly, but as I fancied carefully, examined the library and all its parts; but seemed to have no particular fancy for examining the persons assembled in it. Mr. Compton did not seem remarkably struck with the contents of the box; and his disappointment was scarcely concealed as he said,

“I fear, Dr. Steinkopf, that I shall not be able to be a large purchaser. You seem to have disposed of all the best portion of your collection. Most of these insects I have.”

“Pardon, sare, if you pleashe,” replied the doctor; “dere is one dat I am sure nobody has in dis country but myself. I have forgotten de name; but Professor Bialloblotsky, of Warsaw, he did tell me dat he knew of but one more in Europe. It is from de very meedle of Africa, and is de very smallesht fly in de world. To see it properly, you must use dat beautiful microscope on your table dere. Here it is.”

Mr. Compton took the said minute specimen, looked extremely interested and a little surprised, and sat down to the microscope.

"Permit me, sare," cried the doctor, as Mr. Compton found some difficulty in bringing the concentrated rays of light on the marvel before him; "permit me to shut dish window. Dish crosch light is not good for microscope. De shutters musht be shut."

So saying, he rushed to the window in fault, and carefully shut it, bungling a long time about the fastenings, and muttering something about shutting out every spark of light. While he was doing this, Miss Compton rose and whispered in her brother's ear.

"Well, well, Mary," cried he; "I will, I will. But do have a little patience. I won't be five minutes longer."

After a little more investigation he rose from his seat, and observed to the doctor that the fly looked like a very small flea, with the proboscis broken off.

"Impossible, sare!" exclaimed the doctor, lifting up his hands. "It is de very finest—"

"I have no doubt in the world of it, Doctor Steinkopf," interrupted Mr. Compton; "but the fact is, I am very much occupied to-day, and cannot give your collection the attention it deserves. I shall be happy, however, to purchase any trifle out of it, and request your acceptance of a five-pound note, not in payment, but as a proof of my sympathy with all who suffer for conscience' sake."

So saying, he unlocked a drawer, took out a bundle of notes, and presented the well-pleased doctor with the handsome gift; while Miss Compton looked intensely disgusted; and Mrs. Margaret, who had remained in the room the whole time, exclaimed, *sotto voce*,

"Goodness gracious me! Five pounds for a few dead butterflies!"

The doctor took a pocket-book out of his pocket, in which to secure his gift; and in so doing, pulled out, without noticing it, some half-dozen letters and tied-up papers: they fell close to where I was sitting, and I picked them up and returned them to their owner; but just as he was going away, Miss Vernon's eye lighted on something else which had escaped from the doctor's pocket, and fallen by her side. I also saw it as she stooped to pick it up. It seemed a small pamphlet, and I did not catch its title, but I observed that a sudden look of astonishment, not unmingled with blushing, shot over Miss Vernon's expressive countenance as she observed the title-page, or something of the kind. To my sur-

prise, instead of immediately handing it to its owner, she went to the window, and closely examined it; and before she had done, the doctor, followed by Mrs. Margaret, was gone. She made some excuse to leave the room herself, but returned in a few moments, as the doctor's steps were heard tramping along the hall floor, and the house-door closed upon him. She was clearly absorbed in thought; but she had put the pamphlet out of sight, and made no allusion whatever to it, and almost immediately again left the room, leaving me closeted with the brother and sister.

Miss Compton now lost no time in making me relate what I had already told her, and really succeeded in seriously alarming her brother. They agreed that she should spend the afternoon in visiting the chief of their tenantry, and that he should do the same with those of the labourers who were supposed to be most disaffected in their sentiments. They, or rather Miss Compton—for her brother was so absent that she was obliged to be mistress in his house as well as her own—invited me to return in the evening to dine and sleep; and meanwhile she offered me some luncheon.

As we entered the dining-room her eye caught sight of a packet lying on a sideboard, which she took and laid by her side until Miss Vernon joined us at the luncheon-table. The quick sight of the latter immediately discovered the packet, and she stretched out her hand to take it, saying,

“That is mine, aunt, if you please.”

“So I concluded,” said the aunt. “Really, William,” she continued, “you must speak seriously to Clementina. Here are some of the identical tracts and books which I have found in the hands of your cottagers and mine: publications, I have no hesitation in saying, of the most abominable and revolutionary tendency.”

“They are gospel tracts, aunt,” cried Miss Vernon, in the usual artificially solemn tone which her musical voice assumed the moment she spoke on any thing touching on religion.

“Gospel? Clementina!” ejaculated Miss Compton. “Not the gospel *I* was taught when I was your age. How can you dare to say that books which make men discontented with their state in life, and set them against the doctrines they are taught by their lawful pastors, are the gospel?”

“Supposing their pastors teach them a false gospel, they are then not lawful pastors, aunt.”

“If your remark applies to me, Clementina,” said her uncle, mildly but seriously, “it is at least not very respectful to your mother's brother.”

Miss Vernon looked a little ashamed, and her aunt continued the reproof.

“At any rate,” said she, “I *insist* upon it that not one of these publications be disseminated among *my* people while these disturbances continue.”

Clementina said nothing, and finished her repast in silence; and I soon took my leave until the evening.

Dinner passed off in somewhat serious tranquillity; but when the servants were gone, Miss Compton, who was not intending to return to the hall that night, informed me that from the inquiries she had made, matters were growing to a crisis, and that it was feared that open attacks would be made upon the houses of the resident gentry supposed to be most obnoxious to the labouring classes; and she complained bitterly of the inactivity of the Government, which busied itself in political reforms of the worst character, instead of taking means for securing the lives and property of the loyal subjects of the crown.

Before bedtime a man was set to watch the farm-yard belonging to the parsonage, and at the slightest alarm the great house-bell was to be rung; and every one in the house was expected to rise at whatever time in the night a summons might be given.

I could not go to sleep myself, through excitement, for some hours; and as I heard the stable-clock clearly striking midnight, one, two, and three o'clock, I began to hope that nothing serious would occur, and by degrees I began to doze. All at once a peal rang in my ears with startling sound, for the large bell was hung outside the house just above the room where I slept; and as it suddenly clanged forth, I thought I had never heard so noisy a peal in my life. Dressing with the utmost haste, I flew down stairs, and found that neither Mr. Compton nor his sister had yet appeared; but the men-servants told me the farm-buildings were in flames, and the women-servants were frightened out of all their wits. I dashed out of the house to the scene of destruction, and just as I entered the farm-yard, with my eyes fixed upon the gathering flames, and little heeding where I trod, I found myself stumbling over some unexpected obstacle, and forthwith measured my length upon the ground. At the same time a most singular noise was uttered close to me, very like a stifled groan; and as I got upon my feet, the object over which I had fallen gave signs of moving.

“Here is murder,” thought I; but a brief examination showed me that the person over whom I had pitched was bound hand and foot, and that his mouth was gagged with a

pocket-handkerchief. A very few minutes were enough for untying the handkerchief and cutting the bonds, when it appeared that the unlucky individual was the man who had been set to watch the farm-buildings, and who had been surprised, overpowered, and bound before he had been able to give any alarm. Lying on the ground, he had heard the rioters coolly proceed to their work; and his agony had been awful as he saw the flames slowly rise and spread, and heard no signs of alarm from the house, while he expected the fire to extend to the spot where he lay helpless.

Meanwhile, the people from the parsonage came up, and men began to gather from the neighbouring cottages. Cool and collected, Miss Compton quickly assumed the direction of the steps to be taken to put out the fire, and chose out ten or a dozen men to spread themselves about the neighbourhood, and search for some clue to the identity of the incendiaries. Her brother showed more readiness and activity than I should have expected; but his chief alarm was evidently caused by fear lest the flames should extend to his museum; and he toiled with the strongest and swiftest in striving to extinguish the fire, and to pull down the ricks next to those already in process of destruction. I lent a hearty helping hand, and received the cordial thanks of Miss Compton, expressed with a striking propriety and self-possession. In fact, the whole parsonage was emptied of its inmates, the maid-servants covering in some safe spot as near to Miss Compton as their fears of the flames would allow them to approach.

After two or three hours' hard work, and the loss of the greater portion of the hay and corn, the fire was extinguished or died out, and we returned to the house. Miss Compton ordered bread, meat, and ale to be immediately got ready, to refresh the men after their toils, and with her brother and niece sat down in silence in the drawing-room, where I took the liberty of joining them. The quiet stillness after the intense excitement of the fire was almost overpowering, when all at once voices were heard approaching, crying "Murder!—thieves!—robbers!—fire!" and other such indiscriminate expressions of terror. In then rushed two or three frightened maid-servants, followed by Mrs. Margaret, loudly scolding them, and commanding silence.

"What is it, Mrs. Margaret?" cried Miss Compton. "Speak, and leave those silly girls to themselves."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, sir! the library has been ——"

Before she could finish her sentence, out dashed Mr. Compton, prostrating the lady's-maid in his career, snatching a lighted candle out of Mrs. Margaret's trembling hand, and

heedlessly scorching the precise-looking cap which that very respectable personage wore upon her head. After him away we all ran, as fast as our legs could carry us, in the nearly total darkness, faintly illumined by the quivering light carried by the master of the house. Rushing after him into the library, a gust of cold air startled us and blew out the candle, leaving us both physically and morally in the dark. While lights were being brought, a chilly stream of night-air guided me to a window which was thrown wide open; and looking out, I could just perceive that a ladder was placed against the wall immediately beneath it. Candles being now come, we proceeded to see what was the result of the burglary which had manifestly taken place. At the first glance, all seemed perfectly in order.

"Where's the microscope?" suddenly cried Mr. Compton. All eyes were turned to the table where it had stood; the microscope was gone.

"What, nothing else?" said Miss Compton.

"Nothing else, Mary?" echoed her brother. "That microscope cost one hundred guineas, and has one of the finest lenses in the world."

"Ha! what's here?" I exclaimed, as I detected the signs of violence at the lock of the drawer from which I had seen Mr. Compton take out his bank-notes when the German doctor was in the room. I pulled the handle of the drawer; it opened. The contents were rifled, and the bank-notes gone.

"I have it!" I exclaimed, as the recollection of my observations of the previous day shot across my mind; "the German doctor is the thief; I saw the scoundrel examine the fastenings of this very window."

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Compton; "allow me to say, Mr. Walker, that you are rather hasty in your imputations upon others."

Miss Vernon at the same time looked amazed and puzzled, and the incident of the pamphlet dropped by the "doctor" recurred to me as adding mystery to mystery.

"I suspect Mr. Walker is right, brother, nevertheless," said Miss Compton.

"We shall see," said Clementina.

The night was now too far gone to allow any but the laziest to go to bed again; but the party separated until the breakfast hour. At that meal speculations were renewed, and I felt more and more convinced that the German doctor was the real thief, whether with or without accomplices there was no clue to tell. As breakfast was concluding the letter-bag arrived, accompanied by a parcel for the master of the house;

the latter was immediately opened. Never shall I forget the indescribable countenance of the worthy naturalist, as he beheld enclosed to himself the identical red beard, moustaches, and wig, which had been worn by the pseudo-converted Jew, who had pocketed his five pounds, and still worse, had imposed on his credulity.

"There is a letter, also, uncle," observed his niece, who displayed a painful interest in this new scene of the drama; and so there was. It was only by a strenuous effort that I could keep my face within the limits of seriousness, as I watched the unfortunate gentleman's look, as he sat perusing the missive.

"Confound the scoundrel!" he cried at last, in most unclerical tones. "You're right, Mr. Walker; and to think of his trying to pass a mutilated flea upon me as a rare insect of immense value. But I detected the trick; you know I did: you heard it, Mary; and you too can bear witness, Clementina, that here I was *not* imposed upon."

The letter ran as follows:

"Reverend Sir,—Old companions should not be parted. Acting on this excellent principle, I considered that the bank-notes, one of which you were so good as to present me with, ought to rejoin their departed brother. I request your acceptance of the wig and beard of that distinguished naturalist and converted German Jew, Doctor Hermann Steinkopf, knowing your value for genius of every kind. And I have the honour to be your extremely obliged and most grateful servant,

SWING."

Enclosed was a small envelope, also addressed to the Rev. William Compton; and the climax was put to that excellent gentleman's disgust, when he opened it and beheld the never-to-be-forgotten mutilated flea, with the words, "A trifle for *microscopic* observation;" the word "*microscopic*" being doubly underlined, as a hint that the lost microscope had accompanied the bank-notes to the hands of one and the same person.

The discomfited man rose from his chair, walked to the fire-place, and stood with his back to the fire, in the characteristic Englishman's attitude, for at least a quarter of an hour, in sorrowing silence. Pity kept his sister silent; and not a sound broke the current of his meditations. At length he heaved a deep sigh, and ejaculating, "Well it might have been worse; at any rate my *Scarabeus ægyptiacus* is not gone," he slowly left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "SQUIRE" AT HOME.

When Mr. Compton left the breakfast-room, to digest in solitude the loss of his money and his microscope, and to console himself with the precious insects of his museum, I rose to take my leave, knowing how easy it is for a person to become *de trop* in such circumstances as I found myself.

"Of course you are not leaving the country, Mr. Walker?" said Miss Compton, very graciously. "I hope in the course of a day or two that we shall see you again; and perhaps by that time you may have something more of importance to communicate to us. By the way, how was your friend, Mr. Walton, when you left London? I was sorry to learn from him, when he dined with us in London, that he was not well, and found the confinement of town-life rather trying to his constitution. With his mother, as you know, I am well acquainted; and I have so high a regard for her, that for her sake I should be grieved to see your friend's health declining."

I expressed a hope that poor Roger would by degrees get accustomed to the restraint of his present situation; but added, that he certainly was not well, and was often out of spirits.

"I don't know much of the rules and obligations of gentlemen in your line," replied Miss Compton; "and therefore I hardly know whether it would be of any use to make Mr. Walton an offer which has occurred to me. I know that he is a person of literary acquirements, and fond of books, and I have long wanted a complete *Catalogue raisonné* of the library at Compton Hall, which, when you see it, you will agree with me in considering a remarkably fine collection; so, at least, it is reputed by the best judges with whom I am acquainted. Would your friend, do you think, like to undertake such a work? I need not say that I should take care he should be very far from a loser by giving up a month or two of his time to it."

I assured her, that so far as I could answer for him, there was nothing he would like better.

"Then," continued Miss Compton, "I shall commission you to write to your friend immediately, and see if he can so arrange; and perhaps he would like to come while you are in the neighbourhood, so that the sooner he appears the better. There is a pretty little furnished cottage in the park, not a quarter of a mile from the Hall, where he should stay, and I will provide him with a servant and all housekeeping neces-

saries; for I know that young men like you and Mr. Walton are somewhat helpless in such matters as these."

As I was saying how glad I should be to do as Miss Compton required, a servant brought in an announcement that her steward had come over from the Hall, and was very urgent to see her without delay.

"No bad news, Thomas, I hope?" said Miss Compton to the servant.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the man. "Farmer Jobson's carter was here just now, and said there was ugly stories agoing about the country; and some did talk of attacking the houses of the gentlefolks."

"Perhaps you will not mind waiting a short time, Mr. Walker," said Miss Compton, turning to me. "I may possibly ask you to take a letter for me to Arkworth this morning as you return."

And with that she left the room, and I found myself alone with Miss Vernon. That very handsome and very haughty young lady had hitherto taken such little pains to conceal the small estimate in which she held me, that I fully expected her to follow her aunt, and leave me to my solitary meditations. She sat still, however, turning every now and then to the window, but apparently with no other object than the varying of her posture. Two or three times I fancied she wanted to speak to me; and at last she said abruptly,

"Have you any idea, Mr. Walker, who that man was who disguised himself as a converted German Jew?"

"None in the world," I replied.

For some minutes she remained silent, and then resumed:

"Does no one seem to know who this man is, who goes by the name of Swing?"

"They say there is more than one such person," said I.

"Where do they come from?" asked she; "or do they belong to this part of the country?"

"I am myself confident that one at least of them is a stranger to these parts," I replied; "but who they really are I have not the most distant idea. Yet that German fellow's voice struck me in a way I cannot at all account for; and still I am certain I never saw him before. The letter he wrote to Mr. Compton I should say is undoubtedly not the composition of an ordinary rustic."

Miss Vernon made no reply, but again fell to musing. I felt inclined to ask her if she had not been puzzled herself about the man; but I know that people have a great dislike to being asked awkward questions; and as I was sure she would tell me nothing more than I was already convinced of

by observation, I held my tongue; and presently she left me, handing me the newspaper in a more gracious manner than she had ever before condescended to adopt.

Soon afterwards I was summoned to Miss Compton. She was conversing in the dining-room with her steward, a respectable-looking old gentleman with a bald head and shining forehead.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking of," said she, as I entered. "I am sorry to say, Mr. Walker," she continued, "that Mr. Bainbridge brings me very bad accounts of the state of feeling in the country. They say that the revolutionary spirit among the labouring classes is certainly fomented by agents from the manufacturing towns,—always, in my opinion, the curse of the country; and here the government has done nothing for us. The yeomanry of the country not yet enrolled; not a soldier within fifty miles; and all these mad measures of reform going on at head-quarters. What was that you said, Mr. Bainbridge, about a threatened attack on Sir Harry Grayling's?"

"A real attack, ma'an, I am told," said the steward. "Twenty or thirty armed men came just after dark; and as Sir Harry and Lady Grayling are away, there were not above three or four servants in the house. They burst in by the offices, forced the servants to supply them with meat and drink; drank three or four dozen of Sir Harry's famous claret, and left him a letter threatening to burn his house down, unless he would undertake to pay his labourers fifteen shillings a-week, and destroy all machinery."

"Cool, at any rate," exclaimed Miss Compton. "However, Sir Harry's a Whig, and he and his scoundrelly party have brought all this upon us. The mischief is, that loyal people suffer worse than cowardly radicals, who richly deserve the treatment they get. And you tell me they threaten me amongst the rest?"

"I fear it is too true," said Bainbridge.

"Because I am a woman, no doubt. Well, let them come. The old hall will stand a siege as well as any house in the country; and the scoundrels shall have my life rather than I'd yield one jot to their demands. Never shall it be said that Mary Compton did through fear what she would not do from a sense of honour and justice. I can trust my people well. They know me, and I know them. They know that though I hate and abhor these low radical political changes, *my* labourers are not starved on seven shillings a-week, and there's not one cottage on the whole estate of the Hall that I would mind sleeping in myself. And I have that faith in my tenants

and labourers, that whatever happens elsewhere, Compton Hall will be able to make a gallant stand against all the cowardly midnight incendiaries that may come against it."

I inquired, in reply, if my services could be of any use at the Hall; and received an assurance that its mistress would not scruple to employ them if needed.

"What do you propose to do with yourself, Mr. Walker?" added Miss Compton; "you should not be very far out of the way, as it is more than likely that the bench of magistrates will want your evidence as to what you have seen and heard at Arkworth."

I stated that it was my intention to make Arkworth my head-quarters; but that I was proposing a short tour of two or three days through the neighbouring country, to gather all the news I could. This fully met Miss Compton's views; and I took my leave.

Returning to the "Three Jolly Farmers," I wrote to Walton, conveying Miss Compton's message, and then left for the nearest market-town; and occupied the remainder of that day, and the two following, in driving about the country, hunting up information and gossip in all directions. Every where the alarm was growing extremely serious; and it was quite certain that at least one formidable mob was going about the country, threatening gentlemen's houses with attack, though for what definite purpose it was difficult to say. A few labouring men had been taken up and examined before the county magistrates; but the information extracted from them was far from consistent or intelligible. Nobody, however, doubted that some of the ringleaders had objects in view quite distinct from the mere burning of corn-ricks, or frightening country squires out of their senses.

On the third evening I was again at Arkworth, somewhat puzzled what next to do with myself, and heartily wishing that something or other more definite would turn up; either the capture of a ringleader, or the onslaught of a mob, or any thing that would give me a subject for a good newspaper letter; for I was finding it rather difficult to make up a sufficiently effective correspondence from mere rumours, which were recorded to-day only to be contradicted to-morrow.

The following morning brought me a letter, directed in a handwriting quite unknown to me. Like so many people, I have the habit of twisting and turning a letter of this kind over and over, guessing all the while as to its contents, when the breaking of the seal would in a moment satisfy one's curiosity. Some persons call this fancy a folly or a weakness. I don't think it is. It is rather a pleasing exercise of ingenuity,

under favourable circumstances. The solution of the enigma being entirely in one's own power, there results from the suspense nothing more than a pleasing titillation of the fancy, and a voluntary exercise of one's skill at conjecturing, which is agreeably satisfied at last by the instantaneous communication of the wished-for information. On the present occasion, besides speculating as to the writer, I busied myself in guessing whether the handwriting was that of a man or woman. It was bold, dashing, decided, characteristic, and yet had that peculiar flow of line which I fancy belongs to most women's hands. It was so blotted, that it was only on a second perusal that it was distinctly legible throughout.

On opening the letter the puzzle was increased. It was apparently written in vehement haste, and when finished, had been clapped upon the blotting-paper so vigorously, that the last sentence or two were totally illegible; and the signature, if a couple of initials can be so called, was nothing more than two shapeless patches of ink. It had, moreover, no date, and began without the usual formula in any shape. Its contents were as follows:

"I shall be happy to see the poor woman and her husband whom you recommended. The hour is not a very convenient one; but for the sake of one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, I do not mind stretching a point or two. Suffering saints demand all our sympathies in these latter days of backsliding and ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus. I trust, as you say, that the interview may be blest to the poor man's soul, especially as you assure me that he is already under impressions. I write in the greatest haste, having"

The rest defied all my powers of examination.

It was perfectly clear that, whatever this epistle meant, whomsoever it was designed for, it was not intended for me; but must have been misdirected by mistake, no doubt by some person who was really writing to me, and in the hurry, had put the wrong address on each of the two letters. I re-examined the superscription, but there was my name as clear as the day, notwithstanding the blots. I deciphered the post-mark; it was simply "Arkworth," with the date. I then went to the Post-office, and inquired if they could tell me where it had come from; and was informed, on the outside of the letter being seen, that it must have been posted in Arkworth itself on the preceding evening. All I got by my pains, was a conviction that I had received a letter designed for some other person, and that some one else had received the letter intended for me. The first mistake served merely as food for curiosity, the latter annoyed me considerably; but it was

fruitless to attempt to remedy the mischief, so I soon regained my composure, and sauntered back to the inn.

On entering my sitting-room, who should greet me but Roger Walton himself, overflowing with his usual hearty alacrity and mercurial spirits when any thing agreeable happened to him.

"Here I am, old fellow, you see," he cried, wringing my hand till my wrist ached again. "Nothing like making hay while the sun shines. I easily got leave to come away from that Stygian hole, our newspaper-office. I don't think they cared much about losing me. Well! and how do you like the 'Squire' on closer acquaintance? She's a brick, I'm confident; and I'll do her work for her splendidly. Why, by Jove, it's the very thing of all others that suits me. I only hope the library has lots of editions of the classics, heaps of poetry, and a strong dash of old plays and romances. I'm getting deucedly tired of this newspaper-work; it's all drudgery, nothing to feed the soul of a man of literary tastes. Poor dear Louise! how she did laugh when she heard me begin to talk about Plato and Sophocles and Horace, and the blind old fellow that sung so gloriously about that old rogue Ulysses. By the way, talking of Horace—"

"My dear Roger," interposed I, "when *will* you stop? You are out of breath already. I hope you don't mean to pour out such torrents of rhapsody to Miss Compton, when you see her."

"What, the Squire?" cried Roger. "Oh, she won't mind it, I'll bet you a guinea. My mother tells me her brother's a first-rate classical scholar, and, next to dead animals, likes nothing so much as the dead languages. I dare say he's a brick, like the 'Squire' herself."

"A *brick!*" echoed I. "I suppose that's the last new piece of London slang. What *does* it mean?"

"Just come out, my dear fellow," cried Roger; "I heard it for the first time the very day you came away, and now I find it's in every body's mouth. Do you know, I've a splendid theory on the subject of these slang London sayings? They have clearly a classical origin. Just look at this one, for instance. A 'brick' is,—let me see—well; it's hard to define what sort of people are 'bricks.' It's best done by examples. My own mother's a brick; the Duke of Wellington's a brick; so is Miss Compton, I am perfectly certain. Well, now, the origin of the term is clear to every classical scholar. It's undoubtedly an Aristotelian expression. Don't you remember?—By the way, you can't think how clever Louise is in—"

“ You think a great deal too much about Louise, Roger, I see plainly,” said I, interrupting him. “ It’s a very unfortunate acquaintance that, I am convinced.”

“ Pooh, pooh !” said Roger. “ Louise herself is a brick. I’m sure Miss Compton would like her, if she knew her. But as I was saying, you can’t think how clever she is in understanding all these sort of things ; not a bit like an ordinary foreign girl. I was laughing about this last new phrase, when she said, in her funny little frenchified way, ‘ Ah ! I do see. I can tell you of one brick ! My patron saint is one brick.’ ‘ Your patron saint !’ said I, ‘ who in the world is he ?’ ‘ What, do you not know ?’ said she. ‘ My patron saint is Saint Louis, de great king and warrior of *ma belle France*. He is one brick indeed.’ ”

I repeat all this rattling talk of poor Roger, little as it is worth repeating, just to show the kind of person that he always was ; lively, rambling, and excitable, not knowing exactly when to speak and when to be silent ; and trusting rather more to people’s good nature than is quite safe in mixing with general society. He fancied every body must sympathise with himself, in his tastes and studies as much as in his pleasures and sorrows. Consequently, some people thought him conceited, and found him a bore. The latter no doubt he often was ; the former I am sure he was not. Somehow or other, nevertheless, with certain characters he got on remarkably well ; and his infirmities were forgiven for the sake of his spontaneous openness and unselfish good-nature. Besides, I must say, he had that chivalric sense of honour and rectitude, which, in my opinion, is rather thrown away in one’s intercourse with the world. For myself, I never could understand its advantages. It seems dreamy, unpractical, and profitless ; though, no doubt, it is a capital subject for commonplace declamation. With poor Roger, I do really believe, the thing was perfectly genuine.

After a few preparations, we set off together for Compton Hall. Roger’s exclamations of delight and admiration as we crossed the park were unbounded ; but on approaching the house itself, our attention was attracted by signs of an unwonted activity and movement. A dozen or so of hardy-looking rustics were lounging about. A couple of young farmers rode towards us at a hand-gallop ; and as they passed, the few words we caught of their conversation seemed to indicate the urgency of some business that they were engaged upon. A waggon-load of roughly-sawn timber was drawn up near the front-door of the house, which stood open ; and as we came up, we saw that some half-dozen grooms and servants in livery were

there in waiting, while other grooms were leading backwards and forwards on the gravel-road the horses from which their masters had evidently just dismounted; for their coats bore the marks of a little hard riding. We were shown into a small ante-room, and there sat a full half-hour, wondering what sort of a reception we should get; for we began to fancy that our arrival might be a little *mal-à-propos*.

At last Miss Compton entered and greeted us. She was dressed in a riding-habit, with a hat of a somewhat singular shape, but becoming her remarkably well. I thought I had never seen a woman of her age look so strikingly handsome. Excitement had made her cheek glow with colour; her eyes positively gleamed; and she looked really ten or fifteen years younger than usual. She walked like a woman of five-and-twenty; and as she took off her riding-glove to shake hands with us, and a diamond ring of great brilliancy sparkled upon a hand of unusual whiteness and perfect form, I felt the force of that commanding influence which I had heard that she exercised over almost every one who came within its reach.

"I am very glad to find you so quick in your movements, Mr. Walker," said she, turning to myself. "The servant should have shown you to your room, instead of leaving you here; but I dare say it was because I did not mention that your friend was expected also; and we are in such a bustle of preparation, that every one's hands are more than full."

I looked a little surprised, and said that we had only come to pay our respects, and that Roger awaited Miss Compton's commands as to his work in the library.

"What! did you not have a note from me this morning?" asked she.

"None whatever," I replied.

"The letters were delivered in Arkworth before you started, I suppose?" said she.

"Yes, I know they were," said I.

"How very strange!" exclaimed Miss Compton. "I am sure the letters from the Hall were posted yesterday; for we took the letter-bag in the carriage with us, and I saw the servant deliver it to the postmaster. Well, as you are come, it is of no consequence. I wrote to say that we have received information that the house is certainly to be attacked to-night by a large mob; and that there is at least one person among them, a stranger to these parts, who seems to be every day acquiring a more fatal influence over the misguided people. We are in communication with all the gentry of the neighbourhood; but in these times every man is obliged to stay at

home at night to look after his own possessions, for nobody knows where next the mischief may break out. I am therefore getting together every available person who can be depended on in case the rioters do come; and I thought that a young fellow like you would rather like the fun than otherwise. So, you see, Mr. Walton," she continued, turning to Roger, "that we shall want you to help to defend my books before making a list of them."

Of course we were delighted, and expressed our hopes that no harm would happen to the house and its contents.

"I trust not," said Miss Compton; "but there are some determined scoundrels, I am told, among them,—fellows with one foot on the gallows-steps already, and who are not likely to stand at a trifle. The worst of it is, that these miserable Whigs have done nothing for us. The soldiers are sent for; but when they will arrive nobody knows; certainly not before to-morrow. The county constabulary are good for little or nothing; and a village constable, as you may suppose, is just about a match for two or three youngsters caught stealing apples. So we are left to our own resources. Thank God, we are not without these. I have been delighted beyond measure to receive the proofs of good feeling that every hour are coming in from my tenants and neighbours."

I interrupted her to say, that we hoped she would dispose of us at her pleasure, and Roger's eyes sparkled with eagerness and sympathy.

"Thank you, thank you," said she. "I shall certainly do so. I hope you are both of you tolerable shots. My neighbour, Sir Arthur Wentworth, an old soldier, is here at this minute superintending the barricading the house and offices, which is quite necessary; for we hear that in one or two places the rioters have positively tried to take a house by storm. The times are really fearful. However, I trust that we shall give them so warm a reception, that a very short time will decide the affair."

Just at this moment the old butler entered the room, and presented his mistress with a small flat mahogany case, which she opened, and took out a pair of pistols, not large, but of beautiful workmanship, as I could see at a glance, being rather curious in such matters myself.

"Are they thoroughly well cleaned, Wilson?" said Miss Compton, trying the locks.

"Every bit of them, ma'am," replied the man; "I have taken them to pieces myself, as I have many and many a time in the old squire's day. Sir Arthur, he saw them just now, and said they were beautiful; indeed, he said ——"

"Well, what did he say?" asked his mistress, as the old man hesitated, and looked rather foolish.

"Why, ma'am, if I must say it," he answered, "Sir Arthur said, that if you was a-going to fight a duel, you couldn't be better supplied. And he said, ma'am,—begging your pardon,—that he hoped you would have the pleasure of shooting that villain Swing through the head yourself with one of these pistols. 'I hope so, Sir Arthur!' says I; I did indeed, ma'am, and I hope you will."

"It's an awful thing to take a fellow-creature's life, Wilson," said Miss Compton, half-laughing, half-serious. "I shall aim at no man's head; I much prefer disabling these poor wretched creatures; and I do hope that you and the rest of the men will avoid destroying life, whatever else you do."

"They don't deserve it, ma'am; indeed they don't," responded Wilson. "Tom Whipcord swears he'll kill every man he can get at, if once they fire at the house. He has never forgiven the fellows that poisoned the two best pointers, hasn't Tom. Coming, Sir Arthur! coming directly!" suddenly cried the warlike butler, unceremoniously rushing from the room, as he heard the voice of the old soldier calling to him from the distance.

"If you will come with me," said Miss Compton, laughing good-humouredly at Wilson's escapade, "I will present you to the commandant of our little fortress, and he shall assign you your posts."

As we followed her out of the room, Roger whispered in my ear:

"I'm quite of my mother's opinion; the Squire's first-rate!"

[To be continued.]

PROTESTANTISM AT SEA.

A SKETCH.

It has been remarked, that any thing of religious, political, or literary interest, is nowhere so absurdly discussed as in naval circles. Perhaps this observation is hardly correct, inasmuch as any question would fare even worse in military society. But that there is a great deal of truth in the remark will be shown by a short sketch of a few incidents in the life of a Catholic in a man-of-war a few years ago.

I had joined a three-decker as naval cadet about the time when party-feeling was running with more than its usual

virulence against every thing Catholic. One or two Protestants of high repute had become Catholics, and their (late) brethren in England were so highly incensed, that two Rugby boys were flogged for following their example. I laughed at the enlistment of the birch into the Protestant ranks as a new ally. But I soon found that in the navy the authorities were quite as intolerant of "Popery" as the most rabid schoolmasters.

I will not detain my readers with an account of my joining, of the miseries of the first night, the sickening disgust of the first morning. H.M.S. *Columbia*, which had been lying at Spithead when I came on board, was very soon under weigh, dashing down Channel before a fair breeze, on her way to the Mediterranean. It was not at first known either among my messmates or among the superior officers that I was one of that persecuted sect denominated Papists. But such things cannot long be hidden. Sunday came; the men were mustered, and then the bell began to sound for church. The boatswain descended on the lower deck, and swore at the men till they went up with the necessary benches; and then, having done his duty, he went to partake of a little piety during the service, and a good nap during the sermon, so as to be ready for his grog immediately after. Then the midshipmen and youngsters went up, a few oldsters-staying below, to keep the remainder from following their example. It is an extraordinary fact, that when a person arrives at the dignity of a mate, he has always an insuperable objection to attending the service: his conscience has perhaps grown so tender by that time, that he doubts the efficacy of the Protestant religion, and drinks bottled beer in the gun-room instead of hearing the chaplain's bottled-up eloquence above. Of course, too, I stayed below; and this brought the affair to its climax.

"Hollo! there's a youngster!" said one of the mates.

"A youngster! And what do you mean, sir, by staying here now?"

"It's like your impiety," said a third, whose morality was so strict that he, unfortunately, could not practise it himself, and thus rushed into the opposite extreme; "it's like your impiety to be here when you ought to be joining in prayer and praise. Remember your soul, young man; and remember that I'll give you a good thrashing if you stay down here another Sunday!"

"Why, the young whelp will have us all found out," groaned another, driving away the thought by a glass of ale.

"It's positively sinful to be wasting away such time!" said Morality.

"Quite against the rules of the mess," said Discipline.

"For a weak mortal."

"For a vile youngster."

"Go on your knees, sir, and pray this instant; not aloud, though."

"Or come over mine, and I'll thrash you, you whelp!"

It must not be imagined that I give these pious remarks as they actually came forth. I have omitted the oaths that never failed to adorn each sentence. Thus, when the mate said it was positively sinful, he declared a certain fate would happen to him if it was not.

"I cannot attend the service here," I replied.

"Impiety! Why not, sir?"

"Impudence! I should like to know why?"

"Because I am a *Catholic*." The dread avowal was out at last. My censors sat in silence for an instant.

"A Catholic! No, that you're not; you're a youngster!" said one, who not exactly knowing what a Catholic was, fancied I might intend to call myself an oldster. But the moral mate took it yet more gravely.

"A Catholic! This is very serious. You must be clobbered to-morrow: perhaps we may yet effect your spiritual cure and conversion. But your case is very sad! I will advise you to meditate upon it to-night, and you will be clobbered to-morrow morning, after school."

When an oldster says you will be clobbered, gentle youngsters, you may safely take his words as prophetic. I believe your only refuge would be found in jumping overboard; but going to the commander would be of no use. Now, perhaps, you would like to know what is a clobbering. It is a punishment inflicted either with a ruler, a sword-scabbard, or a rope's end. You are tied to one of the guns,—a process known in the Navy as a marriage with the gunner's daughter,—and you receive a certain number of blows with one of the aforementioned implements. The probability is you would not like this mode of proceeding. I remember that I disapproved of it vehemently.

Of course, too, the other midshipmen, who were a few years older than myself, used to play me tricks connected with my religion. Religion seems rather a favourite subject for jests on board ship. I have seen youngsters, fresh from home, kneeling to say their prayers, and being immediately knocked over. However, the tricks played on me were of a more *recherché* character, showing more invention and better taste. A bucket of water would be brought when I was in my hammock: the midshipmen would go through irreverent parodies

of sacred signs, in order to make the water holy, and then would overturn it into my hammock, saying that if it was really holy water, a Catholic would not be wetted by it, or catch cold. The sign of the cross used to be chalked on my back; and one of those mates, who delight in slitting the noses of youngsters and rubbing gunpowder in, tattooed me in this manner, also with the sign of the cross. Certainly, the age of martyrdom is by no means gone by. These matters soon reached the ears of the commander; he sent for me to discuss the subject, and I hoped he would have in some manner protected me from my tormentors. I found, however, I was mistaken. Commander Borinham was a tall stout man, with a red nose that spoke of drink, and perpetually turned-up eyes that showed his height of morality.

“I understand, Mr. Solesbeck, that you are a Roman Catholic?”

“I am a Catholic, sir.”

“No, sir, you have no claim to that title; and I shall not allow you to claim it while you are in my ship. I will be commander of my own vessel, sir. Understand distinctly that you are a *Roman Catholic*.”

“Very well, sir.”

“Very well, sir; and I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. Do you know that the Roman Catholic Church is the most disgraceful institution on the face of the earth; that the Pope is a would-be sovereign, who intrigues with every court in Europe for the purpose of gaining converts? Do you know that the priesthood is uniformly debased by the most revolting crimes; murder, incest, and sacrilege prevailing invariably among them? Do you know that the priest in the confessional has power to order his devotees to perform the most disgraceful penances; and that if they were to disobey, or breathe a word to any one, they would infallibly be poniarded by the Jesuit who is sent to look after them? Do you know that Jesuits habitually enter the Church of England to make converts; and that they so make converts in the most shameful manner, lying and intriguing, perjuring and forswearing, even seducing? Do you know these facts, sir?”

“No, sir; I never heard of them before,” answered I in astonishment.

“Then know them in future.”

“Are they true, sir?”

“True; ay as true, and as firmly established, as . . . as . . . the Roman Catholics are false.”

This was certainly conclusive enough. But the commander was not yet satisfied. He was one of those furious

Protestants with whom you frequently meet; people whose soundest claim to be considered as members of the one true Church, whose most sufficient proof of the authenticity of Protestantism is, that they themselves are members of a Church which is partly in the right, because it is English, and entirely infallible, because *they* belong to it. Our commander was a type of this school. He believed himself to be right on all subjects; and abused the Pope, saying that he arrogated the same power. He was inordinately intolerant; yet one of his accusations against Catholics was, that they were also intolerant. His learning was of no very great extent. All that he said against Rome was quoted from certain tracts, which he read with great avidity. Dr. Boffin's tracts on the Mystical Babylon; the Seven Hills; Bumpus on the Beast; with sundry other small volumes, interpreting Scripture in the most singular manner,—such were his classics. He quoted several passages from these pamphlets for my instruction, and finished the *séance* by giving me a general order to come to church, under pain of watch-and-watch.

After a certain time of solitude on the ocean, H.M.S. *Columbia* arrived at Malta. A general order was issued on our arrival, forbidding midshipmen to ask leave to go on shore on any other days except Saturday and Sunday. It seemed somewhat surprising that so staunch a Protestant as Commander Borinham should allow landing on Sunday; but his doing so was advantageous for me, inasmuch as I should be able to go to the Catholic churches.

On the first Sunday, therefore, I asked leave. From the commander's look, I saw that a lecture was impending.

"I am scarcely surprised," he began, "at such a demand. Roman Catholics never read their Bibles; the Pope forbids them the use of the Scriptures; and therefore it is not singular by any means that you should desire to do what is expressly forbidden."

"I thought, sir, you had forbidden us to ask leave on the other days of the week?"

"Don't shock me, sir, by such displays of ignorance! The Bible expressly forbids you to go on shore on Sunday: you, who never read the Bible, do not know this; but yet you must know something: I cannot believe you are totally in ignorance."

"Really sir, I—"

"Don't interrupt me into the bargain, Mr. Solesbeck. I cannot help it if you will shock my feelings as a Christian; but—if I let you disobey me as a commander—"

"I have not the slightest intention, upon my word, sir."

“ I am really surprised that you, a Roman Catholic, professing to be so exceeding religious as not to be able to come to church on Sunday, can yet ask to be allowed to go on shore on a Sunday to indulge in vain pleasure on this sacred day.” Here occurred a momentary interruption, one of the midshipmen coming to ask leave, and receiving it instantaneously; this over, the lecturer continued: “ I fear much, sir, for your religious state.”

“ But, sir, I asked leave to-day in order that I might go to church, to the Catholic church on shore.”

“ I expected you would answer me so, Mr. Solesbeck: I was fully prepared for such an equivocation from a Roman Catholic. No Catholic of your age and station,—I use the word Catholic, of course, meaning a member of the English Church,—would have dared to frame such a falsehood; but you Papists are trained in lying from your cradles by the Jesuits, who are your able instructors; I know perfectly well, as well as you do, that you had not the slightest intention of going to church: I shall therefore punish you, sir; firstly, for your offence against religion; secondly, for your falsehood; you will keep watch-and-watch for a fortnight, and you will not ask leave for two months.”

The reflection may be singular; but this man was only a humble imitator of good Queen Bess, and “our glorious deliverer,” William III. If you were to talk to him about martyrs, he would only remember the Protestants “butchered by bloody Mary,” and would not connect the name of martyrdom in any respect with the reign of “gentle Betsey.” In this he may appear inconsistent; but you must bear in mind, that a Protestant who is put to death for his religion is always a martyr among his brethren; while to them a Catholic slain on the same account would be merely a criminal. There are hundreds of such people as Commander Borinham on shore; but luckily they are not all in power, and cannot exhibit the strange freaks of this Protestant old man of the sea. Fortunately my relations with him came to a speedy termination; one of those unexplained mysteries with which the modern Navy teems having caused his departure from the *Columbia*.

W.

Reviews.

The Englishwoman in Russia: Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home. By a Lady, ten years resident. London, Murray.

PASSION is apt to depreciate an opponent, when prudence should lead us at least to give him his due. Passion has its place as well as prudence; you would hardly expect a body of Lancers to charge with compliments to the unlucky *vis-à-vis* on their lips; and we never heard any one express surprise at the French infantry rushing into the farm-house of La Haye Sainte shrieking "*coquin*" at every thrust of the bayonet. The addresses of admirals and generals before an engagement usually promise an easier and cheaper victory than the event fulfils: and no one blames them; for in such moments passion is the tool that does the work, however it may require to be directed by the prudence of those who use it.

It must be owned that our war-literature has hitherto smacked more of passion than of prudence; we have been given too much to run down one who has proved himself an able and bold adversary. We have exalted our own means and depreciated his, till experience has taught us that his walls are not cemented with mud, nor his ships built of rotten timber, nor his artillerymen unable to take aim. If the Russians had been such as our literature has generally represented them to be, we should not only have wintered in Sebastopol, but possibly should have had the spoils of the winter palace displayed in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Now, we should be the last to blame the appeal to passion when it is necessary; which it is, or rather, has been, in the present case. The war is, we believe, just, and even necessary; but no one can deny that it was commenced under false pretences. In his inmost thought, what Englishman of sense ever cared a button for the stability of the Turkish rule? A war for such an object must be backed by passion and prejudice; for judgment and prudence would both revolt at the idea. Judgment and prudence might decide to turn the Turkish Empire to their own ultimate purposes, to use it as a tool, as a means to an end; but to rest on it as an end could scarcely have even occurred to any one who had ever so little knowledge of what the Turks are.

If it were not for the consequences, the absorption of Turkey into Russia would be looked upon with profound indifference by all Englishmen, except, perhaps, Turkey mer-

chants, or speculators who imagined that England might have absorbed it herself. We care no more for the Turks, as such, than for the Samoedies and Laplanders, whose transformation into Muscovites we contemplate with philosophic calm. But it is impossible to view the fate of Turkey as an isolated fact. It is merely a step in a progression, a specimen from a collection, a symbol of a series of corresponding facts. Europe has before now been overrun by northern barbarism; she has witnessed her ancient civilisation crushed under the heel of a barbarian conqueror, and she has groaned under ages of corruption and brutality, the consequences of her defeat. What has been once, she dreads to see happen again. Moreover, her sacred books talk of Gog and Magog, gigantic powers and swarming hosts which descend from the north, bringing ruin in their train. In accordance with this there has been a widely-spread suspicion, a dread, a secret expectation of this destined scourge, an expectation which has been fortified by the expressed prognostications of some of the clearest-headed men that ever lived, as when Napoleon declared that Europe was destined to become either Republican or Cossack.

Then, on the other hand, the same thought has been dwelt upon and fostered with far different feelings in Russia itself; denied strenuously by the government in its dealings with foreign powers; concealed with the greatest care by the civilised members of the community who have been allowed to mingle in the society of the western nations; but all the while inculcated at home, taught in schools, assumed by the clergy, and appealed to by the emperor when he would rouse the fanaticism of his subjects. Nor have deeds been wanting to confirm this just suspicion. Little by little have the frontiers of the empire advanced,—now taking in the Crimea, now Poland, now Finland, now Bessarabia, now Caucasia; and with larger strides has the influence of the Czar increased. United by the closest bonds with the royal families of Prussia, of Denmark, of Holland, of the smaller German states, he took the opportunity of the troubles of 1848 to bind Austria to himself by ties which it would have been the blackest ingratitude to disavow, and which have been an ample reason for the temporising policy of that great and noble power. With all Germany under his thumb,—with influence almost paramount over Scandinavia, Holland, Naples, Constantinople, Persia,—Russia had certainly become a just object of suspicion, dread, and aversion to the Western powers. They had a right to say to her that they could not allow any more growth to her power. The security of the world required that measures should be

taken to confine her within her limits. No juster cause could exist for war.

But then a cause like this belongs rather to philosophy and to history than to practical politics. Men, practical men, will not fight for what they consider to be a dream, a presentiment, a symbol. They take facts as they are,—in their isolation, not in their connection and import. They will bear a great deal, provided too much is not inflicted at once. True it is that it is the last ounce that turns the balance, the last straw that breaks the donkey's back; but if people have been donkeys enough to allow themselves to be laden to within the last straw, they will probably resign themselves to that also, and quietly drop under their load. It is, therefore, the business of those who direct the people to watch the meaning of facts, to stop the dam when it begins to leak, to crush the commencements of iniquity and injustice; and if this can only be done by war, and if war requires excited passions, the statesman must represent the fact and the perpetrator of it in colours proper to stir up the requisite amount of prejudice and passion. In England we are all statesmen that can procure a hearing for a few words: from the pot-house parlour—or, to take an equally low beginning, from the platform of Exeter Hall—to the floor of the House of Commons; from the press which prints the penny ballad to the steam-engine which manufactures the *Times*; from the garret of the penny-a-liner to the study of Lord John Russell,—all political word-factories are centres of power, and contribute their quota to our government, if in no other way, at least by exciting the passions of the people. And it cannot be denied that our war-literature has hitherto attempted to do this work, if not honestly, at least heartily.

But this kind of thing soon gets wearisome. Indeed, it is only possible on the field, where passion enables an army to endure loss after loss with the spirit of a gambler who doubles his stake to retrieve his fortune; and even there, after a few months of hostilities, passion cools, and compliments are exchanged in the intervals of business. But outside of the immediate scene of action, the reflective powers speedily reassert their supremacy, and lead to a reactive movement as soon as they are undeceived. Where there is a strict censorship of the press, the literature of passion may succeed for many years. In a country like England, it is neither possible nor desirable that it should extend beyond the first impulse; in Russia the case appears to be different.

“The Russians,” says ‘The Englishwoman,’ “are not enlightened

enough to separate the individual from the nation, and think it a proof of patriotism to show their resentment to any son or daughter of England whom they chance to meet. As soon as the Declaration of War was known, there was a marked and very disagreeable change in the manners of even my oldest and most attached friends: it seemed that those few words were sufficient to sever the bonds of amity, and to place a barrier of ice between those who had previously been on the closest terms of intimacy; indeed, I verily believe that they would just as readily have touched a toad as have shaken hands with an English person. This intolerant feeling of course found vent in words, as well as in silent indications; and at last it reached so great a height, that it became almost impossible for any one to remain in the country who was obliged to come into daily contact with them. No opprobrious term was too coarse for us: 'those dogs,' 'those swine, the English,' were expressions so general, that we were not surprised to hear them even from the lips of ladies of rank and education."

Again:

"Every thing that could be done by the government for raising the anger and fanaticism of the people against the English was resorted to, and it was nothing uncommon to hear many of the lower classes declare that they would cut the throats of all the heretics within reach, as soon as they heard the sound of the cannon at Cronstadt, as the sacrifice of a certain number of them was necessary in order to ensure the victory on their side. A pleasant prospect for our poor countrymen left in the capital. But it is not astonishing,—taught, as they are, that we are heretics,—that all their fanatical feelings are raised, and all their barbarian antipathy set in antagonism to us and the French."

We should be content to leave this childish method to a people whom we affect to despise, but who, be it remembered, are much more reasonable in the use of it than we can be; a nation whose facts and history, as well as their principles, are manufactured for them, must be expected to repeat what they are taught, to argue on what they have received, and not to strike out an independent path for themselves. At any rate, we should be ashamed to show ourselves as childish as those whom we despise as children, to protest with the *Morning Herald*, because some poor old Russian Count is asked to dinner by one of the Ministry, or because the Russian prisoners are invited to balls; or, to take a commoner instance, to be forever depreciating every thing Russian. "Is Philip dead?" was the continual question of the degenerate Athenian concerning the northern autocrat, when the Macedonian power threatened her colonies. "No, by Jove; but he is sick," was the ever-ready answer,—the offspring of the wish, not of knowledge.

The "Englishwoman in Russia" appears to us to have attempted a fair appreciation from her own point of view of what she saw in her ten years' residence in the country. She has no petty prejudices against it; and when she concludes "there is much to love and little to esteem,—much to admire and little to respect in Russia and the Russians," the unfairness, if there is any, may possibly be the fault of the head, not of the heart; of the prejudices of birth, education, and religion, not of a temporary excitement of passion.

Of course, the things which an Englishwoman picks out for most reprobation are serfage, espionage and the rest of the means of arbitrary government, and superstition. With respect to serfage, she can, it is true, bring together many shocking stories,—not half so black as Mr. Dickens collected about our kinsman Jonathan and his way of treating his slaves; but she also adduces several which to our minds prove nothing at all, and several which show that the Russian serfs are very comfortably off,—quite as much so as the population of some of our manufacturing districts, with this addition, that spiritually they are always cared for. To tell stories of ladies boxing their maids' ears, or thumping their gardeners' backs, or making their footmen stand in the corner, or calling them up to stand in a row, and exhibit their new liveries, affords pleasant reading, but certainly no ground for any conclusion, theoretical or practical, of any importance whatever. To tell us that masters either forbid or command their serfs to get married, is only to say that they do much the same as our military authorities do with the soldiers. To adduce two or three instances of serfs taking dreadful vengeance for crimes committed against them by their masters, is only perhaps to provoke retort,—such a thing has been known in England as servants and dependents murdering tyrannical or unjust employers;—while the stories she tells of the devotion of serfs to their masters, show that those who have the most right to complain are sometimes the last to do so. Of course, those on whom slavery presses the heaviest are the educated serfs, the merchants or artists, who have to pay an arbitrary and often ruinous poll-tax to their owners. These feel the full evils of an iniquitous system; for the rest, those who till the ground or tend the flocks, their position might perhaps be enviable to some pauper populations, who would barter their liberty for the necessaries of life. We cannot look upon slavery through the spectacles of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the abolitionists. However, be this as it may, it is mere folly to say that the institution of serfage, taken by itself, is the weakness of the Russian empire. If the serfs were all a gloomy set of unwilling

slaves, captives of war, goaded by the remembrance of a lost liberty, or by the continual tyranny of their owners, they might be a dangerous class; but in Russia serfage is part of one vast national system; it is a fanaticism, an enthusiasm, as De Custine tells us; the serfs' masters are the emperor's slaves, and quite as loyal to him, if we may degrade the word, as their own slaves to them. "You would hardly imagine," says De Custine, "the way in which a new master is received by his serfs when he comes to take possession: it is a servility which would be incredible to our people; men, women, and children, all fall on their knees before the new proprietor; all kiss his hands, some his feet; and even, O miserable profanation! those who are old enough to do wrong, voluntarily confess their sins to this master, who is to them the image, the messenger of God, and who in his own person is the representative both of the King of heaven and of the emperor." The upper classes are drilled into the same reverence for their master. If the ladies whip their maids, the police sometimes whip them; and they are brought up in the same manner:

"The whole system of education in Russia seems to have been expressly devised for stifling all feelings of independence in the heart of youth, so that they may submit without a struggle to the despotic government under which they have the misfortune to be born. Their minds are formed to one pattern, just as their persons are by the military drill; their energies are made to contribute in every way towards the aggrandisement of the Czar's power, and to render more solid the chains of their country: 'We have no *great men*,' said a Russian, 'because they are all absorbed in the name of the emperor:' meaning that individual glory could not exist. The Mussulman teaches his child, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' The Russian as piously inculcates the precept that 'Nicholas is his general.' 'God and the Czar know it,' is often the reply of a Muscovite when he can give no direct answer to a question. A gentleman was one evening giving us an account of the emperor's journey to Moscow, and of the manner in which he had been received on his route. 'I assure you,' continued he, 'it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants knelt as he passed, just as if *c'était le bon Dieu lui-même*.'"

Can such a universal loyalty and fanaticism in slavery be aught else than a source of strength? What must be the value of an army attached to its generals and officers by such feelings as this? While on this subject, we may mention, not as matter of reproach against the wronged race, who perhaps can only revenge themselves in this way, but as a mere fact, that, as far as our author has been able to judge, the Poles are infinitely more unfeeling and tyrannical to their serfs than the

Russians. It depends very much on national character ; but it is possible that the relationship of master and slave should be one of affection, loyalty, and esteem, instead of one of compulsion ; and this seems to be very much the case in Russia.

We can agree much better with our authoress in her sneers at espionage ; a system which seems to be turned in Russia to every possible account. It begins with childhood, and never ceases but with death. In education

“ there is a great deal too much restraint and watching, leaving the young person no time for reflection, by which the mind may be strengthened ; and by this means so much distrust is displayed in the conduct of a youth of either sex, that, as a natural consequence, lying, deceit, and cunning are produced ; for no human being likes to know that his every action is the subject of an established espionage, and he will inevitably resort to meanness to avoid detection.”

It is a saying, that out of three Russians together, you may be sure that one is a spy ; no one is to be trusted, from the highest general, or the most respected priest, to the gayest French milliner. Walls have ears ; and for this exalted purpose even the deaf and dumb find their hearing and their voice :

“ I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf-and-dumb gentleman paid the town a visit ; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor’s table. His agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favourite, and caused much interest ; he could read French, German, Russian, and Polish ; was a connoisseur in art, and showed us several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after that I accidentally heard this very man spoken of in St. Petersburg. He was one of the government spies.”

The restraint which this system puts on conversation, the suspicion it engenders, the friivolity which alone it permits to be safe, the duplicity and deceits which are its natural effects, have come to be a portion of the national character. “ Thanks to its government,” says De Custine, “ the Russian people has become taciturn and deceitful, when its nature is to be gentle, gay, obedient, peaceable, and generous ; these are great gifts, but all are spoiled by the want of sincerity.”

With regard to their so-called superstitions, we are much more disposed to sympathise with the poor Russians than with the English lady, who, indeed, is often struck by the similarity between their religion and Popery. Like the primitive

Christians, they are always making the sign of the cross; they manifest "deeply-felt devotion;" they "certainly do frequent their places of worship much more than their brethren in more polished countries, and believe what their pastors teach them." Nor are they remiss in other duties. "In all cases of domestic misfortune and trouble the Russians are unequalled in their display of kindness of heart and sympathy towards the sufferers, and unwearied in their endeavours to lighten the sorrows of their friends It is at such times that their amiable qualities, their charity and affectionate feelings, ought to be witnessed." Their hospitality is unbounded; their vices are exaggerated in the reports of travellers. "The charge of inebriety among those of superior rank is entirely false; a Russian gentleman seldom takes much wine, and the ladies never." The four besetting sins of the serfs are "lying, cunning, dishonesty, and intoxication." The last our authoress excuses on account of the cold climate, and the temptations in their way, as one of the greatest sources of revenue to the government is the sale of brandy, which consequently the people are encouraged to drink. The three first mentioned are certainly the natural result of the system on which they are educated and governed; for immorality will always be more odious, astute, and subtle, in proportion as it is obliged to dissemble. She adds another vice, much deeper in its dye; but this seems to be chiefly confined to the houses of the rich.

The Russian people seem to offer the best materials for religion of any of the populations in Europe: faith wears almost with them the appearance of a gift of nature instead of grace. There are many fearful superstitions, which are to be laid to the score of their priests, and of the government, which denies them instruction. For in Russia, as De Custine often tells us, no public religious instruction is allowed; there are no pulpits and no sermons. Yet here they will bear comparison with Anglicans. If we had to decide between a Church that abolished the confessional and one that eliminated the sermon, we would certainly (with the Protestant Niebuhr) choose the latter. The Russian Church is bad enough, but even in its methods of teaching it is not so bad as the Anglican.

The evils of Russian society are attributed by our author to the system of forcing a borrowed civilisation upon people not ready for it: barbarism, she thinks, has been really prolonged by gilding it with an artificial polish. Neither morals nor manners have benefited by it. When Peter the Great made the Russian dames walk abroad without their veils, they argued from the symbol to the reality, and put off their mo-

desty also. The upper classes have only added French polish and immorality to their Slavonic foundation. Look at that young officer who is making so many signs of the cross, and such profound reverence to the picture of the Madonna at the corner of the street. That is his Russian nature, the faith he has sucked with his mother's milk, has breathed in his native air. Look into his dressing-case, and there you will find with his razors Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, or Paul de Kock's most immoral tale. This is the French polish; this is what the government imports for him to make him fit to meet Western society. Afraid of any works that would make people think to any purpose, "it seems the rule at the censor's office to let all the books pass that are likely to increase the demoralisation of the nation, such as the detestable novels of Eugene Sue and Georges Sand, and so on, and to exclude all those that would tend to its enlightenment, or would contribute to forward true and solid civilisation." Happily this polish has not yet penetrated below the highest strata of society.

Taken by itself, the Russian is a noble people, young, energetic, and religious; many of its vices are not its own, but the government's. Apart from this incubus, it would be the very thing to instil fresh blood into the degenerate populations of Europe, to rekindle their expiring faith, to reanimate their failing energies. But if it must bring with it its Church and its Czar, to which it is at present so fanatically attached, then we are much better off as we are, in spite of the Red-republicans, the Esparteros, the Cavours, the Palmerstons, and man-devils that harass us and job us. But it is a question whether the present state of things in Russia could last under a change of circumstances. Both Church and State now depend on two things,—on distance and on secrecy. They would, perhaps, fail and die in large and thick populations, in centres of discussion. Publicity is an atmosphere in which they could not live: the spy-system is any thing but open; it sits in a darkened chamber, and peeps through a hole in the shutter into the daylight beyond; it has an ear for all chinks and an eye for all keyholes; but if it is seen or heard, it dies.

It is not the Russian people, but the Russian government, that is aggressive: the people is content enough with its own country; it is only by a determined system of education that it is taught to desire what is not its own. Church, government, education, are so many instruments to render the Russian people a tool in the hands of an ambitious family or clique. The noblest things are turned to the worst account; faith is turned into fanaticism for a padded pontiff in jack-boots, and for a Church which is his slave,—a Church from

which, while it is subject to him, the Catholic Church can expect nothing but hatred and persecution.

For this reason, because the Russian Church is a political engine, an instrument of slavery, and a cruel persecutor, Catholics approve of the present war. Doubtless the Russian is nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the Anglican; doubtless he goes to war with an intention more purely religious than either Englishman or Frenchman: yet his religion is, after all, tainted with idolatry; it is Czar-worship, it is a revival of the old Roman deification of imperial power, of the caliphate, of the polity of the Grand Lama, of that of the "brother of the sun and moon," in fact, of the pagan principle of confounding the things of Cæsar with those of God. We could easily fancy a development of European politics that would make us prefer the rule of the Czar to that of Kossuth or Louis Blanc; but while things are as they are, we infinitely prefer the *status quo*. God may in His judgment see fit to renew faith in Europe by a Cossack conquest, and by the blood of martyrs like St. Andrew Bobola; but we should be the last to invite such an infliction, unless a worse dread compelled us. For, after all, a renewal of barbarism would be better than an extinction of religion.

The book which has given occasion for these remarks is well-timed and sincere. The author has no literary merit, except the desire to speak the truth; her facts of which she was eye-witness may be trusted; those which she repeats on hearsay may fairly be questioned; and her reflections will be received just so far as her principles coincide with those of her readers. The anecdotes, though often to the point, are as often mere gossip; however, they enliven the book, and make it both readable and interesting. We might make a large selection, and yet leave many good stories unquoted; but we prefer an extract or two on the subject of the convents and Greek priesthood.

"Among my acquaintances was the abbess of a nunnery in the province of Twer. Her reason for having embraced the sacred profession was one which we found common enough in Russia: '*Je n'avais pas de succès dans le monde, ainsi je me suis faite religieuse.*' She was of high family; but the generality of those who devote themselves to convent-life are not of noble birth; indeed, we were told that by so doing, those who are of gentle blood lose their rank. . . . She very politely took me over her establishment, and explained their mode of life. Most of the nuns were either the daughters or widows of priests.

"'Those young girls,' said the superior, throwing open the door of a large apartment, 'are the orphan children of priests;

they are brought up in the convent as the proper asylum for such. They are, as you perceive, very busy in embroidering the church vestments.'

" ' But what becomes of them in after-life, *ma mère* ?'

" ' Oh,' replied the abbess, ' some of them are married off in after-life to young priests ; for of course you are aware that no pope (papa, the Russian name for priests) can have a cure unless he be married. Those who have not a chance of becoming so settled remain in the convent, and when they are of the proper age they take the veil ; but no one can do so till she is forty ; they hold the position of novices until then.' "

The Englishwoman then saw and wondered at the splendid vestments and so forth which the girls were working, and afterwards was conducted to the wardrobe belonging to the church. She was amazed at the number and the richness of the vestments, and was told they were made out of the palls thrown over the coffins at the funerals of the rich. The mother-abbess, however, seems to have been sufficiently *canny* with her heretical visitor :

" My friend the abbess often expressed the most enlightened sentiments regarding religious sects, and I always ascribed great liberality to her on those points ; but I was assured that they were not her real sentiments, but that she very frequently uttered them merely out of politeness when persons of another creed were present."

A little event took place at the convent, which must have delighted our anti-papistical Englishwoman. Her heart spontaneously warmed to the young, handsome, picturesque, and, above all, the sacerdotal Benedick :

" One day, when I was at the convent, a young priest begged to speak to the superior. He was of an interesting appearance, apparently about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age ; his beautiful hair was parted in the middle, and hung down in wavy curls a foot long over his shoulders ; his nose and mouth were well formed ; but what gave extreme intelligence to his countenance was a pair of bright black eyes with dark eyebrows : altogether I had rarely seen a more prepossessing young man. He was dressed in the long purple silk robe with loose sleeves, the extremely becoming costume of the Greek clergy, and suspended round his neck was a thick gold chain, to which was attached a crucifix of the same precious metal. The abbess received him with much kindness ; and after remaining a few minutes in the drawing-room they retired together into another apartment. A short time elapsed ere the superior returned : when she did so, she informed me that her visitor was a young priest to whom a cure had been offered ; and as no one can accept a cure unless he be married, he had called to inquire of her if, among the orphan daughters of the clergy in her convent, she

could recommend him a suitable wife ; ‘ which is very fortunate,’ added she ; ‘ for there is a young girl named Annascha, whom I have been wishing to get married for the last year ; she is just nineteen, and he could not find a better partner.’

“ ‘ But is she likely to be agreeable to the match ?’

“ ‘ I think so,’ replied the abbess ; ‘ but he is to come to-morrow morning to see her.’ ”

A month afterwards they were married, with bridesmaids, orange-flowers, and all the rest of it. Only imagine one of our priests, just appointed to the charge of a mission in London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Newcastle, and straightway rushing off in a purple silk cassock, and with his waving hair the envy of all the *friseurs* in Bond Street, to the nearest convent to beg the superioress to find him a wife ! The Greek priests,—*i. e.* the good ones,—may be very respectable heads of the domestic *ménage* ; but we prefer a discipline which makes the priest’s home to be in his confessional.

One singular abuse in particular follows from this matrimonial system :

“ The priesthood in Russia form a class almost entirely distinct from the rest of the community : they mostly intermarry among their own families, and the circle of their acquaintance is limited to those of their profession. If a clergyman have no sons, an alliance with his daughter, if there be one, is much sought after by the young unbeneficed priests, as, on her father’s death, his living becomes her dowry : it may therefore be readily imagined how many suitors are desirous of espousing a girl so portioned.”

This paragraph we cannot help recommending earnestly to every thinking Protestant Englishman. It is the common cry among non-Catholics in this country that an unmarried clergy, like those of the Latin Catholics, are, by the force of their celibacy, isolated from all interests with the mass of the community. Having no domestic ties with the multitude of families around them, they become an alien, separated, dangerous class, with an eye only to the interests of their profession, and with hearts hardened to the ordinary feelings of humanity. Look, then, at the Russian Greek clergy, where the discipline of the Scotch Presbyterian Kirk is in force, and see the result. Their married priesthood are a far *more* isolated class than our Catholic clergy ; and they are not only an isolated, but a degraded and despised class. “ The son of a priest ” is a term of reproach. The truth is, that there is an instinct in Christianised humanity that a priest ought to be unmarried, if possible. A *preacher*, a *minister* may be married, and not lose his influence ; but a married *priest* is an anomaly which shocks the feelings of the pious laity, and can only be tolerated in peculiar cir-

cumstances, and as the least of two evils. We need hardly remind our Catholic readers, that where marriage is permitted among the *Catholic* Greeks of the East, it is entered into before ordination, and is discouraged; while among the schismatic Greeks of Russia it is more than encouraged,—it is all but compulsory.

Another quotation will complete the substance of our Englishwoman's remarks on the Russian clergy:

“I had many acquaintances among the clergy in the provinces, especially in Twer. I remember once I went to a fête given by the archbishop, and a very pleasant evening I passed. There was no dancing, of course, but we were entertained with singing and agreeable conversation. The young choristers and monks possessed beautiful voices; they stood among the thick shrubs, and sang at intervals their charming national airs like so many nightingales, whilst the brothers of the monastery handed round refreshments of all kinds. Among the company were our friend the abbess and the superior of another convent at some versts' distance: they were really very pleasant people. Our entertainer was a very reverend personage; his appearance well befitted his sacred position; his long snowy hair and beard, his benevolent countenance, and his stately figure, habited in the flowing robes of his order, gave him a truly apostolic look, and made us almost wish that the English clergy would adopt so becoming a costume. . . . On our taking leave, he bestowed his benediction on us all, but not before he had made us partake of some excellent champagne; and *I really quitted the palace with much greater respect for the Greek clergy than I had entertained before.*”

Here, then, is a hint for *our* bishops at home. Champagne is the prince of controversialists. When next some stiff Anglican ventures near them, let them order up the sparkling Silvery, and all will go well. The only question is, where will they get the champagne to offer to their guests?

“I was fortunate,” adds our authoress, “in being acquainted with so many worthy people belonging to the Greek priesthood, and am glad to be able to speak well of a class of men of whom favourable opinions are not generally entertained by foreigners; but I believe that many speak ill of them upon false reports, and judge lightly of the merits of the many, from the disgraceful conduct of a few; or from those ignorant, debased members of the profession, who are to be found in the remote villages and almost barbarous districts of the interior. I remember accompanying a friend once on a visit to one of her estates at about 700 versts from St. Petersburg; the peasants came as usual to pay their respects to their proprietor. I was not astonished at any display of *slavish servility* on *their* part, as a long residence in Russia had too much accustomed me to such conduct; but I was greatly shocked and disgusted to see the priest descend to

such meanness as to prostrate himself to the earth, and kiss the lady's feet."

We conclude with a remark which paints the real nature of Russian "civilisation" in a few words:

"There is not a single shop in St. Petersburg in which a looking-glass is not placed for the benefit of the customers. Mirrors hold the same position in Russia as clocks do in England; with us time is valuable, with them appearance."

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561. 4to. Bannatyne Club.

The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland. By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.

The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland. Bannatyne Club. 4to.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Second Article.)

WHEN the assassins of Cardinal Beaton hung his mangled body over the parapet of St. Andrew's Castle, and bade the people "*see there their god!*" they afforded the strongest possible proof of the estimation in which he was held by the commonalty of his countrymen. That he was regarded by the great body of the Scotch nobility, and especially that large majority of them which was in the pay of England, with a very opposite feeling, we have already shown. The reasons also of that feeling we have made sufficiently clear. And it is obvious that the hatred of those traitor barons testifies as forcibly as the affection of the populace to the patriotism of the Cardinal.

His death left a void which no man living in the realm was capable of supplying. The talents and acquirements of the more eminent ecclesiastics were mostly joined to virtue of that meek and retiring nature which but ill-assorted with the administrative ability for which the murdered prelate was so remarkably distinguished. What there was of that talent elsewhere in the kingdom was developed chiefly in a grovelling, cunning, and selfish intrigue, with which the whole Protestant Scotch character is seamed and scarred to this very day. But if, through the length and breadth of that unfortunate kingdom, there was not a man able to assume the mantle of the illustrious personage whose loss his country was so deeply mourning, there was a lady, who to administrative ability but

little inferior to his, added a singular sweetness of charity no less in manner than in deed.

Mary of Guise became now, from the force of circumstances, the chief bulwark of the "national" party. The deep shadows of her daughter's tragic career have almost hidden the career of this noble woman. Certainly history has not yet done full justice to her singular merits. Her position was one of unprecedented difficulty. A powerful neighbour, not content with offering an asylum to the disaffected of her infant daughter's subjects, was moving heaven and earth, with an absolute regardlessness of means, to corrupt all the most powerful of them. That monarch's machinations had already compassed the death of the ablest and most patriotic subject of the realm. The great majority of the chief nobility was already in receipt of his bribes. The rest were not a whit more trustworthy. The moral force of the Church had been seriously enfeebled by the usurpation of her rights in the neighbouring kingdom. There was a prospect of a long minority. The Regent was a timid, vacillating man, whose one aim was to keep his own interests on the stronger side. Upon such an arena Mary of Guise entered single-handed, inspired with the noble resolve to maintain unimpaired the dignity of her daughter's crown; and in due time to hand it to her unimpaired in its prerogatives.

The opportunity of the Church's spoilers was clearly drawing near. The hands of that base nobility were already almost on their prey. The great mass of the people, in whose affection both Church and Crown were deeply seated, although possessing none of the power and importance of these days, were still an obstacle to so vast and sacrilegious a pillage, and one which it was not safe altogether to ignore. What was wanting was a substitute to be offered to the people in the room of the Church. It is probable that the blunt barons, who had never been wont to excuse themselves for any excess, had not even thought of the need of some decent protest for so flagitious a spoliation. On a small scale—of a single monastery for instance—they were not all unused to such iniquities. It was perhaps by the advice of Henry and his privy council that a new religion was definitively put forward. The Scotch nobility would have a similar change to that which had been effected in England. But the hatred of the people to the English alliance made that impossible; the farthest from the English model was the only feasible one for Scotland.

It was in pursuance of this policy that George Wishart had been sent back by Henry with the commissioners despatched by the Scottish parliament, in July 1543, to negotiate

the marriage of their infant Queen to the Prince of Wales. It is clear, from an attentive study of the events of this period, that the part enacted by John Knox, as the apostle of Scotland's new religion, had been originally assigned to Wishart. And as that "infamous celebrity" commenced his calling as Wishart's pupil, a short sketch of his career is necessary to the completeness of our review.

George Wishart was son of a justice clerk of James V. The patronage of Erskine of Dun, one of the earliest abettors of the "new opinions," inclined him towards them. For some years he kept a school in Montrose, of which town Erskine was provost; but his opinions exposing him to danger, he fled to Bristol. Here he was condemned for heresy, and publicly recanted in the church of St. Nicholas in the year 1538. At the beginning of 1543 we find him at the University of Cambridge; and it is possible that Henry VIII., finding him just the instrument he wanted for his dark designs in the sister country, had sent him to that university, after his recantation, to receive a somewhat more competent preparation for the work in which he was about to employ him.

In July 1543 he returned into Scotland with the commissioners, as we have noted. On the 17th of April in the following year, we find him conveying a proposition from his great patron and defender, after his return to Scotland, Crichton, laird of Brunston, to the Earl of Hertford, at Newcastle, for the murder of Cardinal Beaton. After this, till his execution in 1545, his occupation appears to have been that of an itinerant lecturer in the localities where he was able to pursue his calling in security. Under the protection of the Earls of Glencairn, Cassilis, and Maxwell, Sir George Douglas, and the Lairds of Dennistoun, Brunston, and Calder—all, of course, of the English faction—he went about preaching in Montrose, Dundee, Perth, and Ayr, guarded by armed bands; some trusty friend brandishing before him a two-handled sword, after the fashion of a conspirator rather than of a missionary, and with a conspirator's success.

The Cardinal, aware of the designs of this band of assassins, chose rather to make an example of the heretic than of the plotting murderer. This array of friendly lairds and barons had invited him to Edinburgh, in the hopes that his preaching might produce more effect there than it had done in the provinces. The Cardinal, however, arriving, he was withdrawn into West Lothian, where he lurked for some time with the worst villain of the faction, the Laird of Brunston. He was subsequently taken at the house of Ormistoun, Knox's patron; was tried, condemned, and, by the mercy of his judge, was

sentenced to be hung, and his body *afterwards* to be burnt as a heretic. The estimation in which he was held by the people, and the success of his missionary labours, may be gathered from an expression of John Knox's in his history of his master's trial: "hereupon," he writes, "the prydfull and scornfull Pe-pill that stud by mocked him, saying, *suche man, suche juge!*"

The two salient features of the actions and writings of the leading Puritans of the time of which we treat are cunning and falsehood. The extent of utter unscrupulousness of their misrepresentations of events and characters would be incredible to any one who has not diligently investigated the disgusting history. With unswerving steadfastness, they painted every deed and motive and individual on their own side in the colours of heaven; on the other, in those of hell. Recent Protestant historians, although each has cast some fresh light into this black epoch of lies, have not even dreamed of the extent of mystification amidst which they were groping. Even Tytler, who, by his diligent investigation in the State-Paper Office, has done more than any historian hitherto, to expose the limitless criminality of Scotland's first Presbyterians, has not been able to set himself so entirely free from the false views to which a national acquiescence of 300 years has lent almost the force of truth, as to call great crimes by their right names. For example; although the revelations made by the Ms. correspondence in Downing Street exhibit Knox to us as one of the basest of mankind, destitute of one redeeming virtue, he yet clings to the character which has been handed down to us of him by himself and others like him; and whilst his impartial pencil portrays correctly the facts of his life, he commits the inconsistency of conceding to him the character which only the grossest misrepresentation could ever have claimed for him.

It is the same with this miserable creature Wishart. The revelations of history have half-unmasked the veiled prophet of Scotland. His most ardent defenders, who are resolute to maintain that he was at all events half-saint, are compelled to admit that he was half-devil. But the old image still remains undisturbed in the Protestant temples. Ours is the first hand that has ever drawn aside the drapery of light which conceals it, and *identified the proto-martyr with the assassin*. Before we conclude our sketch of this first preacher of the "new evangel," we must not omit one remarkable feature; both because no stronger proof could be brought of his hypocritical insincerity of character, and also because there was no part of his master's example by which Knox profited more than this. He took the hint at a glance, and carried it out to perfection.

We allude to his pretended insight into futurity, by predicting, under the name of "judgments of God," calamities and crimes of whose approach he was cognisant, as a fellow-conspirator. Tytler, in allusion to this last trick of impostors, to which he is unable to close his eyes in his account of his hero, writes as follows :

"It was a little before the 4th of September, 1543, that the riots took place at Dundee; and though Knox does not give the date, we may presume, with a near approach to certainty, that it was at this time Wishart was interdicted from preaching in that city. Now, a week only before this, Cassilis, Glencairn, Angus, and Maxwell, with all their adherents, were mustering their forces for a great effort, and had advised Henry VIII. to send a main army into Scotland (Sadler, vol. i. p. 278-280), whilst the Laird of Brunston, Wishart's great friend and protector, was to be sent on a mission to that monarch from the governor. The preacher thus lived in the intimacy of those who knew that a visitation of fire and sword was already determined on Scotland; and he naturally, perhaps justifiably, availed himself of that knowledge to make a salutary impression on his hearers."

John Knox had been a priest; but had been degraded from his office, it is said, for an incestuous crime. At the time of his master's "evangelical" exertions, he was tutor to the two Douglases, sons of the Laird of Langmiddey, and to a son of Cockburn, Laird of Ormistoun. His first public appearance on the "reforming" stage was an offer to brandish the double-handled sword before that designing criminal at his last preachment. He did not press his suit, however; and whilst Wishart expiated his crimes on the scaffold, his pupil was lurking in the mountain-fastnesses of his patron. Here he was hotly pursued by the ministers of the law. No man ever had a keener sense of the desirableness of discretion before valour than John Knox. He himself informs us, that he was just on the point of flying into Germany, when the success of the assassins of the Cardinal, their possession of the castle, and the support given to them by England, seemed to offer him for a while a secure retreat. It was nearly a year after the Cardinal's murder, according to Knox's account, that he betook himself to this congenial asylum. It is, however, but one of the numberless falsehoods of which his history is composed. Holinshed's statement is the true one, who writes:

"The same evening that the Cardinal was slaine, the old lord of Grange, Mr. Henry Balnaves, one of the councill of the realme, and sundrie gentlemen of the surname of Melvin, John Knocks, and others, to the number of seven score persons, entred the castell to

their support, taking upon them to keep it against the governor and his partakers."

Scotland was horror-stricken at the sacrilegious crime just committed in her midst. For a moment the barons of the English faction and of the national party laid aside their differences. Mutual concessions were made; and it seemed as though a spirit of patriotism had been purchased by the blood of the slaughtered Cardinal. Twenty of the chief barons, temporal and spiritual, were divided into councils of four, who were to take it by turns to assist the governor in the administration of affairs, a month at a time. Parliament was convoked on the 29th July, and an act passed by which the assassins who held the castle of St. Andrew were declared guilty of treason; and all the lieges forbidden to render them any assistance; and the siege was immediately commenced.

At length the whole kingdom was divided into four districts, and the force of each was brought to bear successively upon it. About the end of December a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, until the arrival of an absolution from the Pope for the Cardinal's murder.

"As the besieged," Keith tells us (book 1, chap v. p. 52) in his history, "notwithstanding their pretences to a more pure worship, had during the siege lived in much debauchery within the castle; so now, after they had got this respite, and were out of all fear of an enemy, they did not only make frequent excursions into the neighbouring parts, and commit depredations with fire and sword; but, as if the liberty got by their arms were to be spent in whoredoms, adulteries, and such-like vices, they ran into all the vices which idle persons are subject to; and they measured right and wrong by no other rule than their own lust."

These were the scenes, and this the spot, and these the people whence Knox received what he called his "*lawful vocation*" to the ministry! He thus describes the scene:

"They of the plaice, bot especiellie Mr. Henry Balnaveis and Johne Rough, Preichour," (of whom he writes a few lines before, 'albeit he was *not the most learned*:') "perceaving the maner of his Doctrine, began earnestlie to travell with him, that he wald tak the preiching place upoun him. Bot he utterlie refusit, alledging, That he wald not rin quhair God had not callit him; meaning, that he wald do nothing without a lawfull vocation. Whereupon they privelie amonges themselves advising, having with thame in Cumpany Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, they concludid that they wald give a charge to the said Johne, and that publicklye be the Mouth of thair Preicheour. And so upoun a certane Day, a Sermoune had of the Electioun of Ministeris, what Power the Congregatioun, *how small that evir it was*, passing the number of two or three, had

above ony man, in quhome they suppoised & espyed the Giftes of God to be, and how dangerous it was to refus, and not to heir the voice of suche as desyir to be instructed. The & other Heidis, we say, declaired; the said Johne Roughe, Preicheour, directed his words to the said Johne Knox, saying: '*Brother, ye sall not be offendit, albeit that I speik unto you, that which I have in charge, evin from all theis that ar heir present, whiche is this. In the name of God, and of His Sone Jesus Christe, and in the name of theis that presentlie callis you by my mouthe, I charge you, that ye refus not this holie vocationne bot as ye tender the glorie of God, the Incesce of Christis Kingdome, the edificatioun of your Brethren, and the comfort of me quhome ye understand well anench to be oppressed by the Multitude of Labours; that ye tak upoun yow the publict office and charge of preaching, evin as ye luik to avoyd Godis hevie Displesur, and desyre that He sall multiplie His graices with yow. And in the End he said to theis that war present, Was not this your charge unto me? And do ye not approve this vocation?*' They answered: '*It was, and we approve it.*' Quhairat the said Johne, abashed, brust furthe in maist abundant Tearis, and withdrewd himself to his chalmere, his countenance and Behaviour from that day till the Day that he was compelled to present himself to the publict plaice of Preaching, did sufficientlie declare the Greif and Trobile of his Hairt, for no man saw ony signe of mirth of him, neither yit had he Plesour to accompany ony man, monye Days together." (Keith, book i. pp. 67-8.)

Knox was not, however, long permitted to exercise this precious vocation. In January Henry VIII. died, and shortly after him the King of France. John Rough took fright, and escaped to England. That country, however, not being sufficiently alive to the merits of his preaching, he extended his flight to the continent, where he ended his unquiet days in the homely and peaceful occupation of making stockings. Mr. Henry Balnaves and Norman Lesly were despatched to England from the castle. They found the court bent on precisely the same policy under the vice-regal rule of the Earl of Hertford, now Duke of Somerset, as was pursued by Henry. The annuities to the assassins were renewed. Lesly, whose hand had done the deed, was retained at court. Balnaves was sent back to intrigue to seduce the nobility from their allegiance to Scotland. It appears from a Ms. letter in the State-Paper Office, in London, from the Laird of Langton to the Protector Somerset, dated August 18, 1547, and one from Lord Grey to the same, August 28, that "so successful was Balnaves in his intrigues, that many of the Scottish nobles and barons showed a readiness to repeat the same disgraceful game by which they had enriched themselves under the former reign." (Tytler, vol. vi. p. 11.)

The conspirators, trusting to the support of England, had, writes Tytler, "on frivolous grounds, refused to abide by their agreement, when the Papal absolution arrived from Rome; and the governor, convinced that he had been *the dupe of a convention which they had never meant to fulfil*, was deeply incensed against them." Their guilty career was, however, drawing to its close. A fleet had now anchored in the bay, provided with munitions of war, against which the St. Andrew's rebels could not hope to hold out for forty-eight hours. The greater ordnance were raised by engines upon the abbey and college steeples; and when Knox looked upwards, and saw them pointing downwards right into the inner court of the castle, he set about, with great fervour, to rebuke the vices of those who had so lately endowed him with his vocation, and to foretell, with a holy inspiration, that God's judgments would speedily overtake them. And so they did. Within a week the fortress had capitulated. Knox and his vocation, together with his associates, were shipped off to France, where, some in prisons, some in the galleys, spent a few years of discipline very disproportionate to the horrible nature of their crimes. In 1550, Knox himself tells us, they were all released at the intercession of the queen dowager.

A discovery was made in the Castle of St. Andrew's, when it was taken, which was of more fatal import to Scotland than the vastest warlike preparations of her powerful neighbour. It explains to us too, still further, how a mere handful of assassins dared to maintain the fortress against the entire force of their native country, and affords a yet clearer revelation of the character of those men by whom Scotland was forced into bowing its neck to the Presbyterian yoke.

"In the chamber of Balnaves, the agent of the Castilians, was found a register-book, which contained the autograph subscription of two hundred Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, who had secretly bound themselves to the service of England. Amongst these were the Earls of Bothwell, Cassilis, and Marshal, with Lord Kilmaurs and Lord Grey. The noted Sir George Douglas, the brother of the Earl of Angus, had, it appeared, sent in his adherence by a secret messenger, whilst Bothwell had agreed to give up his castle of the Hermitage, and renounce all allegiance to the governor; for which service he was to receive in marriage the Duchess of Suffolk, aunt to the English monarch. So much was apparent to the governor; but other disgraceful transactions were in progress, of which he was ignorant. Lord Grey had not only himself forsaken his country, but was tampering with the Earls of Athole, Errol, Sutherland, and Crawford, whom he found well-disposed to declare their mind, provided they were 'honestly entertained.' He accordingly advised that some money should be given them according to their

good deserving. Glencairn at the same time transmitted to the protector a secret overture of service, in which he declared himself ready to assist the King of England in the accomplishment of his purposes; to co-operate in the invasion with his friends and vassals, who were favourers of the Word of God; and to raise two thousand men, who should be ready either to join the army or keep possession of Kyle, Cunningham, and Renfrew. He also gave assurances of the devotion of Cassilis and Lennox to the same cause; requested money to equip a troop of horse, with which he would hold the governor in check till Somerset's arrival; and added directions for the fortification of some 'notable strengths' on the east and west borders, by which the whole country might be commanded to the gates of Stirling. Not a year had elapsed since all these noble barons had solemnly given their adherence to the government of Arran; most of them had been appointed members of the privy council; they had approved in parliament of the dissolution of the marriage and peace with England; and they were now prepared to change sides once more, and promote the purposes of the protector. Even after such repeated falsehood, their overtures were graciously accepted; and they received a pardon for their desertion of their agreement with the late king, under condition that they should perform its conditions in every respect to his son and successor. It is material to notice these terms, as they prove, on the one hand, that, under the cloak of marriage, Edward, like his father Henry, concealed a design for the subjugation of Scotland; and, on the other, that the party who favoured this project were disposed to accomplish their purposes, although at the sacrifice of the independence of the country.'*

The Earl of Arran could be energetic at times. The discovery of this wholesale treachery prompted him to extraordinary exertions. An expedient was had recourse to never adopted save in rare emergencies. The fiery cross was sent forth, and traversed the length and breadth of Scotland. The patriotism of the nation was never in those days insensible to that holy summons. Thirty thousand men, in fighting order, mustered at Musselburgh. The English Protector, having marched without obstruction through the whole of Scotland south of the Forth, encamped near Preston, within sight of the Scotch army, on the 8th of September. Two unsuccessful attempts at negotiation were followed by the famous battle of Pinkie. The detail of battles does not enter into the design of these papers. One particular, however, of that dreadful day cannot be passed over. Still and calm, amidst the clang and clash of arms, there stood an array of men of peace.

* Ms. State-Paper Office, entitled "Overture of Service and other Devices by the Earl of Glencairn." These important facts, which are new to this portion of Scottish history, were found in the original letters and overtures of the actors, preserved in the State-Paper Office.

In the foremost division of the Scottish army a large body of priests and monks, without armour or other defence, bore aloft a white banner, on which was depicted a crucifix, and at its foot a female praying, with the words, "*Afflictæ Ecclesiæ ne obliviscaris.*" With the peaceful weapons of the saints they were helping their country's defenders. Their prayers were not answered as man intended; but they sealed them with their blood. Fourteen thousand men were slain on this day; — a number equal to that of the whole English army. The field of Pinkie, and all the country between Dalkeith, and Edinburgh, and the Esk, were strewn thick with corpses. The cries of 360 widows in Edinburgh alone went up to heaven against England. "And on the field of battle," says one who saw it, "lay the bodies of multitudes of priests, who had gone down with the common soldiers into their country's grave." (Patten, p. 72.)

In this emergency, the conduct of the queen-mother saved her country for the time. The queen, her daughter, had, by an unforeseen Providence, narrowly escaped being conducted into England by a foreign army. Surrounded by a treacherous nobility, it was clear that Scotland was, for the present, an unsafe residence for her; and she conceived the prudent resolution of sending her to Scotland's old ally, the French court. Somerset got intelligence of this purpose, and, alarmed for its consequences, proposed an accommodation. But it was too late. His recent military excesses could not be so soon obliterated from the mind of the nation. His advances were rejected; hostilities were renewed. The English arms were every where successful; and Scotland was reduced to the very brink of despair. Just at this seemingly hopeless posture of affairs, a French fleet, to the infinite joy of the nation, appeared in the Firth. It brought strong reinforcements and able commanders. The governor immediately joined them with his troops. A meeting of the three estates was held (17th July, 1548), at which the proposed marriage of the infant Queen of Scots to the Dauphin of France was finally acceded to. Escaping an English fleet, which had been sent to interrupt the infant monarch, she sailed with her attendants from Dumbarton about 7th August, 1548, and arrived safely at Brest on the 13th.

The incapacity of the Earl of Arran to administer the affairs of the nation was now evident to every one. It was a difficult position enough for any one; but the earl was altogether inadequate to the task. The ambition which was his ruling passion was altogether of a selfish order; and as his objects were mean and trivial, so the means by which he

sought to compass them were feeble and vacillating. His best friends advised him not to risk being called to a strict account of his administration by a parliament when the young queen attained her majority.

He yielded at length to their counsel, received the Duchy of Chastelherault, an exoneration of his administration, and a declaration of his being the second person in the realm, and heir to the throne. Mary of Guise, the queen-mother, was proclaimed Regent, amidst the joy and congratulation of the nation, 12th April, 1554.

Edward VI. of England died on the 6th of July following, and was succeeded by the Princess Mary,—described by the Protestant Bishop Keith as “a woman of strict and severe life, and constant at her devotions; but violently addicted to the interests and humours of the Romish Church.” (Book i. chap. vi. p. 63.)

The queen-mother had now brought to a successful termination the first and most difficult stages of her policy. Throughout the progress of so delicate a transaction, she appears to have exhibited a full proportion of that address and political sagacity which distinguished her policy.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical question had been working underground. Nevertheless, during the fourteen years that had passed since Sir Ralph Sadler brought into Scotland the English monarch's base proposal to confiscate the property of the Church, the “new opinions” had made no perceptible progress in the country.

National peace and prosperity were no congenial soil for their “growth.” They were evidently flickering in the socket; a few more such years, and they would have been extinguished in Scotland. But an ill-omened being, who loathed peace, was lurking at Geneva; and his unquiet eyes rested on his native country, which just now appeared to offer him an opening. Herds of self-constituted preachers, of low extraction, came swarming back to their country. These men were just the agents wanted for the revolutionary party. They settled here and there, up and down the country, chiefly in the western shires; and some in one way, and some in another, laboured busily to infect the people with the comfortable dogma, of which we cannot deny that they were consistent advocates, of “*living in sin, and dying in grace.*”

In this godly company we again find John Knox. We left him in the galleys in France. Delivered thence by the merciful interference of Mary of Guise, he betook himself to the border-town of Berwick, with the view possibly of passing into his native country, if the state of affairs seemed to admit

of his doing so *with safety*, or, as he would himself express it, "if he saw a door opened to him by the Lord." The door, however, appeared to open the other way for the present; and he retired south as far as to Newcastle, whence he betook himself to London; which then, under the appropriate ægis of a boy of fifteen, was the common receptacle of all the heretical sweepings of Christendom.

No sooner, however, did the death of Edward VI. open the succession to a Catholic princess, than Knox, with that strong instinct of self-preservation which never abandoned him, betook himself with all speed to Germany. Frankfort appears to have been the place he first molested, where the English heretics made him their preacher. The propensity to treason of the man, however, and his overbearing insolence, could not be restrained even in the spot where he was experiencing a hospitable refuge. He embroiled himself even with his own fellow-religionists. And altogether his proceedings rendered him so obnoxious in a short space of time to the congregation of Anglicans at Frankfort, that he was compelled to decamp with all speed from Frankfort and from Germany, to avoid being apprehended as a conspirator and traitor. None of his visits to Geneva appear to have been long enough to allow him to embroil himself with his confederates there. And perhaps there was something in the overbearing violence of Calvin, and something, too, in his outrageous heresy, more congenial to Knox's temperament than the milder heresy of the Cranmer school. One key we shall always find to Knox's movements. Wherever his proper place was assigned him, he was restless until he had removed. His hatred of any superior to himself, of any authority to which he was *compelled* to defer, amounted to a passion. Only where his self-love was gratified to excess, and the *first place* was assigned him, could he bear to remain. Had he been king of Scotland, he would have shot the plotting barons in platoons, and strangled the "new evangel" at its birth. Had he lived in any other times, he would almost certainly have died the death of a felon; but being John Knox, in Scotland, in the reign of Mary Stuart, he was the vulgarest and most insolent of revolutionists.

Arrived at Geneva, he conceived a sudden affection for some flock or other in his native country. Judging from Rough's description, and from Knox's own, this precious flock was one which could inspire with affection none but the vilest of men. But bad or good, it was entirely dissipated.

But now, two years subsequently, the faithful in London, Newcastle, Berwick, and even in Amersham, are alike forgotten, and his affections are suddenly transferred to a flock

which he loved the more because it no longer existed. He first set up his tub in the house of one James Sim, a tradesman in Edinburgh. The size of his flock was for some time not encouraging. First, Erskine, the Laird of Dun, dropped in, who had been for some years the only consistent stay of the new opinions in Scotland; then one David Forress, who seems to have disliked the violence of the self-appointed preacher; then a female fanatic of the name of Elizabeth Adamson, who, groaning under the weight of a guilty conscience, appears to have been highly pleased with Knox's summary method of discharging it without submitting her to the sorrow of repentance. William Harlow, the quondam tailor, and the fallen Franciscan Willock, were labouring in the same vineyard, and cannot consequently be reckoned in the flock of Knox. At length Mr. Robert Lockhart became a hearer, and then William Maitland of Lethington, a clever man, but very treacherous, and a consummate intriguer. Knox quickly perceived, from conversations with these slender beginnings of "the Congregation of the Lord," that no more than an evangelical twilight had as yet dawned on Scotland. The "godly" had not as yet been fully inspired with a sense of the inexorable necessity of wholly separating themselves from a Church which had been that of their country ever since its conversion to Christianity, and of regarding as an abomination the services in which their ancestors had been wont to worship God for 1000 years. He therefore set himself immediately to work to inflame the slumbering embers of his hearers' zeal. The more influential of those whom he was to be reciprocally used by and use, were nothing loth to be convinced, or such silly arguments as Knox describes himself as having employed could never have weighed with such men as Maitland of Lethington.

From Edinburgh Knox repaired to Dundee, Calder, and elsewhere; and then betook himself for the second time to the efficient protection of the Laird of Dun. He was now becoming formidable. The ecclesiastical authorities at length thought it time for them to interfere. It was more a case of sedition than of heresy; and accordingly the civil executive was first invited to take cognisance of it. But the policy of the Regent did not admit, as yet, of her swerving from the conciliatory course she had been labouring to adopt towards the conspirators; and she requested the Bishops to treat it as an ecclesiastical affair entirely. Accordingly Knox was summoned to appear in the Church of the Black Friars in Edinburgh on the 15th of May. He did appear in answer to the summons; but guarded by Erskine of Dun and a strong body

of unscrupulous lairds. The Church, whose mission is peace, and not slaughter, could have nothing to do with such a contest, and the summons was withdrawn. The Regent was compelled, by the posture of affairs, for the present to wink at this outrage; and Knox continued to promulgate his violent views at Edinburgh. For ten days did he continue unmolested. At length, mistaking the cause of the Regent's temporary forbearance, he went so far as to address to her an epistle. But he had in Mary of Guise an auditor of different metal from the dull heads and selfish hearts of the lairds and barons of the English faction. A day or two after receiving it she handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the following just and pithy criticism: "Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil." Nothing in the whole course of his history seems to have mortified Knox so much as this laconic opinion, expressed by a personage whose criticism he had obtrusively invited. Meanwhile he was not being overlooked. On the contrary, a prison or a faggot were drawing uncomfortably near to him. No man ever had so keen a sense of impending danger; he snuffed it from as great a distance as camels are said to do water. In spite of all his professions, John Knox is again on his way to Geneva. Mother-in-law Betsy and wife Marjory have gone before. The whole family has decamped; and for no brief sojourn. When some of his auditors were pressing him to remain with them, his reply was, "That anis he must neidis visite that litill Flocke whiche the wickitnes of men had compellit him to leif." The real spur to his movements was a fresh summons of more ominous import than the last, which had just come to hand, supported, perhaps, with sufficient precautions against a similar occurrence to that of the 15th of May. His biographer, M'Crie, asserts that he fled for fear of his life; overlooking the circumstance that, in apologising for his flight, he is condemning him of falsehood and hypocrisy.

It is probable that the contents of Knox's "pasquil," which the Regent had handed to the Primate, convinced the ecclesiastics that such nonsensical raving could scarcely be gravely treated as mere heresy; accordingly, the other individuals who were lecturing about the country to a similar effect, as well as Knox, were summoned before the council for *sedition*. Knox had saved himself by flight: the rest appeared at the appointed time; but profiting by the example of Knox's previous appearance, they came with a larger and far more unscrupulous following. The petty lairds of the Mearns, accustomed to the barbarities of border warfare, and living almost by habit upon spoils and raids, and who had but just returned from

that service, thronged into Edinburgh, armed to the teeth, ready to defend at all hazards their tailor-preachers, who rendered them the unrequitable service of teaching them *religion without restraint*. The Regent, who might rather have apprehended the lawless roysterers as rebels, adopted the mild expedient of ordering them back to the borders for fifteen days. They refused obedience, broke with ruffianly violence into her privy chamber, covered their heads with their helmets in her very presence; regardless of her sex, menaced her and her counsellors with personal violence, and were only restrained by those sweet and engaging manners of the insulted lady which seemed able to allay the fiercest political storms.

The policy which the Regent was pursuing was surrounded with difficulties. The sedition, which thus early began to characterise the proceedings of the maintainers of the "new opinions," required stern measures of repression; but the prosecution of her great scheme for the stability of her daughter's throne made it impossible for her to throw that party into open hostility to her at present. This little affair resulted consequently in placing them for a while in a position of fuller toleration and security than ever. Thus emboldened, in March 1557, about seven months before the affair at Maxwell Heuch, and about nine months after Knox's flight to Geneva, the chief men of the party addressed a formal invitation to him to return. What is to be especially noted in this epistle is:

1st. That the definitely proposed point of attack is the monastic brotherhood, the rich charitable endowments of the Church, and those which had been first marked out to the barons as their prey by Henry VIII. And

2dly. That they were seeing "daylie the Frears in less estimation with" (Whom? the people? No! but) "both with the Quene's grace and the rest of the nobility of our realm."

Knox was nothing loth to comply with this invitation; and accordingly, in the midst of another sobbing scene (as he would have us believe) of his very "litill flocke" at Geneva, he hands the same over to the crook of another missionless shepherd, and, with mother-in-law and wife Marjory, departs on his homeward journey. We may form some idea of the consternation he must have been thrown into by the receipt of letters at Dieppe, advising him to remain where he was, and informing him that of "all thois that seamed most francke and fervent in the matter, sum did repent that evir ony suche thing was moved: sum war partlie aschamed; and utheris war abill to deny that evir they did consent to ony such purpos." In return, he composed an elaborate epistle to the four

barons who had invited him, one to the nobility of Scotland, and some to private individuals. The great points of these productions are: Flattery to the nobility, by covering their sordid purposes with a representation of their being redressers of wrongs, mixed with enough of solemn and religious exhortations to work upon the few sincere people amongst them, and to identify their cause with that of the rest of the Protestant world. The Lairds of Dun and Pitcarrow were those on whom he chiefly reckoned; and these, therefore, he addressed privately. Having despatched these missives, he awaited at Dieppe the result of these last efforts. They were successful beyond his expectations. They were dated 27th Oct. 1557; and in the following month a messenger from the same barons placed letters in his hands again urging his return. On the 7th of the following month, December, they met, composed, agreed upon, and signed, the following document:

“ We, perceiving how Sathan, in his members, the Antichrists of our Time, cruelly do rage, seeking to overthrow and to destroy the Gospel of Christ and His Congregation, ought, according to our bounden duty, to strive, in our Master’s cause, even unto the death, being certain of the victory in Him. The which our duty being well considered, we do promise, before the Majesty of God, and His Congregation, that we (by His Grace) shall, with all diligence, continually apply our whole power, substance, and our very lives, to maintain, set forward and establish, the most blessed Word of God, and His Congregation; and shall labour, at our possibility, to have faithful ministers, truly and purely to minister Christ’s Gospel and Sacraments to His people. We shall maintain them, nourish them, and defend them, the whole Congregation of Christ, and every member thereof, at our whole powers, and waging of our lives, against Sathan and all wicked power that doth intend tyranny or trouble against the forsaid Congregation; unto the which Holy Word and Congregation we do joyne us, and so do forsake and renounce the Congregation of Sathan, with all the superstitious Abomination and Idolatry thereof; and moreover shall declare ourselves manifestly enemies thereto, by this our faithful promise before God, testified to His Congregation, by our subscription at these presents. At Edinburgh, the 3d day of December, 1557 years, God called to witness, A. Earl of Argyle, Glencarne, Mortoun, Archibald Lord of Lorne, John Erskine of Dun, &c.”

[To be continued.]

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

God's Word the Basis of Faith: An Appeal to Common Sense, addressed to the Clergy and Congregations of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas, Pimlico. By Charles E. Parry, B.A., late curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on his submission to the Church of Rome. (Burns and Lambert.) We understand that that arch-impostor, Dr. Pusey, tells his followers that persons who become Catholics have not a word to say for themselves in defence of the step they take. Will Dr. Pusey try the experiment of letting some few of those who believe in him see this pamphlet, written by one of the last of the Anglican clergymen who have submitted to the Church? Here is Mr. Parry giving his late flock an account of his reasons for snapping asunder the ties of a whole life, while flesh and blood shrink from the suffering thus involved. He has not yet been a Catholic long enough to be "corrupted" by the influence of living Papists; indeed, it is clear from his appeal that it was written while he was still a Protestant, and knew Catholicism only from without. We challenge Dr. Pusey, then, to put his audacious assertions to the proof. Let him place these pages in the hands of conscientious Protestants, and await the result. The only condition we demand is, that Dr. Pusey himself should abstain from those abominable imputations upon *personal character* which we know that he is in the habit of casting *at the backs* of those who desert the Establishment;—imputations for which he will have to render an account which he little anticipates to One who judges all alike by the one law, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

As to Mr. Parry himself, he has our hearty congratulations on his escape from his bondage to a system which is as fatal to intellectual freedom as it is starving to the immortal soul. His appeal is one of the best that has been published by men in his circumstances, and he puts one or two of the points of the anti-Puseyite argument more forcibly than we remember to have seen them stated elsewhere. In one or two minor things he is not quite correct; but the general drift of his argument is perfectly unanswerable. *Blasés* as we ourselves are with books and pamphlets on the Anglican controversy, we found it difficult to leave his appeal unfinished when it was time to go to bed.

Hours at the Altar, or Meditations on the Holy Eucharist. From the French of M. Abbé de la Bouillerie, Vicar-General of Paris. Edited by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. (Dublin, Duffy.) Devout persons who read French sometimes do foolish things. They meet with some book of prayers, or meditations, or what not, which they find soothing or otherwise useful to their own minds, and they forthwith think it ought to be done into English, and added to the heap of little good books which we already have, translated (usually very badly) from foreign languages. This, we think, is a great mistake. Books of no originality, whether of matter or manner, had better be left untranslated altogether. It does no good, but harm, to surfeit the market with pious but common-place productions. So far from helping the unlearned to choose suitable books for themselves, it creates a prejudice in very many minds against books of meditations and prayers altogether; and people come to fancy that because there are many dull and pious books, there is an inseparable connection between dulness and

piety. The fact is, it requires *genius* to write devotional books deserving of general circulation; and genius is ever less common than heroic sanctity. We say this on the present occasion, because M. de la Bouillerie's *Meditations* are deserving of translation, not only as able and original in themselves, and suited to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, but as suited to Catholic Englishmen and Englishwomen, who, notwithstanding their unity of faith with their French neighbours, have minds cast in a mould somewhat different from the Gallic type.

The history of M. de la Bouillerie's book is very interesting. Ten years ago, he set up an association for adoring the Blessed Sacrament, *in spiritual communion*, during the night-time. The progress of the association is sketched in Mr. Caswall's brief preface to the present volume, which contains the instructions given to the members at some of their monthly meetings by M. de la Bouillerie.

They are intended by him as suggestions for the devout soul when adoring Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, whether sacramentally present or in spiritual communion. Used in this way, they appear to us quite admirable, and unlike any thing we have at present in our libraries. They take the form of reflections on various passages of Scripture, not always in their primary meaning applicable to the Holy Eucharist, but to the devout heart of the Christian really so. Their chief beauty lies in this delicate perception of the spiritual and mystical meaning of innumerable passages of the Bible: and on this account we think them more suitable to the English Catholic than many other French theological books adapted to the speculative and ultra-scientific cast of the French mind. If used as actual meditations, many persons will think them too exclamatory—not declamatory, for they are not so; true devotion is never declamatory. But if employed as their author designed them, they overflow with suggestions as practical as they are far removed from common-place. In a subsequent edition we should be glad to see an extensive expurgation of the notes of admiration with which the book is loaded; and were the editorship in our hands, we should have no scruple in striking out some of the "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of the original; which are natural and effective when spoken with the simple unction of a French preacher, but sound the very reverse when coolly perused in print. Let us add a word of commendation too seldom merited in our devotional publications—the type is large, clear, and good-looking.

The Codex Montfortianus: a Collation of this celebrated Ms. with the text of Wetstein and with certain Mss. in the University of Oxford. By the Rev. O. T. Dobbin, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. (London, Bagster and Sons.) To the lovers of biblical literature this volume cannot fail to be interesting. It professes to solve the problem of 300 years, and remove the obscurity which veiled the origin of a Greek Codex or Ms. copy of the New Testament, to which the controversy concerning "the three heavenly witnesses" has given a more than usual importance. The author informs us, as Simon, Griesbach, Michaelis, Porson, and Marsh had done before him, that the Dublin or Montfort Codex is the only Greek Ms. of any name in which the text of 1 John v. 7 is to be found. This Ms. he considers to belong to the latter part of the 15th or the beginning of the 16th century, and to have been copied in two of the Gospels (St. Luke and St. John) from the Ms. at New College, Oxford; in the Apocalypse from the Leicester Ms.; and in the Acts and Epistles from the Lincoln College (Oxford) Ms.,—a document of the 12th or perhaps the 11th century, but lacking the verse 1 John v. 7, which appears in its alleged copy, the Montfortian Ms.

Were the conclusions of our author as to the parentage of this famous Ms. to be admitted as well founded, its authority in critical and controversial questions would be of little weight. We do not think, however, that the verbal collation, instituted by the author and carried out with the most laborious accuracy, has issued in such proof. In the Acts alone, a comparison of the Montfort with the Lincoln Ms. exhibits 414 textual discrepancies, with 600 or more differences of orthography. We find it hard to reconcile such differences with the idea that one of these codices is a transcript from the other; the more so as the insertion of the much-contested verse, 1 John v. 7, would expose the copyist to the charge of manifest interpolation, that verse being found in the apograph, and not in the supposed original.

The Introduction, which forms a considerable part of the work, contains much matter that is interesting to biblical scholars. The history of the Montfort Ms., as also of the controversy regarding the "three witnesses," is ably sketched. The author, however, betrays an *anti-latinising* tone of mind: he appears to undervalue the authority, even in a critical point of view, of the Vulgate edition of the Bible; he mistakes, we think, the meaning of the Council of Lateran; and he leaves unnoticed documents recently brought to light by Cardinal Wiseman and others, which must have no small weight in influencing our decisions as to the genuineness of the far-famed passage 1 John v. 7, to which the Montfort Ms. owes its chief repute. We augur well, however, for the labours of the author, and we commend his volume to the perusal of those who are interested in antiquarian and biblical research.

Notes on the Book of Genesis; with Illustrations from the Mohamadan and Hindoo Sources. By Simon Casie Chitty, Esq., Ceylon Civil Service. (Colombo. Printed at the *Ceylon Times* Office.) A gratifying instance of what can be done by an official employé in the East in the service of religion. Mr. Chitty has published a Tamil version of the Book of Genesis, and he here gives in an English form the substance of the notes he appended to it. He speaks modestly of their pretensions; but they contain a great deal of curious information and valuable illustration. We should add, that Mr. Chitty is a Catholic, and dedicates his work to his friends the Missionaries-Apostolic, Fathers Oruna and Garcia.

The One Primæval Language. By the Rev. C. Forster. 3 vols. (London, Bentley.) Mr. Forster will have it that the language written in the strange characters scribbled on the rocks of the desert of Sinai, in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in the "nail-head" letters of Assyria and Persia, is all one—the one primæval language—which is no other than that old and disused portion of Arabic which may be found in Golius' Lexicon. In determining the value of letters, he only goes upon fancied resemblances of form to any known alphabets,—thus unconsciously assuming the original identity of all written letters; and finds his pretensions on a few certainly remarkable coincidences, where his words, interpreted according to the old Arabic roots, agree very well with the subjects and figures in juxtaposition with them. But, after all, his coincidences are not more strange than those discovered by Rawlinson and Champollion; and his interpretation of the inscriptions, instead of supplying the historical information which the other systems have brought to light, makes them a simple comment on the shapes and forms, such as a nursemaid of narrow intellect might extemporise for the amusement of a child of three years old.

But even supposing, by impossibility, that Mr. Forster should be right, that he gives the right sound to the letters, and interprets the

words aright by the aid of Golius' Arabic Lexicon,—to our minds this would not prove that the original language was one, and that that one was Arabic. We can never believe in the original unity of a tongue that has 360 names for lion. No people has ever been in circumstances so favourable to the aggregation of foreign roots as the Arabian. Wandering over Asia and Africa—a nomadic race among the fixed dwellings of Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians—it is no wonder that it picked up, and for the time held in solution, fragments of these languages, especially all the common words necessary for the usual intercourse of life; nor that these foreign admixtures gradually fell into disuse when the nations from whom they were borrowed fell into decay. The impression which we have received from Mr. Forster's arguments is, that the old Arabic, as he calls it, is rather the *débris* of successive skins, cast by the Arabs, in their historical progress, than the real genuine old language from which all the tongues of the earth are derived; that it is rather derived from them by temporary sojourn among the people that spoke them than they derived from it as the parent stock.

The author is so wild and enthusiastic in his theorising, that he allows himself to fall into sad blunders sometimes: *e. g.* Plutarch tells us that the *iri* in Osiris means "eye;" accordingly, Forster finds in Golius that *rii* means *visus, quod videtur*. This he translates, "*The sight: what seeth; i. e. the eye.*" The author's intention was good,—to vindicate Scripture chronology from the attacks of the Egyptologues and others; but his labours do not seem to us to have accomplished that result.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 3 vols. (London, Newby.) As a general rule, revelations of the esoteric life of literary circles can only be made with the protest of literary men. And no wonder; for the pen of the biographer is generally a sword of Ahud, a manifestor of dirt. Dr. Madden is a very different practitioner in this line from Mr. Joseph Patmore, the publication of whose late work, "My Friends and Acquaintance," occasioned such annoyance to the world of letters. Dr. Madden has principle, religion, and sense, and tries as much as possible to throw the veil of mystery and incoherence over that which, too plainly stated, is revolting not only to morals but to taste; but after all, do what he can, his *dramatis personæ* are but a set of Aspasia and Alcibiades, of Sybarites and Cyprians. Those who are great with tongue or pen are sometimes great in no other respect; the literary is not the practical world.

Dr. Madden has here collected the letters written by and to the Countess of Blessington, and has prefixed to each person's correspondence a notice of his or her life; the whole being prefaced with a genealogical account of the family and the life of the lady and her husbands. There is a great deal of matter of a certain sort in the book, which we must repeat is written with all the delicacy possible under the circumstances. We extract the following from the notice of the Count d'Orsay. Dr. Madden visited him a few weeks before his death; he talked of Lady Blessington, and said of her, "with marked emphasis, 'In losing her I lost every thing in this world; she was to me a mother!—a dear, dear mother!—a true, loving mother to me!' While he uttered these words, he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them he again said, 'You understand me, Madden.'" . . . The writer con-

tinues: "I turned his attention to the subject I thought most important to him. I said, among the many objects which caught my attention in the room, I was very glad to see a crucifix placed over the head of his bed; men living in the world as he had done were so much in the habit of forgetting all early religious feelings. D'Orsay seemed much hurt at the observation. I then plainly said to him, 'The fact is, I imagined you had followed Lady Blessington's example, if not in giving up your own religion, in seeming to conform to another more in vogue in England.' D'Orsay rose up with considerable energy, and stood erect and firm with obvious exertion for a few seconds, looking like himself again; and pointing to the head of his bed, he said, 'Do you see those two swords?' pointing to two small swords that were hung over the crucifix crosswise; 'do you see that sword to the right? With that sword I fought in defence of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few days, when an officer at the mess-table used disgusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called on him to desist; he repeated the foul language he had used; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face; a challenge ensued; we fought that evening on the rampart of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since.'"

Poor D'Orsay died in the Church; not so Lady Blessington, who, though always "a Catholic in heart," was taken away too suddenly to fulfil her vague intentions of some day changing her life. Dr. Madden talks on these subjects like a good Catholic, with a great tenderness for the memory of his friends; the only person against whom he is very spiteful is the Emperor of the French, to whom he denies honesty, religion, and talent; and all, apparently, because he neglected D'Orsay, who had had the imprudence publicly to characterise the *coup-d'état* of December 2d as a "political swindle."

Dr. Madden's volumes contain abundance of matter—indeed, perhaps, rather too much—but none of it of any high literary value. Lady Blessington herself was a good talker; but when she came to write, her superiority at once abandoned her. Her literary fame will depend on her conversational powers, not on the productions of her pen.

Philip Lancaster. By Maria Norris. (London, Saunders and Otley.) Maria Norris is thoughtful and clever; she says many good things, and there are several good points in the construction of her book; but on the whole it is not a good novel. We like its detached pieces better than its general effect. We quote a passage, to show the curious change in favour of the use of images which is coming over the English mind. Speaking of the dull and dry puritan education of the little hero, she says that it soon made him hate Westminster (the Westminster catechism) with all his heart; "and he might have come to hate his Bible too, but for an edition with plates, wherein one lovely picture of our Saviour blessing children caught the boy's fancy and touched his heart. Long after, when he listened to sermons against idol-worship and the adoration of pictures, he could not but blush to reflect that, as a boy, he even said his prayers, with the book open at that place." In other words, the Protestant system would have made him an infidel, unless Providence had smuggled into his puritan house a little scrap of the Popish system to save him! How true and how common is this! In after portions of the book, the lady strives to imitate the sayings of transcendentalism, of which we cull a specimen: "There is poetry in every thing that does its true work properly; a clock that truly answers the goings of the great timepiece, the sun, is somewhat poetical; and, perhaps, the so-called visionary may at last turn out to be, in fact, the only practical man,"—a sentence about as sensible as clocks are poetical.

The Old Chelsea Bun-House ; a Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) As a general rule, masquerading in the arts is a failure ; Eglintoun tournaments, Spohr's historical symphonies, hornpipes in fetters, Gothic revivals, suppers cooked after the receipts of Apicius, are all forced and unnatural, and end in nothing. In spite of the type, the capital letters, the italics, the Lady Bettys, and the scraps of language imitated from Addison and Pope, this is a tale of the day, and a very mild one too. Out of her wig and hoops, the author of "Mary Powell" is a very common-place miss.

Handbook of Familiar Quotations, chiefly from English Authors. New edition, with Index. (London, Murray.) A nice selection of our "household words," given for the most part to their original authors, and quoted with enough context to make their original meaning intelligible. It is a kind of supplement to the handbook of proverbs.

Acts of the Early Martyrs. By Mrs. Hope. (Dublin, Duffy.) This is the way to teach Church history to children. A professed history, all drawn out chronologically, and as full of hard dry dates as a herring is full of bones, is no fit food, we may rest assured, for the minds of young persons. Their interest lies in people, not in the causes and sequences of events ; in humanity in living action, not in "views" or disquisitions. Mrs. Hope has written a book for which all school-teachers ought to thank her. It does not pretend to originality, being designed for the Oratorian Schools of Compassion. The chief authority for its contents is Ribadeneyra's *Flores Sanctorum*. It gives the lives of the most celebrated martyrs during the ten general persecutions of the Christians in the early ages. The stories are told simply and earnestly ; and while avoiding the twaddle of those who think that to be *child-like* it is necessary to be *childish*, they are free from fine words, and from those declamatory flourishes which are equally unpalatable to the teachers and the taught.

1. *The Juvenile Annual.* (Duffy.) 2. *Genevieve of Brabant.* (Duffy.) Both of these little books are translated from the German of Canon Schmidt, long a favourite with so many young Catholic readers. The first of the two consists of a hundred short stories or fables, just the things for little children ; the second is historical in its foundation, and suited to rather a more advanced period of childhood. Both are pretty presents, and would be very useful in schools also.

Poetical Works of James Thomson. Edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker and Sons.) A pleasantly-written anecdotal memoir of the amiable author of the "Seasons" prefaces the "Liberty" and various minor poems in this volume of Mr. Bell's series.

The Life of William Etty, R.A. By Alexander Gilchrist. 2 vols. (London, Bogue.) We have little sympathy with the conceit and affectation of the author of this biography, who, in his omission of copulas and relatives, imitates the brevity of the grocer's bill or the copying clerk ; nor with the protests he thinks it necessary to make against Etty's politics. Etty himself is, however, a most attractive character. When we looked on the shaggy dervish that he called a St. John, at the unhappy head of our Lord in the Vernon Gallery, at the naked nymphs he was so fond of depicting, we never supposed that he was the gentle, simple-hearted, childlike, pure, homely, unsophisticated, enthusiastic being he is described to have been. An innocent man he was in all senses ; there was nothing gloomy, nothing mysterious about him ; his ends and objects were all confessed with most open-hearted simplicity ; he dearly loved a little fame and notoriety ; he had the very laudable desire to accumu-

late an independence, chiefly for the sake of those to whom he owed a debt of gratitude for helps in his own early struggles. Never cast down except by other people's misfortunes; never, like Haydon, sulky and neglect. His faults rather those of a child than of a man, and his pleasures the mildest and most domestic that can be imagined. He is quite the ideal that seems to have floated before the mind of Thackeray in depicting artist-life and manners in some of the numbers of "The Newcomes." Religiously, he was almost a Catholic; possibly, if he had been a little worse man, if his conscience had been more burdened, he would have perceived the moral necessity, as well as the æsthetic beauty of the Church, and would have made his submission. He could not leave the Anglican Establishment while it retained York Minster (to which he was so attached as to call it his bride) and Westminster Abbey. His tastes led him to associate with Herbert, and with Pugin (who very likely called him "a Preadamite, my dear Sir," as he did a friend of ours who defended the "nude") to attend functions at Oscott, to abuse Henry VIII. and the Reformation, but no more. We are afraid we must agree with the biographer, who calls him an amateur Romanist, like many of his temperament, who read the *Ages of Faith* with much gusto, mourned over our ruined abbeys, set up in his bed-room a *dilettante* altar with crucifix and pictures, and "beneath the crucifix a silvery butterfly, emblem of the soul, enriched with a crown of thorns in wrought silver, a chalice, a row of Catholic beads and cross, three ancient books (centuries old)," and under it apparently a skeleton. Very much like certain Oxonian oratories that some of us have been acquainted with, and about as much to the purpose. It is probably superfluous to say, that Etty was one of the greatest masters of colour; we cannot say so much for his forms. His writings show that he had not head enough ever to make a Michael Angelo or a Raphael.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By Grace Greenwood. (London, Bentley.) Grace is a strong-minded American lady, whom we could well fancy haranguing about the rights of women, and the progress of the race. She is false, vulgar, bombastic, conceited, and every thing that is most disagreeable in an author. For the sake of a fine turn to her sentence, she describes things that certainly never existed; as if it were her object to let the world know Grace Greenwood's eloquence, instead of recording what she had seen and heard. It is a book that no one can for a moment trust, though he may amuse himself for a few minutes with its absurdities. Her faculty of admiration seems to require a new degree of comparison; she should try the hypersuperlative. Instead of mighty, astounding, &c. she might (for an experiment) say "beautifullest," which would not be a greater departure from pure English than several of her phrases.

Abridgment of the History of England, by John Lingard, D.D., with *Continuation to the present Time*; by James Burke, Esq. (Dolman.) Mr. Burke has gone upon a good plan in compiling this very useful book, not abridging *every thing*, and presenting unlucky boys and girls with the dry bones of history, but cutting out minor facts, re-writing only what was necessary, and giving the more important portions of Lingard in the historian's own words. He has done his work well, and the result is very satisfactory. We do not know a more readable abridgment of any book. The continuation to the present time is necessarily brief, but is unpretending and sound.

The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents. By J. P. Muirhead. 3 vols. (London, Murray.) Watt was a great man, but not quite so great as his admirers

represent him. He made steam the serviceable power that it now is by the addition to the old "fire-engine" of a simple contrivance (a separate condenser), that seems as easy and as natural as Columbus's mode of making an egg stand on end, and which has made detractors, like Mr. Tredgold, depreciate the value of the invention, because they say it was so obvious that it must have come in a few years, suggesting itself probably to many minds at once. He also introduced several other wonderfully ingenious contrivances, and was besides the first discoverer of the composition of water. He was a man of great kindness of disposition, and a most pleasant converser, whose friendship was sought for and valued by all kinds of men; a Scotchman, but no starchy Presbyterian; a good old Tory; perhaps given to swear a little, and certainly addicted to working at his craft on Sundays. But all this, we submit, does not make Watt a demigod, nor even a hero; he is a great man, a wonderful man, if you will, but hardly one to be religiously venerated, and not spoken of except in texts of Scripture. Yet Mr. Muirhead (with not a little national pride) here offers him to the "worshipping pilgrim," tells us that those who met him accidentally reflected afterwards on his conversation, as though they had "entertained an angel unawares," talks of secrets being "revealed to him which hitherto had been hidden even from the wise and learned," with several similar misapplications of scriptural phraseology. He even carries out his reverence so far as to call his idea of Watt a creed, and to imply that a man who thinks that Watt was a radical is a heretic, and to blame a certain statesman, who gave utterance to this "erroneous doctrine," and another "able and usually accurate person" who has repeated "the same creed." In a similar way the abortive attempts of his rivals are characterised as being in bodily presence weak, and in work contemptible; as if Watt were a new avatar or incarnation of the same Power which the Apostles and Evangelists describe, so as to have a prescriptive right to the use of their consecrated titles.

At the opening of his memoir, Mr. Muirhead contends that inventors approach somewhat more nearly than their fellows to the qualities and pre-eminence of a higher order of being, and that our ideas of God's wisdom are much enhanced by the consideration that He was capable of creating Watt, whose mind devised mechanism at once so simple and so sublime. A few pages further on he tells us, that the direction was perhaps given to Watt's talents by the sight of two portraits of Newton and Napier which hung in his father's house, and that thus the philosopher was "nurtured at the feet of two venerable masters," that he "early and long gazed upon the light of their countenances, and imbibed his first acquaintance with their works of fame, as it were, under the sanction of their very presence and eye."

The three volumes before us consist, first, of a memoir, interesting as a life of Watt, and amusing as a specimen of an exaggerated worship of (Scotch) heroes; secondly, of extracts from those letters of Watt to his friends which bear upon the progress of his studies and inventions; thirdly, of the specification of his patents, with an appendix containing reports of the actions which he brought against persons for piratical infringement of them. The first part is the only one which commends itself to the ordinary reader, and this will be found really worth perusal.

Leaves from a Family Journal. From the French of Emile Souvestre. (Groombridge and Sons.) The interest of *Leaves from a Family Journal* lies in the quiet and delicate delineation of the domestic history of a married couple. The events are simple, and even ordinary; and the personages are ordinary also, though with sufficiently marked traits of character to give them life and variety; but

there is a vein of good sense and good feeling, and an absence of caricature and exaggeration running through the whole, which makes the story very pleasant and readable. It is a gratifying specimen of modern French fiction; and, like so many other symptoms, shows the marked change that is taking place in the middle and upper classes of our neighbours. We suspect, at the same time, that the translator has omitted some phrases here and there, to suit the Protestantism of England, and so rather marred the whole. It is absurd, too, to make an old French woman talk of "The whole Duty of Man," "The Complete Housewife," and "The Little Warbler," as the books of her childhood. The translator would have done better to leave the titles of the French books named in the original.

The Historical Pocket Manual for 1855. By Dr. Bergel. (Trübner and Co.) A useful record of the chief events of the year 1854, written in English by a German, printed at Paris, and published in London.

Habits and Men. By Dr. Doran. (London, Bentley.) 2d edition. We do not wonder at the popularity of this book; it is one of a kind common in France, and gaining vogue in England. A subject—the more trivial the better, fish and fishing, cookery, cravats, dancing, or dress,—is chosen, and all kinds of anecdotes, raked up from all sources, arranged round the central idea, sometimes in a way to make it a suggestive treatise on philosophy, as Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," sometimes only an amusing book for the idler, like the present work. It is necessary, however, to warn our readers, that Dr. Doran never omits an opportunity of a sneer at Catholic manners, persons, or things; we will not quote any of the offensive matter, as our readers may find the following old epigram more to their purpose. In it Sir John Harrington describes the progress of swearing in England:

"In older times an ancient custom was
To swear in weighty matters by the mass;
But when the mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn;
Last, having sworn away all faith and troth,
Only 'God damn them' is their common oath.
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing mass, cross, faith, they find damnation."

A Tour round my Garden; from the French of Alphonse Karr. Revised and edited by the Rev. J. G. Wood. Illustrated. (Routledge.) The author depreciates the value of foreign travel, before making oneself acquainted with the wonders of nature that lie under one's nose at home. Many interesting particulars of natural history are expounded in a manner very superior to that of the general run of writers on this subject; for they are mixed with touches of human life and character, which give the book a peculiar and original stamp. We can recommend it.

The Curate of Overton. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) We notice this to warn readers off a production whose stupidity is only equalled by its bigotry. Rome is the nightmare of the writer of this novel.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Tableau Analytique de l'Histoire Universelle, présenté d'après les vrais Principes, pour servir de guide dans les Etudes historiques. Par B. H. Freudenfeld, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Professeur d'Histoire au

Collège Saint Michel, à Fribourg, en Suisse. Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand Libraire. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This work of Father Freudenfeld, a learned Jesuit, is the manual of universal history that we should wish to see in the hands of students, as particularly suited to the present day; and not only in the hands of students, but of every one who has leisure for making himself acquainted with the philosophy of history. The study of history, at all times so necessary for the education of the human mind, and as an auxiliary to faith, is now of paramount importance. The course of studies by which the young are tutored and disciplined will effect but little good result, unless they learn to judge the exploits of great men, the rise and fall of nations, and the events of past ages, by their relation to the narrative of the progress of the human race as viewed under the guidance of God's providence for certain supernatural ends. Moreover, in the present stage of human progress, when blinded reason has nearly exhausted itself in unsuccessful attacks upon divine faith, and in despair seeks to countenance its errors by an appeal to the testimony of the past as upholding its sophisms, history becomes the special arm of the defender of Catholic doctrines, whereby he can point out the recorded condemnations of resuscitated delusions, and detect the perversions of facts which abound in our current literature. We recommend Father Freudenfeld's work to students as a trustworthy guide to the science of history, explaining its true principles, its prophetic character, its leading facts, its lessons of reproof and encouragement, and its necessary dependence and connection with the progress of man under the action of Divine Providence.

Lettres sur Bossuet. Par M. Poujoulat. (Paris, Vaton.) M. Poujoulat is rather a meritorious and industrious than an interesting scribe. The present volume derives its origin from an Austrian statesman's wishing to know Bossuet without reading him; the author therefore undertakes, in a series of letters, to set forth the literary character of the great orator, and to furnish an analytical sketch of his works. For ourselves, we would rather make acquaintance with Bossuet by reading 440 pages of his own writings, than by toiling through half the same number of M. Poujoulat's. As a substitute for the reality, the book is too long; as an accompaniment, it is superfluous. It has not the merit of painting a life-like portrait, nor of giving an idea of character by a few rapid sketches and well-selected quotations. It is, on the contrary, laborious and heavy; though naturally a man who studies Bossuet must occasionally write good and interesting things.

Explication du Catéchisme à l'usage de toutes les Eglises de l'Empire français. (Lyon and Paris, Pélagaud.) A book which may pretend to considerable authority. Its expositions are very clear, without being very profound, and we can find no traces of Gallicanism in it.

Direction pour la Conscience d'un Jeune Homme pendant son Education. Par M. l'Abbé Herbet. (Paris and Lyon, Perisse.) The first part of this book consists of prayers selected from the *Imitation of Christ*, and is of course admirable. In the second the author speaks for himself, and speaks as a fashionable preacher of the Madeleine, more poetically than to the purpose. His clouds of metaphors hide, not express, his meaning. Neither is he very exact when he affects for the time the philosophical form.

Gloire à Marie! Recueil de nouveaux Cantiques. Par Hermann. (Paris and Lyon, Perisse, frères.) The author of these hymn-tunes was a pianist of some celebrity in France, who was converted, and is now a

Carmelite Father. This is the first offering which he has made of the art which he formerly used for far other purposes. There are altogether thirty-two melodies, all of them decided and effective, if not very original; and harmonised in a manner that shows that the good father knows very well what he is about.

The Destiny of Man; an Explanation, &c. (De la Destinée Humaine; Explication du Symbole de Foi Catholique.) Par M. L'Abbé H. Duclos. (Paris, Ch. Dounoil.) This is the first goodly volume of a bulky series of religious books, which the learned author proposes to extend to thirteen volumes of from 500 to 600 pages, comprising a complete exposition of Christianity, speculative and practical, in its relation to modern ideas and requirements. The idea is of course a very grand one; it is, in fact, *the* idea which is at the foundation of all modern religious works of any pretension to science. And the execution of this first volume is by no means bad, though its method is not scientific. This we think rather a mistake: we think that its really excellent thoughts might do a great deal of good to young men; but that they will be repelled by the rhetorical prolixity, and the peculiar flowery pulpit-diction in which they are enveloped. When we are debating a great question, we like to put aside as impertinences such phraseology as this: "A cry resounds in the universe of worlds, a word escapes spontaneously from every human breast, as naturally as the bird sings, or as the flower exhales its perfume; a song is reverberated from age to age by all the echoes of creation; this song, this word, this cry, proclaim, 'I believe in God.'"

When the author descends from his stilts, he talks very excellent sense. Take as a specimen the following answer to the modern school of hell-extinguishers, who think that eternal punishment is a mediæval and barbarous fiction: "If heaven were destined for all alike the present life would be a mere comedy, without justice and without grandeur At our creation God would, as it were, have said to us, 'Pass a few fleeting days on this earth; be just, or be sinners, it does not signify; after a few years in hell you shall all come sooner or later to heaven; I have prepared the same destiny for all, whether good or bad. Messalina and St. Teresa, Nero and St. Vincent de Paul, shall shake hands in the same Paradise. Live, therefore, as you please. As for the Incarnation, and the Redemption their action is very limited. God shall become man, He shall die; not to release men of good-will from hell, and to merit heaven for them; no, Jesus Christ shall die for the convenience of those who do not relish passing a short time in hell, and who like to get to heaven by a more comfortable process. Have no fear of a lasting hell; you must all come to heaven at last: all, whether apostles, martyrs, or murderers, men of sacrifice, or men of passion.'"

Les Enfants Illustres. Contes Historiques. Par Feu Mde. Eugénie Foa. Plates (Paris, Bédélet). Accounts of children who afterwards became illustrious, such as Gutenberg, Sixtus V., Rubens, Mozart, &c. The stories are all moral and amusing, and a little more secular than we are accustomed to in pious children's books. We don't at all object to this. The plates are in the style of the prints which adorn bonbon boxes.

Correspondence.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me by allowing me to add in your present number a few words, chiefly in explanation of my former letter.

1. I never intended to deny to the "Author of the article on Magic," or to any one else, the full right to controvert any philosophical opinion of St. Thomas. Let it first be clear that a given proposition is contained in the writings of the holy doctor, or can be logically deduced from them, and then I should consider it absurd to deny to any one the full right to refute it if he can. With respect to purely metaphysical questions (and of these *alone* I am speaking) I may not consider it *advisable* to attack them, on the same principle that I should not think it prudent for a man to run his head against a wall; but as for the *right*, I conceive it to be in either case beyond dispute. The charge, therefore, which I brought against the author of the article on magic, was not in the least that he had presumed to attack the philosophy of St. Thomas; but first, that he had attributed to him conclusions which seemed to me to be neither contained in his writings nor deducible from them; and secondly, that there was a little want of respect in the manner in which this was done.

2. I am sorry that I misunderstood the words in which the Reviewer commented on the quotation from St. Thomas, viz. "Here we have the admission that the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it." I certainly did take these words to imply that St. Thomas *admitted* the doctrine in question. It seems, however, that this was merely one of the Reviewer's "own conclusions," which, as he says, St. Thomas "would not have received for a moment." The question, therefore, lies between St. Thomas and the Reviewer; the former virtually denying, the latter actually affirming, the validity of the said conclusion. I will not, therefore, further interfere in the dispute; but will leave it to the judgment of those who please to read the passage and test the validity of the inference.

3. With regard to the second passage, I must beg pardon of the Reviewer for having charged him with a misquotation, as it appears to have been correct according to the Venice edition. It was differently worded in the three editions (including the Roman edition) which I examined. I was not before aware that the Venice edition enjoyed among critics so high a reputation. But the truth is, my real objection was to the interpretation of the passage by the Reviewer, and not to the words upon which this interpretation was grounded. Now this objection applies equally to the meaning which he gives to the passage as it stands in the Venice edition. The entire sentence, taking it from the text of the Venice edition, is as follows: "*Intellectus cognoscit lapidem secundum esse intelligibile quod habet in intellectu, in quantum cognoscit se intelligere; sed nihilominus cognoscit esse lapidis in propria natura.*" The Reviewer here understands St. Thomas to say that man's intellect "knows the essence of external objects," and "possesses these objects in essence." I am not very clear about the meaning of this latter phrase; but I take it to mean, that the intellect actually contains in some way the essence of the thing known. Observe, that I am not now discussing the truth of this doctrine, but merely the interpretation of the passage. Is this then the meaning of St. Thomas? I

confess I cannot see even an allusion to it. The sentence seems to me to mean no more than this—The intellect, when it has the knowledge of any external thing, as, for example, a stone, has in reality two objects of its knowledge, a proximate and a remote object, as they are sometimes termed. It has for the proximate object of its knowledge the notion or idea of a stone which is contained in the mind, inasmuch as it knows from consciousness its own affections and operations; but at the same time it also recognises the remote object external to itself, viz. the actual *existence* of the stone with its distinct properties. Divested of its scholastic form, this I conceive to be the clear meaning of the passage, and not that the mind comprehends or possesses in any way the real *essence* of the stone. With this I leave it to the decision of such of your readers as will take the trouble to examine the context, whether I or the Reviewer have more correctly interpreted the passage.

4. With respect to the doctrine that God contains in Himself the perfections of all created natures, it does not properly come within the scope of my remarks, as I merely proposed to show that certain statements were *not* contained in St. Thomas, and not to defend his undoubted opinions. But, I may ask, does the Reviewer really deny that God, as the cause of all, contains in some way beyond our comprehension whatever perfections He has given to His creatures? I cannot suppose that he denies this; for if it were not true, what would become of the metaphysical axiom, "*Nihil potest esse in effectu, quod non sit in causâ?*" Hence I am at a loss to conceive what want of "philosophical accuracy" can be found in the use of such expressions as "*eminenter,*" "*eminentiori modo,*" and the like. If it be true that all the perfections with which God has endowed His creatures are contained in Him who gave them, but yet in a manner immeasurably more perfect, and at the same time quite beyond our comprehension, this truth seems to be most philosophically expressed by such terms as enable us to state the fact, without pretending to define the mode.

5. Lastly, the Reviewer states in the postscript to his letter that the doctrine of the magicians, viz. that "because we partake of the knowledge of God, and this knowledge is the cause of things, our knowledge also is in its measure the cause even of external things," is a conclusion logically necessary from the premises of the Thomist philosophy.

This I beg respectfully but distinctly to deny; and for the following reasons:

1^o. Though it seems to have been the opinion of many eminent men that man's reason is a direct participation of the light of God, in the sense that we really see whatever we can understand *objectively* in God, this is *not* the doctrine of St. Thomas. He lays it down that this is a kind of knowledge reserved for the life to come, and that at present we only see things in God "*causaliter,*" as he expresses it, that is, the light of God is the cause of all our knowledge, just as the sunlight is the cause of our natural vision. (*Sum.* I. 84-5.) He considers our reason as something created, distinct from, though resembling, the light of God; and calls it "*quædam similitudo increatæ veritatis,*" and again "*participata similitudo luminis increati.*"

2^o. But, granting it to be the doctrine of St. Thomas, in any sense the Reviewer pleases, that man's reason is a participation of the light of God, does it logically follow, that because we partake of the knowledge of God we must therefore of necessity partake of His power?

The Reviewer attempts to show that this conclusion does logically follow, by stating that St. Thomas makes the knowledge of God the cause of all things; and hence he concludes, if we partake in this know-

ledge, we must also of necessity participate in the power or causality included in it.

To this I answer: St. Thomas does *not* say in the passage referred to that the knowledge of God is of itself the cause of things, but only, as he expresses it, "*secundum quod habet voluntatem conjunctam.*" Nay, he expressly says in the same article, that to knowledge considered by itself *no causality* can be referred, "*scientiæ non competit ratio causalitatis, nisi adjunctâ voluntate*" (ad. 1). St. Thomas himself clearly explains in what sense he understands the proposition that the knowledge of God is the cause of things; for he says that the knowledge of God has the same relation to the things He creates as the knowledge of an artist to the objects which his art produces. In other words, created things exist as they are because God has so conceived and known them from eternity. Technically speaking therefore, the knowledge of God is what is called in ontology the "*causa exemplaris*" of all created things, and not, as the Reviewer implies, the "*causa efficiens.*" This latter kind of causality must be attributed to the *will* of God, if we make a distinction between His attributes. Hence the premises and logical conclusion of the Reviewer must stand thus: The knowledge of God is the cause of things (*i. e.* the "*causa exemplaris*," or model, after which all things were made). Man's knowledge is a participation of the knowledge of God; therefore man's knowledge is, in its measure, the cause of things (*i. e.* the efficient or productive cause).

Whatever may be thought of the premises, a conclusion which takes such liberties with the major term can hardly be said to be "logically necessary." I trust the Reviewer will not suppose for a moment that I mean to charge him with this false logic. I merely maintain, that if he professes to draw his premises from St. Thomas, the major premiss must stand as above.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

W.

[The foregoing letter reached us too late for earlier insertion. In order to close the discussion, which we must now do, we insert at once the concluding remarks of the writer of the articles. Ed. Rambler.]

DEAR SIR,—I will make a few observations on W.'s second letter, paragraph by paragraph.

1. The only conclusion which I attribute to St. Thomas, as his own, is, that "knowledge is impossible unless the intellect, in some real and actual, though immaterial way, contains the thing known." Such an axiom, I say, presents a firm foundation for the flimsy superstructure of magic, because it is natural to think that man has power over what he possesses; but if to controvert St. Thomas's metaphysics is to run one's head against a wall, I certainly do so, and that deliberately. His whole theory of forms seems to me quite wrong. As I understand him, he says: The forms of all things pre-existed from eternity in the Divine essence, and at the moment of creation were impressed on matter, to which they gave its first real existence, and thereby constitute the essence and the species of material things. These forms are conveyed by the senses from the material objects to the human intellect, which they inform or mould, and which, by this process, becomes able to understand things which have the forms with which itself is thus endowed or informed. Thus, the form of a stone is conveyed to the mind, and the intellect becomes saxiform or stone-shaped; and being in the form of a stone, can understand stone, and so on. This theory certainly seems open to very great objections.

2. I willingly own that I was not clear either in my language or my ideas as to how far St. Thomas owns the second step in the magical philosophy, viz. that the mind has power over the forms which it possesses. The only thing that my argument required, was the proof of the proposition expressed in the opening sentence of this letter. I wished to show that, on such a foundation, many absurdities naturally get built; and I thought I saw indications of some of them in St. Thomas. W., who knows St. Thomas much better than I do, says they are not there. If not, I say it is because his theology corrects his philosophy, and prevents its following out its natural development.

3. In the third paragraph, it certainly appears to me that W. "divests St. Thomas's words of their scholastic form," to the extent of explaining his meaning away,—treats him, in fact, as the Protestant treats an awkward text. St. Thomas says: "The intellect knows the stone by the intelligible *esse* that it (the stone) has in the intellect, so far forth as it (the intellect) knows its own act of intelligence;" *i. e.* the mind knows the stone as it exists in the intellect, *i. e.* so far forth as the intellect has become saxiform or stone-shaped, by receiving the impression of the form of the external stone; "but, nevertheless,"—*i. e.* in spite of this knowledge being apparently only subjective,—"it (the intellect) knows the *esse* of the stone in its proper nature" (as object). Now, the question is, Does this *esse* mean essence, or simple existence? Does it mean that the mind only knows *that* the stone exists, or that it knows *what* it is? To help us to the answer, it is clear that *esse* must mean the same thing in both clauses. But, in the first, the intelligible *esse* of the stone is certainly its *form*, its essential idea; in the second, it must therefore be its real essence: ideal essence in the first, real essence in the second. The intellect not only judges that a something somehow corresponding to its idea of stone exists externally, but that the essence or form of this external something is the same as that which at the moment is giving its shape to the intellect. W.'s explanation I can accept as good in philosophy; but it does not seem to me to express the idea of Aristotle or of St. Thomas. In fact, it would be almost impossible to teach St. Thomas now-a-days in the sense in which he was taught of old.

4. I do not object to the poetical and rhetorical statement, that all the perfections of creatures pre-exist in some mysterious way in God, but only to the philosophical application of this statement to the "forms by which each thing receives its specific constitution." I would rather deny the axiom, "*Nihil potest esse in effectu quod non sit in causa,*" than affirm that the essence of God comprehends the constitutive forms of all creatures. Indeed, this axiom seems applicable only to what St. Thomas calls univocal causes,—as communication of motion by a moving body, and generation of man by man; and even then, sometimes, it is only true in a very far-fetched sense. To say that the æquivocal cause contains its effects seems often quite without sense, as in St. Thomas's perpetual illustration of the axiom, "As the sun contains the things (plants, &c.) which it generates." To say that the will has power to do this or that, is true; but to say that therefore this or that is virtually contained in the will, is a very different thing, and seems to me to be an abuse of words. I do not see how it is in any sense true that the steam-engine was virtually contained in the mind of the infant Watt, or Newton's astronomy in the mind of Euclid. We might as well say, that when we know that two straight lines cannot enclose a space,—that the whole is greater than its part, &c.,—we virtually know, or as good as know, that the three intersections of opposite sides of a hexagon inscribed in a circle must be in the same straight line; or, in fact, that all mathemati-

cal propositions, with their proofs, are virtually contained in the mind of any peasant, because the mathematical faculty is a part of the human mind. Let us leave theology out of the question, and then I should like to have a proof or an explanation of how the æquivocal cause contains its effects.

5. St. Thomas makes human intelligence differ from the divine in its being created and finite; but in its mode of action, viz. understanding things by means of their intelligible forms, he makes it similar. The Divine mind possesses from all eternity the forms of things, and in time confers them on creatures; the human mind abstracts them from its sensation of created things, and understands the objects by them. But the human and divine intelligence agree in this, that both are a comprehension of forms; human of some forms, divine of all. Hence the intelligible object is the same in both cases, viz. the *form*; and thus, though God knows all forms, and we only know some, yet, as far as we know things, we "see them as God Himself sees them"—"we form concerning external things the same ideas that God Himself has of them."

Our knowledge, then, as far as it goes, has the same character as the Divine knowledge; that is, it contains the forms of the things known. Now it is by the participation of these forms that created things exist; the way to make a thing, therefore, is to transfer its form from the mind to matter.

Here then is the case: both God and man hold within them (never mind whence derived) the forms which constitute the realities or the essence of things. Now as God by an act of will impresses the forms in His Intellect on external things, what is to prevent man, whose will as well as his intellect is in the image of God's, from doing the same? The magicians affirmed that they had this power; and the belief in the power was a logical, *i. e.* a reasonable, deduction from the principle that our knowledge is in its measure the same as the Divine, viz. a comprehension of forms.

I never pretended that magicians supposed that their knowledge produced its effects involuntarily. I should represent their argument thus:

The Divine knowledge (*adjunctâ voluntate*) is the cause of things; human knowledge is (as far as it goes) of the same nature as the Divine; therefore human knowledge (*adjunctâ voluntate*) is, as far as it goes, the cause of things.

The magician's knowledge is the *causa exemplaris*, his will the *causa efficiens*, by which he conveys the form from his mind to external things.

Or, in words which Brownson puts into the mouth of an American transcendentalist, "Ideas are the essences, the realities of things. Seek ideas; they will take to themselves hands." I conceive that on the Thomistic system there is no *à priori* answer to this. If our mind, so far as it knows any thing, partakes of the forms which are in the Divine mind, and if these forms, by the mere act of the Divine will, generate the forms of created beings, what objection is there, prior to experience, against the will of man having a similar projecting and realising power with regard to the forms contained by *his* mind? And if the magician chooses to say that his experience shows him he has this power, what business have you, on the Thomistic principles, to tell him it is the devil, when those principles themselves afford a very natural solution of the alleged facts? On the Thomistic principles magic may be an exceptional and abnormal power; but it is a natural prerogative of the human mind, not the result of diabolical agency.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON MAGIC.

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PART XVI.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

As a liberal-minded man of the world grows older, he becomes more latitudinarian; as a liberal-minded Christian grows older, he becomes more charitable. Latitudinarianism is, in fact, the caricature of Christian charity in matters of faith and opinion. Bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and prejudice, do but deepen as the hair turns grey; and the disagreeable dogmatic youth develops into the intolerant and intolerable old man. While the heart is young, and prejudices but recently formed, you have some chance of moving the feelings, even when the head is most wooden and the views most confined. But when the brightness of the early days of life is gone, and the intellectual vision has become dim without expanding in range, you have the cold-blooded persecutor, or the uncharitable intellectual tyrant, in all his odious maturity.

Precisely the reverse is the result in the case of a mind originally large and liberal in its ideas, and animated by practical religiousness. The longer the experience of such a mind both of its own failings and of the actions of others, the more striking the change in its mode of dealing with error. Every day that goes by, it appreciates more keenly the truth of the maxim, that the widest charity is frequently the strictest justice. It learns, that of human disagreements an immense proportion result from misunderstandings; and that where *self* sees only a culpable motive, or a hateful feeling, *truth* detects the existence of some extraordinary misapprehension of facts, or the unavoidable perversion of some opinion in itself sound and just.

Hence the extraordinary personal influence of those who are really "saints," or nearly so. While we are yet young in self-knowledge and knowledge of the world, this surprising power over others which is possessed by some few people is almost incredible. Inexperienced enthusiasm fancies that the "naked truth" is every thing. It imagines that moral and

intellectual error is to be overthrown by the rules of military warfare; that stupidity, ignorance, and perverseness, are to be overwhelmed with broadsides of shells and cannon-balls, and that the siege of a fortified town presents a precise parallel to the victory of Christianity over heresy and unbelief. It is unwilling to admit that five minutes' conversation with a man who is a saint, or something like one, will continually accomplish more than months of controversy, conducted with the utmost brilliancy of reasoning. Yet we all know that so it is. There is an indescribable power, a victorious efficacy, in the very look, the voice, the gestures, and still more in the words of those rare persons in whom Christian love not only lives, but is absolutely dominant, which is unapproached by all the achievements of logic, and all the captivating beauty of mere human discourse. And the reason we believe to be this: that the saint appeals to that which is good in a man, and treats him as being better perhaps than he is; while we for the most part attack what is evil in him, and treat him as worse than he is, or at the best, with the barest measure of rigid justice.

It appears to us that there never was a time or place when it was more necessary to bear this principle in mind than in this country and at this particular time. We may rest assured that we shall never overthrow English Protestantism by abusing Protestants, or even by exposing fairly their conduct, or attacking the absurdities of their opinions, if this is the sole, or even the chief instrument on which we rely. Undoubtedly the demolition of fallacies, the satire of follies, the denunciation of abominations, and even the portraying of the guilt of individuals, have all their proper place in the conduct of religious controversy. But, as we think, if these constitute the only, or the prominent elements in our warfare, the victory never will be ours. Men may easily be driven to evil; but it is very rarely that they are driven to what is good. Attack and assault are the natural weapons of religious error, of those whose aim it is to destroy; but they will no more make men into Christians, and Protestants into Catholics, than the bombardment of a fortress will build a noble city.

If we wish to have an example of that which we should *not* do, we have but to turn to the writings and speeches of Luther against the Papacy. What contrast can possibly be greater than that which exists between Luther's principles of controversy and those of the Apostles? Supposing, for argument's sake, that Luther was right, it is undeniable that he assailed the corruptions (as he called them) of Rome on a totally different system from that on which St. Paul, St. Peter,

and St. John assailed the corruptions of Paganism. If Luther's destructive warfare was right, St. Paul's constructive arguing was wrong. Which of the two knew human nature the best? It is, indeed, a most pregnant fact, and one which cannot be too deeply pondered, that if we want to learn the follies and the crimes of Paganism, we must go elsewhere than to the Bible to learn them. They are touched upon only incidentally, and at comparatively rare intervals. We have to put things together, and to interpret Scriptural allusions by what we have learnt from Pagan sources, in order to understand any thing like the amount of the guilt and delusion of the old heathens, and the absurdities and sins of the Jews. What an astonishing contrast to the system of Protestant warfare against us! And what an irresistible argument against the adoption of Protestant weapons for the advancement of Catholicism!

It requires, indeed, no little self-control to act steadily on this method of controversy in dealing with adversaries like those now opposed to us. The temptations to "show up" Protestantism and Protestants at all times and seasons is so powerful, that few controversialists can acquit themselves of having ever introduced ridicule and attack at some inopportune time or other. With an opponent before us so vast, so pretending, so boastful, so laughably inconsistent, so illogical, so unscrupulous, so lamentably ill-informed, and so shameless, it is hard to resist the inclination to give him a little more of his deserts than is consistent with true prudence. It is hard always to bear steadily in mind that what we want is, not to defeat him in the polemical arena, but to turn him into a willing and devoted Catholic. Attacked as we repeatedly are with a reckless disregard of consistency, and on avowed principles which go to the upsetting of all religion and common sense together, the Catholic controversialist may be forgiven, though possibly not justified, if he now and then retorts in kind upon his unblushing foe, and under the influence of the most galling falsehoods and of accusations of crimes which he abhors, seeks rather to crush his insulting antagonist than to lead him captive by all-enduring meekness and gentle persuasion.

Still, it cannot be forgotten that we do not wrestle for ourselves, but for God. The desire of our hearts is not to hold up this or that man among our fellow-creatures to contempt or condemnation, but to lead him to embrace the one true Gospel of Jesus Christ. If, in so doing, we ourselves suffer the loss of intellectual reputation, or permit the vilest slanders to go unrefuted, this matters little. If the result of our controversy is such, that men are made good Catholics, it is of small moment what imputations we ourselves pocket without

a word of reply. The question is not, what Protestants deserve, but what will conciliate their attention and influence their belief.

The first step, therefore, to be taken by every man who would take part in the great controversy of our day, is the gaining a thorough mastery of the actual condition of mind of the non-Catholics whom he would influence. Were it our only aim to expose the faults and deride the inconsistencies of our adversaries, little more would be needed than a knowledge of his actual words and actions. He will then, in the hands of an acute opponent, be speedily made to confute himself, and put to shame in the judgment of the candid looker-on. But inasmuch as our object is to forget that he *is* an adversary at all, and to regard him solely as he is in himself, and capable of conversion for his own sake, the first question is, *what* is he? The answer is to be found, not by reading books which show what we *ought* to be, on any preconceived theory of our own, but by a patient observation of the phenomena which his whole life presents to our study. If we were asked to name the most urgent controversial need of our age, we should say that it was an application of the Baconian method of induction to the phenomena of religious error. Its interminable varieties and perplexing combinations cannot be ascertained by any *à priori* reading, constructed on a purely theological basis. Theological science, strictly so called, is a very defective guide to an acquaintance with the phases of religious delusion. A scientific study of the doctrines of revelation may be, and must be, conducted upon almost mathematical principles. From a few axioms the algebraist and geometrician deduces, step by step, by a long series of syllogisms, the entire body of mathematical science. And so in theology: revelation gives us certain dogmata, which correspond to the axioms of mathematics; and from them we reason onwards from one deduction to another, our sole care being to reason correctly.

But when we turn to the study of Protestantism or of infidelity, or of any set of human opinions not based on infallibly certain premises, we have to pursue precisely that method which is adopted in physical science, and which goes by the name of Lord Bacon,—a method which has given to the last two centuries their astonishing achievements in the knowledge of the laws of nature and their application of them for practical ends. And it is a circumstance to which we entreat the most careful attention, that as it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that the human mind devoted itself to the study of physical nature on sound philosophical principles, so the nine-

teenth century has come, and we have hardly yet attempted the study of the moral nature of man, as he exists outside the Church, on any sound system of observation. Naturally, the attention of Catholic thinkers has been directed first and almost exclusively to the study of truth as such, or to the confronting particular religious errors with those particular doctrines which they directly contradicted. Hence has resulted the immense and glorious body of Catholic theological science, at once our treasure, our guide, and our boast. Hence, also, the complaint which is ever being made, that almost all new theological books are mere repetitions of what has been written ages ago; and hence the extremely unsatisfactory results of the controversies conducted with non-Catholics by those who are armed only with book-learning. The fact is, that the great minds of the Church have nearly exhausted the realm of theological science, and led us as far as our minds can go; though we by no means imply that *nothing* yet remains to be done. And further, these book-controversies are necessarily barren in results, because they rarely are based upon facts,—upon the facts of the human mind *as it is*. They assume certain conditions in the non-Catholic intelligence which are purely hypothetical, and cannot be reconciled with the phenomena of actual life. And accordingly they ordinarily produce nothing but a still wider alienation between the Church and her antagonists than that which has already existed.

The moral, spiritual, and intellectual variations in the non-Catholic mind are, indeed, so boundless in number, and so unexpected in their complexity, that they demand from the Catholic philosopher a never-ceasing study of the most patient and careful kind. No general formula can possibly include them all. We might as well expect, from the mere knowledge of the laws of mechanics and chemistry, to be able to sit in our study and describe the form, colour, habit, and proper cultivation of every possible plant, flower, and tree which can grow in any region of the earth. Take, for instance, that singular thing, English Protestantism, viewed as a whole, or in its many subdivisions. What a combination of the great and the little, of the noble and the vile, of the true and of the false! The records of history assure us that altogether it is a thing without precedent in the progress of our race. Place your finger on any one of its features, and you see something unanticipated and, at first sight, inexplicable. To treat such a being by the rules of old books is manifestly visionary. See it one day persecuting, another tolerant; one day threatening a convent, another honouring nuns, and telling people to imitate them; now jeering at Catholic casuistry, now adopting a

laxity of action in comparison of which the laxest Jesuitry (as they call it) is rigorism; now raising new churches and paying additional clergy by hundreds or thousands; now winking at burial-club poisonings, wife-beatings, and child-murders, and extolling the English people as the most moral on the face of the earth; shutting up a Crystal Palace at Sydenham on Sundays, that the "Sabbath" be not broken, and crowding in thousands to hear military bands play opera-music at Windsor every Sunday in the year; spending hundreds of thousands annually on Bible Societies and Missionary Societies, and yet accepting a newspaper like the *Times* for its prophet, and a blasphemer like Disraeli for the apostle of its Protestantism;—see the vast English people in these and the other innumerable inconsistencies of its private life, and admit, as we must, that to estimate the moral and intellectual condition of such a race by old-fashioned rules and *à priori* anticipations is totally out of the question. A single illustration of the religious tendencies of our countrymen will show that the Catholic Church never before had so singular an antagonist to deal with since Protestantism began:—we mean, the amount of religious publications incessantly issuing from the press; and this at a time when theological controversy is far less active than usual. We take up the first chance list of works that comes to hand, and count up the number of new books and new editions of a purely religious character which were published in London only during eight successive weeks in September and October 1854—the dullest part of the publishing season—and find that they amount to no less than ninety-eight; or we turn to the number of the *Times* newspaper which reaches us as we write, and find on one of its pages two columns and a quarter of book-advertisements, containing eighty-two advertisements in all; and of these no less than thirty-five are on religious subjects. And this is exclusive of the immense number of new books brought out by the various religious publishing societies, such as the Christian Knowledge and the Tract Society. Yet this ceaseless activity, practically exhibited in church-building, church-going, school-teaching, and book-publishing, comes from a people among whom it is difficult to find two people who do not disagree in their "creed." Did the world before ever exhibit so extraordinary a phenomenon?

Or take another illustration, furnished by the popular estimate of the value and authority of the law of the land. As things are, and as great truths are corrupted, this English worship of English law often becomes the most pernicious instrument for injuring the Church and preventing the propaga-

tion of Catholic doctrine. The law of the land is the model Englishman's ultimate test, not only of general social duty, but of actual religious dogma. Yet, monstrous and absurd as is the idea, it is but shallow thinking to overlook the great truth of which this popular feeling is the exaggeration and corruption. "Order," says the poet, "is heaven's first law." And is it not the first fundamental element of Catholic discipline, as given practically to man? Is it not its grand characteristic mark, by which it is distinguished from all its Protestant counterfeits? Our system of government is neither anarchy, irregularity, nor despotism. Its very essence is the supremacy of law, as such; of that law which, whatever the excesses or sins of its administrators, we hold to be given by God. Our rulers are not despots, nor our subjects slaves. It is the very argument of Bellarmine, that the Pope must be infallible because we are bound to obey him, and God could not enjoin obedience to an authority which might itself violate His laws.

And exactly this is that peculiar English sentiment, which is so rarely found in continental nations. There exists among English people an almost universal acquiescence in the acts of authority as such, unless grossly and permanently abused, wholly unlike that alternation of submissive silence and revolutionary restlessness which is the bane of so many nations abroad. That without order there can be no social activity, we admit as an axiom; and without law there can be no order, and without administrators there can be no living laws. In the humblest administrators, accordingly, we are accustomed to recognise the security of all that is most dear to us in our private lives. What, in spiritual things, the sacerdotal, episcopal, and papal authorities are to the Catholic, just such are the municipal, magisterial, administrative, and regal authorities to the ordinary Englishman. To disobey them in the one case leads to spiritual, in the other to social suicide.

Now to denounce this national reverence for law, as in itself anti-Catholic, and as naturally tending to place the soul of man in antagonism with the dictates of religion, appears to us as impolitic as it is unjust. The authority of human law comes from God as truly, though not as immediately, as the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church; and to suppose that the social system which He has sanctioned cannot be profoundly venerated without an almost, if not actually necessary contempt of the spiritual system which comes from the same Divine hand, is really monstrous and shocking. The Englishman's worship of the law of his country is only blameable so far as it is an *exclusive* worship. It is the fault of

his Protestantism, which being essentially a religion of negations, hides from his sight the beauties of that other edifice of law, authority, and order, of which the social system is a type, and to which it ought to be a guide.

You will never persuade an Englishman that those things which he believes to be the best features in the national character are in themselves bad and anti-Christian, when in reality you are perpetually applauding precisely the same characteristics in the conduct of the spiritual life. Things which are good in the "natural order" are the reverse of antagonistic to those which are good in the "supernatural order." Unless we grievously mistake it, this is a fundamental doctrine of all religion, and is intimately entwined with the life of the soul, even up to its highest and most mystical states. If a people, like the Anglo-Norman race, are strikingly steady, determined, devoted to uphold the laws, persevering under difficulties, practical and averse to rash novelties, unyielding in upholding their opinions when once adopted, the accident that all these qualities are debased by certain odious and anti-Christian accompaniments does not alter their original nature, or make them essentially adverse to that religion which alone can harmonise them into perfection. The very peculiar character of the English soldier in the battle-field is a type of the Christian in his spiritual warfare. Admirable and useful in its way as is the peculiar French spirit in fighting, and signal as are the victories often won by its rapidity, its ingenuity, its fire, its headlong daring, it will not be denied that the unflinching patient advance under apparently overwhelming difficulties is a fitter type of that character which stands foremost in the struggle of the soul against its invisible foes. The Englishman is not wrong in worshipping the law of the land; he is wrong in worshipping it to the exclusion of the superior authority of the revealed laws of God.

Now it is obvious, that in seeking to influence a state of public feeling like that of this country, our first object must be to ascertain how far all this is genuine; that is, how far it is hypocritical, how far self-deceiving, how far sincere, how far the result of divine grace and tending directly to Catholicism, and how far the result of unavoidable, invincible ignorance. To know all this with certainty is of course impossible. We cannot search men's hearts; and if it is not given us to be sure of the spiritual condition of any living Catholic, however holy he may appear, how much more difficult must it be to judge of the sincerity and goodness of persons in so anomalous a state as this chaotic world of Protestantism? Still, some

sort of a guess may be made, not as to individuals, but as a practical guide to the *kind* of treatment which the patient requires. And it must be made, if we are to hope for success. Nothing can be worse than to treat a sincere man, in invincible ignorance, as if he were a hypocrite or wilful unbeliever. And it is dangerous, though not equally so, to mistake a sham religiousness for a *bonâ fide*, though mistaken, piety. Is it probable, then, or not, that there exists, more or less in an enfeebled state, much of the true love of God in the English people? Is that gift of faith, which so many received in their baptism, in all likelihood extinguished in all of them, or nearly all of them, as they grow up and cease to be children? Are so many of them heretical in their secret dispositions, as well as heretical in their professed opinions, that we are justified in indiscriminately applying to them, as individuals, the designation of "heretics?"

Now to assume, at starting, that their religion is all a sham, a deception, a substitution of human virtue for Christian piety, is out of the question. A large number of these persons have been validly baptised. They are in possession of the Creeds and the Scriptures; and the Prayer Book, which practically forms the guide of so many among them, is un-Catholic far more by way of omission than of commission. The Thirty-nine Articles are vile; but the "Services" are chiefly taken from actually Catholic sources. They make sacrifices for religion, some of them great sacrifices, though certainly far from those *heroic* exercises of self-devotion which are so frequent in the Catholic Church. They have wonderfully improved in general morals during the last half-century; and that, not under the pressure or from the example of Catholicism (of which they know nothing), but from some influence residing among themselves. And scandalous and wicked as have been, and are, the persecuting feelings of many of them towards us, we think that the national irritation against Catholicism, advancing as they see it before their eyes, is far less than has ever before been shown by Protestantism under similar circumstances.

It is not, however, at all necessary that we should come to any positive conclusion as to individuals, whether singly or in a body. The point we are urging is only this, that we had far better treat them as *more* Catholic and Christian than they really are, than as less so. The idea occasionally nourished, that it is dangerous to let Protestants see that we think their ignorance may be pardonable in God's sight, lest it encourage them to be reckless as to the truth, appears to us in the last degree mistaken. It is founded on an entire misconception of

the action of the human mind. Man is made to be led, and not to be driven. If you do not treat an opponent as sincere and well-principled, whatever you may think of him, your cleverest arguments may be thrown to the winds without further thought. The notion against which we are protesting arises from confounding two totally distinct things,—the destruction of error, and the building up of truth. Prove a man the most stupid fool in the universe, or the blackest scoundrel that ever disgraced his species, and what have you done? Shown that he deserves contempt and punishment; and nothing more. You have not even begun to make him a wise man or a good Christian. The only method of reforming a criminal is to discover what good yet remains undestroyed in him; to work gently and patiently upon that foundation; and so, leading him from one step to another, to raise him in the end to the stature of an upright and worthy man.

And it is so with those who have to be made into Catholics. Catholicism is not to be built upon what is vile and lost in them, but upon the remnants of Catholic doctrine, or the lingering lights of conscience, which are not yet wholly annihilated in their minds. Conversion is far more a constructive than a destructive work; or rather, it is a work in which the erection of truth produces naturally the destruction of error. It is a maxim in the philosophy of moral and religious delusion of the first importance, that the practical strength of every false doctrine results from the admixture of some truth which it perverts and disguises. There is scarcely such a thing in a country like the England of to-day as a simple and unmitigated false opinion. Of all the monstrous examples of heretical and nonsensical theories which swarm in shoals around us, there are few which in the minds of their adherents are not a perversion of some Christian or natural truth. It is hard for a man who is still out of hell to be led by falsehood in all its naked and hideous darkness. Of course, it is not true to say that men are not perpetually swayed by those portions of their opinions which are positively false and anti-Christian; but it is true that there is a twofold action incessantly going on in the minds of all but the very worst of our kind,—an action in which good and evil are ever struggling for the mastery, and conscience and right reason asserting their claim to supremacy, and a sham triumph of reason over passion proclaimed, almost before every separate deed of guilt or opposition to the Word of God.

And no one can study the phases of popular anti-Catholic controversy without observing how strikingly it is by thus availing itself of perverted and misunderstood truths that error

maintains itself in England at this hour. The invisible enemy of our faith incessantly labours to fix the attention of Protestants on whatever of good may be remaining among them, and so to persuade them that Protestantism is all true, and Catholicism a lie. The glaring inconsistencies, the baseless assertions, the illogical assumptions, the violations of history, the puzzled confusion of their own minds, are studiously kept out of sight; and their activity, their good works, their hopes for eternity, their confidence in their own creed, are nourished upon those fragments of Catholicism, and those feeble efforts after what is pure and lovely, which they discover, or believe they discover, in themselves and their fellow-countrymen, friends and kindred.

Here, then, is the only way to their reason and conscience, according to the unchangeable laws of human nature. Those remnants of truth which they still grasp and turn against us are to be grasped by us, and turned in favour of the faith. It is the duty of the Catholic controversialist to lead men to recognise in Catholicism the only true completion of all they hold dear and venerate; to show them that whatsoever they in their hearts have learnt of the Gospel not only comes from us, but is with us, and with us only, in its unmaimed beauty and vital power. As for their Protestantism, we care nothing for it, except so far as it blinds its votaries to the facts and glories of the true faith. We have no wish to show that all Protestants are worthless, hateful to God, and under His sentence of wrath. Let them be as good as they think themselves. What then? Is this a proof that God does not command them to embrace the pure truth, the whole truth, the moment it unveils itself to their eyes? We do not wish to disparage one of their works, to impute to them disgraceful motives for those actions which wear an outward respectability. It is no part of our argument that every man who holds heretical opinions is himself a heretic. Most heartily we hope that he is not; and it is because we trust that his professions of religiousness are genuine and sincere, that we so urgently call on him to open his eyes to the truths of Christianity as God has really revealed them. If, as they assert, they have cordially submitted themselves to the Gospel of Jesus Christ; if they have prostrated themselves in self-abasement before the all-holy majesty of God, repenting of their sins, accounting all things worthless which do not spring from the love of God, and seeking pardon and grace from the Atonement of the Eternal Son, and asking only to know His will that they may do it,—then the work of the Catholic Church is already begun in them. The foundation of sin, with its intellectual

and spiritual pride, is already levelled to the ground. The enemy of their souls is beaten in his citadel. It remains for us to unveil to their sight those glories of which they have hitherto caught but feeble sparks; and to lead them to the full certainty of those blessings which they faintly cry for, and to the actual Presence of Him whom far off they now adore.

To what extent, as a matter of fact, these elements of true religion exist among our fellow-countrymen, it is, as we have said, unnecessary to investigate. We can do no harm by treating a man as better than he is, provided only we never lead him to overlook the nature of his errors, and the enormity of the guilt of those who trifle with known truth. However little he may deserve our lenient judgment, at least he will be conciliated. He will not experience that most irritating of feelings, the sense that he is wronged; that he is not fairly met; that his motives are misinterpreted, and his difficulties not made allowance for. He will not be tempted to take refuge in that most true, but often perverted maxim, that God is more merciful than man; or turn away from us as hard-hearted, rigorous judges, when he has been looking for considerateness, gentleness, and patient love.

It need hardly be added, that the principle of controversy here advocated is totally dissimilar from that which seeks to make Catholicism look like Protestantism in Protestant eyes. This latter system we think as fatal to the conversion of non-Catholics as the most bitter denunciation of every individual opponent as a "heretic," or the most caustic disparagement of every apparently good work of Protestants. In fact, the charitable treatment of Protestants is really part of the very system which condemns the modification of Catholic doctrine or practice out of deference to their passion or prejudice. In both cases we place our confidence in the ultimate power of truth and sincerity. We desire to recognise in every case the works of God in their exact reality, as they have come from His hand. If His grace has effected the beginnings of conversion in our opponents' hearts, we do not imagine that we shall complete the work by assuming that He has done nothing for them. And if He has given us a certain revelation of doctrine, we do not consider ourselves competent to disguise its character in the eyes of those to whom He has sent it. We place it before them gradually, it may be, as we give milk and not strong meat to infants. But we would no more alter that revelation, in order to make it palatable to human ignorance, than we would feed a new-born child on unwholesome decoctions, under the idea that we could improve upon

the nourishment which God has designed for it. Two things we look upon as correlative to each other—whatever is good in Protestants on the one side, and the simple truth of Catholicism on the other. These two things the devil is ever striving to keep asunder, and it is for us to bring them together. And, if we see matters aright, this will never be brought about, either by undervaluing the gifts which God may have given to those who are not Catholics, or by diminishing or discolouring the truths whose keeping He has committed to us.

It is obvious also, that the principle of controversy here defended does not apply in certain cases which too often come before us. It sometimes happens that the only weapons which we can employ are those of unsparing exposure and bitter satire. We have our foes, and too many of them, in whom not a trace of any thing good appears, to which we may appeal in the hope of leading them on from good to better, for their own benefit as well as our own protection. There are those who, in their present condition of mind, must be treated as adversaries, and nothing more. They are to be shown up, not for their own sake, but for the sake of others who stand by and watch the result. Still, our controversies will always be the more successful for a careful discrimination between a possible friend and an inveterate foe. And the surest way to convert a possible friend into an inveterate foe is to treat him as if we regarded him, if not as a knave, yet certainly as a fool.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RUSTIC SIEGE.

ROGER and I were duly introduced to Miss Compton's efficient ally in fortifying her castle against the threatened attack, and we then went back to Arkworth to make our preparations for passing the night at the Hall. When we returned, which we did without loss of time, so eager was Roger to be in the midst of the fun, while he also longed to see the library which was to be the scene of his literary labours, the house was regularly barricaded, and in a condition to withstand as serious

an attack as was likely to be made against it. Every window on the ground-floor was protected with stout planks, with convenient openings to allow those within to fire upon their assailants, if necessary. The gates of the stable-yard and back premises were thoroughly secured; every loose fragment of wood and combustible material was carefully brought in, so that the rioters might find as much difficulty as possible in resorting to their favourite incendiarism. The windows which were most exposed were furnished with mattresses for the protection of their defenders, as it was well known that some of the mob were in possession of fire-arms, and did not scruple to employ them. The doors, all except one small outlet from the offices, were strongly secured; and every bucket that could be got hold of was ranged in readiness for use, in case they should be needed to extinguish fire. A post was assigned to Roger, and another to myself; and fowling-pieces were placed in our hands, with the strictest injunctions to be most careful not to use them except in a case of extreme necessity.

To Miss Compton's great satisfaction, Sir Arthur Wentworth had made arrangements at his own house which enabled him to remain for the night at the Hall; for though its courageous mistress felt no more alarm at the prospect of mob-violence than at the expectation of a storm of rain and wind, yet she felt the value of Sir Arthur's advice, and of his presence among her household and people. Her brother was in the house, it was true; but though he was as cool as she was, his capacity lay rather in the classification of lifeless bones than in the discipline of living men, while his clerical character made him unwilling to appear in too martial a capacity. The house and premises were filled with men, probably as many as thirty or forty altogether. Miss Vernon bestirred herself with striking alacrity in seconding her aunt's efforts for keeping the women-servants quiet; and she undertook the somewhat hopeless task of preserving silence and composure among them during the attack, if it should really take place.

When all seemed ready, Roger could restrain his impatience no longer, and begged Miss Compton to let him see the library. She immediately took us there, and enjoyed immensely the sight of Roger's delight at its size and beauty. The room was really noble; with a richly-carved and gilt ceiling; dark and somewhat heavy-looking but handsome bookcases; deeply recessed windows, with stained glass in their uppermost portions; and a superb, though quaint old mantel-piece, carved in fruit, flowers, and birds; and some half-dozen family portraits on the few vacant spaces of wall not covered with bookcases. As for the books themselves,

the first glance showed there were several thousands of them, nearly all somewhat venerable in appearance, but in excellent condition. Roger almost danced about the room with gratification, peering first into one shelf, then into another, and losing all sense of restraint in his anticipations of weeks of future enjoyment.

"There is only one thing, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton, "which I must particularly beg of you to attend to; which is, that every volume must be replaced exactly where it stands. It is a fancy of mine to keep them all precisely where my father left them. The library was chiefly formed by him; and he loved it so dearly, that I have always made it a point to preserve it just as he left it, as a kind of living memorial of his former presence. You young men hardly understand these kind of things; but when you are getting old, like me, you will feel as I do. The young like changes, because they live in hope; the old like repose, because they live in the past."

Roger immediately assured Miss Compton that he would respect her injunctions most carefully; and I wondered to hear such ideas from one still so youthful and vigorous, and to whom I should never have thought of imputing feelings verging on the poetic and sentimental.

"Should not this room be protected from the rioters, like the others?" inquired Roger, with anxious interest.

"No," replied Miss Compton, "we think it sufficiently protected by its not being on the ground-floor. We shall dine in it also this evening; for it is almost the only room, not a bedroom, which is not given up to our garrison; and as that door which you see at the further end leads by a separate staircase to the offices, we shall probably live a good deal in it until our fortifications are done away with downstairs."

The day was now drawing to a close, and Miss Compton proposed to Sir Arthur that he should accompany her in a walk round the gardens and grounds near the house, partly for the sake of refreshing themselves, and partly by way of a military reconnoitre.

"I shall certainly make a *reconnaissance* before dark," said Sir Arthur; "but if I may venture to lay my commands upon a lady in her own house, I should strongly advise that you stay safely within doors. It is just possible that we may meet with something unpleasant."

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," replied she, "where you go, I go. These two gentlemen shall accompany us, and we will have a couple of the grooms as a bodyguard."

Sir Arthur shrugged his shoulders, though in a scarcely

visible degree, and politely acquiesced where he saw that all objections would be overruled; and we proceeded on our promenade. Every thing seemed tranquil and orderly, and the delicious repose of declining day without struck forcibly in contrast with the bustle and agitation within the Hall. We had nearly completed our rounds, and were approaching the house by a path through a small wood of noble forest-trees which lay at the rear of the premises, when a man stepped out from a small bye-path, and presented a note to Sir Arthur. He stopped to read it, and his attention was enchained before he had gone through a few lines. Noticing, however, that we lingered to bear him company, he begged us all to proceed, and leave him to follow, whispering something in Miss Compton's ear. We obeyed him, and left him alone.

In a minute or so Miss Compton changed her mind as to proceeding; and desiring us all to go on to the house, returned in the direction of the spot where we had just left Sir Arthur. Roger, myself, and the men walked on; in about a quarter of an hour Sir Arthur rejoined us in the drawing-room.

“Where is Miss Compton?” asked he.

“What! not with you, Sir Arthur?” cried Roger.

“With me? No! Did not she come home with you?”

“She left us, and returned to you.”

“Returned to me? You don't say so. I've not seen her since you all left me reading that fellow's note.”

Roger, easily excited, dashed out of the room without another word; and we could hear him loudly shouting in all directions to know if Miss Compton had been seen.

I was on the point of following him, when Sir Arthur stopped me.

“Don't be in a hurry, my young friend,” said he. “The first duty of a soldier is to obey orders. This harum-scarum friend of yours will be back in a moment, and bring us news of what we want to hear.”

“Nobody's seen her!” cried Roger, bursting in upon us, out of breath, and his face pale with excitement and alarm.

“Follow me!” said Sir Arthur, “and don't stir a step or move a hand without my orders.” Then, summoning half-a-dozen men to come with us, he led the way along the path by which we had just now returned. About half-way between the spot where we had left him and that where Miss Compton had left us, his quick eye caught sight of a fragment of lace entangled among some briars at the side of another of the many cross-paths which intersected the wood.

“Silence,” said he, almost in a whisper, “and walk quietly

behind me." And he proceeded along this cross-path at a swift pace. Voices soon quickened our pace to a run; and as we came up to a spot where the path widened into a little glade, there we saw Miss Compton with three men about her, one of whom held her left wrist in his hand with a powerful grip, while he beckoned off his companions, who seemed about to commit some worse personal violence. The first words we caught were Miss Compton's:

"Not if you hang me to one of these trees!" cried she, in a voice that betrayed no sign of terror.

"Come, Bill!" cried one of the men to the ruffian who was holding Miss Compton in his grasp, "leave her to us; we'll soon find out what she's made of. You see this, madam," he added, pointing a pistol at the captive; "if you cry out, the bullet shall be through your head before you can scream a second time."

A vehement but fruitless struggle to free herself was all Miss Compton's reply; and in an instant a blow on the head from the butt-end of Sir Arthur's pistol made the fellow who held her stagger backwards. His companions took to their heels, and plunging among the trees got off safe; but he himself was speedily secured and led prisoner into the house. The particulars of the affair I never heard in detail; but I believe it was nothing more than a trap to get Miss Compton into the hands of the rioters, and to frighten her and her friends into acceding to some demands. As it had happily failed, it served usefully the purpose of showing the necessity of the utmost precautions against a band of men so close at hand, and so unscrupulous in their conduct. The courageous object of their cowardly attack appeared as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had happened to interfere with the enjoyment of a pleasant afternoon stroll.

As night closed in precautions were redoubled. Every half-hour Sir Arthur went his rounds, inspecting every post of defence within and without the house. Eating and drinking went on with jovial heartiness, interrupted only by the clamours of one or two of the maid-servants, which were sternly rebuked by Miss Vernon, who displayed the energy and decision of a military commander. The hours wore on, ten o'clock struck without the slightest alarm, and speculations were beginning as to whether the mob would venture on attacking a house so well prepared. Sir Arthur opened one of the windows, and looked out into the moonlit air. The night was exquisitely calm, the sky almost azure in its silent depths, and the moonlight was so bright that half the stars were lost in its brilliancy. A vast cedar of Lebanon spread out its le-

viathan branches over the opposite lawn, and looked almost like a living monster asleep, with its fantastic long arms and fingers stretched forth into the sky.

“What a superb moon!” cried Roger, enthusiastically.

“I wish she’d hide her beauties under a cloud,” replied Sir Arthur. “This bright moonlight is the most distracting thing in the world to the eyesight; it makes the shadows so impenetrably dark. Now that huge cedar there, making the ground underneath look perfectly black, is the very spot for a handful of these scoundrels to hide in, without the least chance of our seeing them.”

At this moment the sound of a distant drum floated on the air. We all listened intently, and caught the hoarse murmur of many voices approaching; but still far off. Presently all was still.

“Where do the fellows get the drum?” asked Sir Arthur.

“Most likely from one of the bands, of which, as you know, we have a good many in this country,” said Miss Compton. “It’s a pity, these musical people are generally the most worthless vagabonds in the place.”

Nothing more was heard; and Sir Arthur had the window closed and secured, and himself mounted to an upper story to listen and watch. In a short time he returned, exclaiming:

“The audacious scoundrels! They have the insolence to carry a white flag at their head. There must be several hundreds of them. They are swarming up the road, and will be here instantly.”

As he spoke a drum beat immediately in front of the house-door, and a man, who had been set to watch from an upper window, brought word that two men were standing without, one of them conveying a white flag, and the other the drum.

“They have people with them who seem to know what they are about,” observed Sir Arthur. “But what audacious coolness! To summon us, as if they were honourable enemies!”

Again the drum was beat, and a voice called out for Sir Arthur Wentworth.

“By Jove!” cried Sir Arthur, “the fellow knows how to make the parchment speak; but he’ll summon me to little purpose.”

This was repeated twice, and no notice being taken, the two withdrew; and, if we could judge from the length of time that passed in silence, the mob seemed at fault in their plans.

“If they know what they’re about, they’ll create a diver-

sion, by attacking the stables or farmyard," observed Sir Arthur. "I've little doubt that their sole object is the pillage of this house, and that some villains among them are counting on a tolerably large share of the spoil. I hope the plate is all safe, Miss Compton; and your jewels, whose value we all know; and I trust you have no very large sum of money in the house. There they go at last," he cried, as the report of a gun struck our ears. "The farmyard, indeed, if my hearing is as good as it used to be."

Tidings were quickly brought that a large body of men were forcing the farmyard gates, and that the people in charge of it could not possibly hold it against them, and begged for assistance.

"Sorry for it," replied Sir Arthur, "but it can't be helped. We have not a man to spare in the house; and I am persuaded they only go there to draw us off from the real object of their plans. Tell them to fight it out to the last, my man; and when they can fight no longer, not by any means to try to come into the house, but to move off into the shrubberies; and the moment they can catch the scoundrels at a disadvantage, when they come back to attack us, to take them in the rear. What say you, Miss Compton? Your ricks will all go, it's true, and your farm-buildings with them; but I consider this the best policy, after all."

"By all means, Sir Arthur, let your plan be followed out," said Miss Compton. "In my opinion, the first thing in these matters is obedience to orders. As it happens, too, I really think you are quite right. It's impossible that all these misguided wretches should have been got together only to burn a few tons of hay and straw. But remember, my man, no firing of guns at them. That must be the last resource."

"Certainly," echoed Sir Arthur; and the messenger went his way.

The shouts and cries now increased every moment in violence; and anxiety kept every one within doors in the profoundest silence, broken only by an occasional remark, spoken almost in a whisper. I was now not stationed at any one post, but was employed by Sir Arthur to go from room to room. As I was returning to him in the large drawing-room, a stream of air entered through the chinks of the doors and crevices of the windows, laden with the strong odour of burning.

"Go round instantly to every room, Mr. Walker," cried Sir Arthur, "and bid every man be on the alert; for they'll be here now immediately, fancying we shall be rushing out to save the burning farm-buildings."

I flew from room to room, and then mounted to an upper

story. Just as I reached a look-out, the mob poured in one continuous stream around the three exposed sides of the house, shouting madly, while a small party came up to the principal entrance, and commenced battering the door with axes and bars. A window below was instantly thrown open, and Sir Arthur's voice sounded loud above the din, which was suddenly hushed.

"Stand back!" he cried. "I give you all fair warning. The house is full of armed men; you are risking your lives. You cannot get what you want; and if you are killed, your blood will be on your own heads; and the scoundrels who are leading you on will ——"

The rest was drowned in a tremendous shout; and a volley of stones dashed upon the windows, one of them striking Sir Arthur on the forehead. I returned to the drawing-room, and received his commands again to desire every man to hold his fire, even if he heard a shot or two from the house.

"I am going upstairs; and I shall take the liberty of disabling one or two of those rascals hammering at the door. Perhaps it will frighten the rest, and save more bloodshed. I had rather to do it myself, and take the responsibility, than lay it on any of your people, Miss Compton."

Away he then went, and I followed him. In two minutes his rifle-bullet struck the foremost of the assailants in the legs, and brought him yelling to the ground. A pause ensued, and a momentary dead silence.

"Fire!" shouted a voice from among the rearward of the rioters; and some half-dozen shots, irregularly discharged, answered the summons.

"No harm done by that!" ejaculated Sir Arthur, taking aim at another of the men who still strove to burst open the door. As he dropped on the very spot whence his wounded companion was being dragged by his comrades, a wild cry of savage ferocity rose from the whole mob, and Sir Arthur hurried to his post downstairs.

"The real leader is not among the foremost, Miss Compton," said he; "either he is a coward, or he has some crafty device in his head. I hope those fellows who have charge of the garden-door are to be trusted. Go, Mr. Walker, and reconnoitre there, if you please."

As I was going, I walked the whole party of men who had been stationed to keep that entrance, under the orders of the old butler.

"Ay, I thought you'd want us here, Sir Arthur!" said that worthy individual, handling his fowling-piece as if he longed to discharge it at the heads of the mob.

“ Good heavens, man !” cried Sir Arthur, amazed, “ what brings you here ? Go back instantly to your places. We shall have them in the house that way to a dead certainty.”

“ Go back, Sir Arthur ?” repeated the butler, looking amazed in his turn ; “ why your honour just sent for us.”

“ I sent for you ?” echoed Sir Arthur ; “ who brought the order ? Speak, man, speak ; there’s not an instant to lose !”

“ Who was it, Thomas ?” said the bewildered Wilson, turning to his companions.

“ It were Bill that told me,” responded Thomas.

“ And who told you, Bill ?” demanded Sir Arthur, almost stamping with impatience.

“ Who was it, Simon ?” said Bill.

“ One of them maids, I believe,” responded Simon.

“ Miss Compton, I fear there’s some mischief here,” said Sir Arthur, looking serious. “ Well, Wilson, go back instantly, and hold the entrance against all attacks.”

The party rapidly retired, while Miss Compton and Sir Arthur conversed in a low tone for a few moments.

“ Hark !” cried I ; “ they are in the house ;” and the cries of a large number of persons approaching told too truly that such was the case.

“ For Heaven’s sake, Miss Compton,” exclaimed Sir Arthur, “ do be persuaded to go to some less dangerous part of the house. The villains will be here before you can move. Really this is not a fit place for a woman at such a time.”

“ It is the fittest place for my father’s daughter, Sir Arthur,” replied the gallant lady, in a tone which told the soldier that further remonstrance was useless.

“ Remain here, Mr. Walker, and don’t let a man leave the room till I return,” said Sir Arthur, as he went to join Wilson’s party.

At first the rioters seemed to be beaten back ; though the storming at the principal entrance went on, and volleys of stones and an occasional shot told us that the whole accessible part of the house was being assailed. Presently a man rushed in, saying that Sir Arthur desired us to barricade the door of the room where we were stationed, for that he had reason to think some of the mob were coming that way. As we proceeded to obey the order, a tremendous blow dashed in the upper panels of the door, and another drove the door in altogether. A crowd of men, some of them with blackened faces, poured in, and we began a hand-to-hand struggle. Miss Compton stood at the further end, holding a pistol in her hand, and so evidently prepared to use it, that whether from that or some other cause, no one at first attempted to molest

her. A stout fellow in a smock-frock seized me in his gripe, and I was struggling in vain to get my arms free, when one of the ruffians walked up to Miss Compton, quietly observing,

“ Now, madam, is your turn ; we shall soon fasten up those pretty hands of yours. Those rings look vastly pretty ; suppose you hand them over to me.”

Miss Compton said not a word, but pointed her pistol at the fellow’s head. Notwithstanding the struggle I was myself engaged in, I could see her eye fastened upon the man with a perfect blaze of defiance. The man said nothing more, but steadily looked her in the face ; and thus putting her off her guard, he suddenly knocked her pistol up into the air with his bludgeon, and griped her in his arms before she had recovered herself.

“ Hurrah there !” at this moment shouted Roger’s voice, as with a small reinforcement he charged into the midst of the affray ; and while Miss Compton vigorously strove against her assailant’s efforts to gain possession of her hands, Roger forced himself through the crush, and throwing his arms round the ruffian’s neck, brought him headlong to the ground.

By this time Sir Arthur and his supporters had contrived to drive out of the house such of the rioters as had not found their way into the drawing-room ; and the garden-entrance being again secured, he re-entered with one or two more, and effectually turned the scale in our favour.

“ Well done, Mr. Walton !” he exclaimed, as he espied Roger’s plucky struggle with his fallen foe, whom he was holding to the ground by main force. In a very short space the fellow was secured, and his hands and feet tied together with handkerchiefs. A few minutes sufficed to make captives of all the rest of the rioters in the house ; and they were laid on their backs, three stout serving-men standing over them with thick cudgels, ready to strike down any one that should try to get free. Meanwhile a conference took place between Sir Arthur and Roger, and the latter exclaiming, “ With the greatest possible pleasure,” flew out of the room.

“ A plucky young fellow that,” observed Sir Arthur ; “ he is gone to bring up the men from the shrubberies, and to take the mob in its rear. I don’t think the business will last much longer. That’s a noble pier-glass, Miss Compton, or rather was ; for these scoundrels, I see, have taken care to smash it very effectually. Now, Mr. Walker, you are in command here. I am going to head a sortie. You see we are conducting the defence after the most approved rules of war.”

The old soldier was soon heard marshalling his men in the entrance-hall.

“ Now, my lads,” said he, “ when I give the word, throw the door wide open, give place to me, and follow me out in close order. Charge the fellows, and don’t spare your sticks; but remember, no fire-arms.”

A loud cheer from a short distance without soon told that Roger and his party were assailing the mob where they least expected it. Hastily the barriers of the house-door were torn away, and out dashed Sir Arthur with his men, shouting and bidding them strike hard. The double attack succeeded; the mob were seized with a panic, and some hundreds fled before the assault of some five-and-twenty or thirty bold assailants. In an almost incredibly short time the whole grounds were cleared of every visible enemy; though it was hardly to be doubted that others lurked in the shelter of the shrubs and trees. Of the two men wounded by Sir Arthur’s rifle, one was taken prisoner, and the other carried off by his comrades. Some ten or twelve others were also made prisoners in the struggle, most of them a good deal hurt. Those whose hurts were serious received a little hasty surgical attention, under Sir Arthur’s and Miss Compton’s directions; and before morning dawned, all the captives were disposed of in the safest prison that could be extemporised. The rattle of guns was succeeded by the clattering of knives, forks, and spoons; and the hoarse shouting of the rioters by the endless chatter of the servants, as a mighty breakfast was prepared for the defenders, and every body congratulated his neighbour on the successful issue of the eventful night.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST PAPERS.

In the course of the morning I was sitting chatting with Roger in the drawing-room of the Hall, and trying to calm the eagerness which he showed to commence his literary labours, when Miss Compton and her brother entered, with anxious looks upon their faces, and in earnest conversation. Roger jumped up, and expressed his hopes that nothing serious was the matter.

“ A rather serious loss, my dear sir; a very serious loss, I may say,” replied the brother, in a nervous, hurried way, his eyes winking rapidly behind his large gold spectacles,—a trick he had got from over-much microscopic investigation of animalcules and other such curiosities.

Miss Compton hereupon whispered something in his ear, looking more serious than ever.

"Well, well, Sarah!" said he, shrugging his shoulders; "it can't be helped. You may as well tell it at once. It's certain to come out; and if we make a mystery of it, people will think more harm is done than we really have to fear. But, by the way, where's Clementina? I've not seen her the whole morning; I trust she is not going to put any of her abominable tracts into the hands of those misguided men that we've got locked up."

"She can't do it, if she would," said Miss Compton. "I'm sorry to say, that a messenger arrived about two hours ago from her father's sister, who is dying; and she went off immediately afterwards, with little hope of finding her aunt alive."

"Poor dear girl!" murmured the kind-hearted uncle; "how glad I should be if she was a little more orthodox, and cared ever so little for natural history. But we can't have every thing in any one. And this reminds me that I must really be off. Supposing only the library at the Rectory should be plundered next!"

"Good heavens, brother!" exclaimed Miss Compton, "your coolness drives me mad. Are you really insensible to the amount of loss you have already sustained? As my brother has said so much already, Mr. Walker," she continued, addressing me, "I may as well tell you the whole at once. During the riot last night, some person broke open a drawer in the library, and carried off a packet of papers of the greatest importance to us, especially to my brother. We can find no possible clue to the perpetrator. From all we can learn of the events of the night, it was impossible that any one of the rioters could have got near the room. Sir Arthur is now making fresh inquiries. Ah! here he comes."

"I can make neither head nor tail of it," said the old soldier, who now appeared. "You say you locked the principal door into the library yourself, before the mob appeared?"

"I certainly did so," said Miss Compton.

"And no one in the house has a duplicate key?"

"I am morally certain that no such thing exists. The key has never for a minute been out of my possession since my father's death. I never allow any one to lock or open the door but myself. Wilson is the only servant in the house who was with us when my father died; all the rest are new. As for suspecting Wilson himself, it's absurd; I should as soon suspect you, or myself."

"But the door at the further end of the library? That, you say, cannot be opened from the outside at all."

“No; it can be opened only from within, and shuts with a spring. And when I went last night to lock the principal door, I tried the other, and it was fast.”

“And the windows? You say that when you went in this morning, you examined them, and every one had the shutters secured.”

“Every one of them.”

“Of course, if a man had been concealed in the room before you locked the doors, he could have escaped through the small one, and down the back staircase, as that door opens from within?”

“Yes, undoubtedly.”

“Then probably the thief must have been concealed somewhere when you went in. Did you happen to look carefully round the room?”

“Every where. Not a single curtain was drawn; and I am confident that if any one had been there, I must have seen him.”

“Then, too,” replied Sir Arthur, “there is the puzzle as to what could lead the man to go straight to that one drawer. It’s clear, that whoever the thief is, he not only knew the loss the papers would be to you and your brother, but he knew where to look for them.”

“That *is* incomprehensible,” said Miss Compton.

“You are certain the packet was there in the morning?”

“I am certain it was there two days ago; for I was opening the drawer, and saw it in its usual place.”

“Then it might have been taken before last night?”

“Not so; for when I went in this morning, the drawer itself was pulled half-out, and last night it certainly was closed. Besides, nobody in the house ever heard of the existence of such papers.”

“But I suppose some people out of the house knew of them?”

“Ah! no doubt. Your mother knows of them, Mr. Walton; and I dare say, if you were to ask her about them, she could tell you the very drawer where my father used to keep them, and where they certainly were two days ago. She was a great favourite with my father, and he used to employ her for hours and hours in the library, copying papers, and what not, for him. However, plenty of other people must know that the papers did exist, and must know their value; for their validity was once made the subject of a trial in a court of law.”

“As that is the case,” said Sir Arthur, “perhaps there will be no impertinence in my asking what the papers are?”

“Only a certificate of marriage, and one of baptism. On their existence, however, depends all my brother’s private fortune.”

“Every farthing!” ejaculated the brother himself; but in an unconcerned tone of voice, that made me stare him in the face with surprise.

“But cannot you get fresh copies of the original entries in the parish registers?” asked Sir Arthur.

“There lies the misfortune,” said Miss Compton. “The registers were burnt, I don’t know how long ago; so that if these authenticated copies are lost, they cannot possibly be replaced.”

“Who would benefit by the destruction of your certificates?”

“That I can’t tell you. The property would go quite in another direction from our family; but who may be the first heir I have no idea. I have some kind of idea that your father, Mr. Walton, is in some way concerned in the relationship. So I think I have heard your mother say; though he could not himself personally benefit. Have you ever heard the subject talked of?”

“Never,” said Roger. “It is the first time I ever heard any thing about it.”

“Well,” said Sir Arthur, “I suppose there’s little hope of the papers being left much longer in existence, if they have really got into bad hands. The scoundrel, whoever he is, would make them acquainted with the fire pretty quickly, I fancy. Have you *no* clue to go upon, Miss Compton?”

“Might not the thief keep the papers,” asked Roger, “and try to make terms with Mr. Compton? Very likely he would get more by that means than by destroying them outright, especially if he himself is not the person to gain by Mr. Compton’s loss.”

This seemed so likely a thing to happen, that all eyes were turned upon Roger with sudden attention, and he immediately showed a consciousness that every one was looking at him. He always had a foolish trick of blushing when he was the object of particular attention; and unless people soon turned their eyes away from him, or he was a little excited, usually began to fidget about in a nervous, flurried kind of way. On the present occasion, probably from being rather tired with the events of the night, he seemed particularly sheepish, and looked for all the world as if he was vexed at being looked at and further questioned.

“I am not yet fully satisfied, I must own,” observed Sir Arthur, after a brief pause. “Suppose we all go together into

the library, and hunt for any traces of the robber, whoever he may be."

"With all my heart," said Miss Compton. And we all followed her to the library, with the exception of Roger, who said that he had a letter on hand which he was anxious to finish, in case he should have no leisure in the afternoon; and with that he went upstairs to his own room.

On reaching the scene of the robbery, we all paced about the room, and looked out of the windows, and seemed very wise and very little satisfied, as people do on such occasions.

"Where does this lead to?" at last asked Sir Arthur, pointing to a third door in the apartment.

"Oh! that is only a closet," replied Miss Compton. "I believe it is quite empty now."

Sir Arthur peeped into the keyhole, and exclaimed,

"This lock has been tampered with, as I'm alive."

"You don't say so!" cried Miss Compton.

"Try it," said Sir Arthur. "Have you the key? Stop! the door is not locked." And he threw it open.

The closet had no shelves, and was empty, except that a few scraps of paper were tumbled together in a corner. Sir Arthur knelt on one knee, looked close to the ground, and then touched the floor of the closet with one of his fingers.

"The thief was hid here," he cried, "I'll bet a hundred pounds. This mud is quite wet. There are the fresh marks of dirty shoes, as clear as the day itself."

Every head was quickly bent towards the floor, and the truth of Sir Arthur's guess was undeniable. Miss Compton's eye seemed attracted to the heap of bits of paper; for she hastily picked up one fragment, glanced at it with a look of bewilderment, walked to the window in silence, gazed at what she held in her hand with a troubled aspect, turned white and red by turns, but said nothing, and put it in her pocket.

"Any clue?" asked Sir Arthur.

"I don't know," said she. "Nothing of the slightest use now. Very likely nothing at all."

She then examined every other scrap of paper in the closet; but there was nothing more that she seemed to think worth preserving.

"By the way, which is the drawer the packet was taken from?" said Sir Arthur.

Miss Compton pointed it out. It was the top drawer in the set to which it belonged, and one of the smallest in the whole room.

"May I open it?" inquired Sir Arthur.

“By all means. The packet is gone, I assure you. There; there was only this other large bundle of papers with it.”

“I suppose it could not possibly have fallen through this immense crack into the drawer underneath,” said he. “Why, the crack is half-an-inch wide.”

“I should say it was impossible; but, to satisfy you, Sir Arthur, we will look.”

She unlocked and opened the drawer in question, and emptied its contents upon a table. A ring fell out with them, and rolled upon the floor.

“Ha! what is that?” exclaimed Miss Compton. “That ring has no business here.”

Sir Arthur, at whose feet it had fallen, picked it up, and presented it to her. I looked at the ring, and, hardly knowing what I said, exclaimed,

“Why, that ring once was mine!”

“Yours?” cried Sir Arthur, Miss Compton, and her brother, simultaneously.

“I am confident of it,” I replied. “I gave it to Roger Walton; and the very next day he let it fall on the stones, and cracked the cornelian right across, as you see now. I know it at first sight, by the curious little engraving on the gold part of it. It is a seal-ring, as you see, and Roger has used it over and over again to seal his letters.”

“Pray ascertain this with perfect certainty,” said Sir Arthur, looking extremely serious and anxious. “Are you quite certain this is the ring you speak of?”

“I can tell in a moment,” I replied, “by an opening at the back of the stone. My ring was probably an old French or foreign thing; for the back will open, and show a very small enamelled cross, and a heart with something like an arrow running into it. Ah! there it is. I have looked at those emblems scores of times. I bought it years ago at a curiosity-shop; and Roger Walton took such a fancy to it, that at last I gave it to him.”

Miss Compton and Sir Arthur here exchanged glances which gave me serious uneasiness; for I fancied they both were beginning to suspect poor Roger of being in some way mixed up with the business. As for the rector, he stood examining the ring, and muttering something about the beauty of the workmanship.

“Impossible!” at length murmured Miss Compton.

“When did you last see this ring in your friend’s possession?” asked Sir Arthur.

“That I can’t say,” I replied. “He is a great fidget,

and is always taking his rings off and on without knowing what he does."

"What! does he wear more than one ring?" asked Sir Arthur, in a tone of contempt.

"Only a little keepsake given him by his mother, that once was his father's. That ring and this he generally wore, as far as my recollection serves."

"Miss Compton," said Sir Arthur, "you will allow me to take this part of the affair into my own hands. I have no doubt—that is, I fully trust—our gallant young friend will be able to give a good account of the way this ring came here; but it is of the very highest importance—for his own sake, observe, as well as for the truth—that no leading or injudicious questions should be put to him. I shall ask him, simply, as if nothing had happened, whether this ring is his; and I propose that we immediately ask him to come here. No, on second thoughts, that might alarm him. By the way, he did not seem to be very anxious to join us in the search. I sincerely hope that meant nothing. He blushed, too, when we talked about the use the thief might put the papers to, and suggested a plan that might be adopted to make money out of them."

"Oh, Sir Arthur!" cried Miss Compton, her face deadly pale with emotion, and placing her hand on her heart, as if in acute pain. "And his poor mother too! *Could* he have ever heard her talk about these papers? Oh, no! I cannot believe it; I will not believe it."

"Sir Arthur," said I, "whatever explanation Mr. Walton may give, I am confident that he had nothing to do with it. There must be a mystery some where. He is the most romantically honourable fellow on earth."

"And what is *romantically* honourable, may I ask?" said Sir Arthur, with a keen glance, that made me think well before I replied:

"So honourable, that he would lose his right hand rather than do what he thinks mean or false."

"What *he thinks!*" echoed Sir Arthur. "Ay, there's the rub. There are few who would not do what *is* mean or false, if nobody could know of it. What is your opinion, Mr. Walker?"

"Mine, Sir Arthur?" said I, hesitating; "why, no doubt Roger *is* romantic; and I often tell him he will never get on by trying to be better than the rest of the world."

"I don't like romance, young man," said Sir Arthur, growing testy. "I *suspect* it. Mark my words: I suspect it."

And now we will go downstairs, and ask this romantic friend of yours a plain question or two."

"Be merciful, for God's sake, Sir Arthur," said Miss Compton. "Remember what is at stake for the poor young man."

"I do remember, my dear madam," rejoined he, severely; "and therefore I will be *just*. What say you, Mr. Compton? Is mercy to be preferred to justice?"

"Not so," replied Mr. Compton; "they are to be united. They are naturally akin; but you men of arms are apt to be a little severe, I know."

"Mr. Compton," retorted the soldier, growing sterner every moment, "my principle is *duty*; and I hold that those who violate it should take the consequences."

The kind-hearted parson shrugged his shoulders. Sir Arthur, with studious politeness, begged Miss Compton to lead the way, himself following; and to the drawing-room we all returned.

As we crossed the entrance-hall, Roger was entering the house.

"You have been for a walk, Mr. Walton?" said Sir Arthur, with formal civility.

"No," said Roger, "I had a letter to post; and I knew that some people were returning to Arkworth, so I have been getting one of them to post it for me."

Sir Arthur, who was evidently working himself up to a state of excessive suspiciousness, looked extremely wise on hearing this, and replied, with a slight touch of pomposity,

"I hope your letter was not of much importance, otherwise it would have been better to have sent it by the regular channel, in Miss Compton's afternoon letter-bag."

Roger seemed surprised, and stammered out something about preferring to send it by a messenger; and then, noticing Sir Arthur's penetrating look, began, as usual, to lose his self-possession and blush.

"You will excuse me," continued Sir Arthur, as we entered the drawing-room, "but I have a particular reason for saying that I hope the letter is not one of importance."

"Why, Sir Arthur? why should it not be? Most letters are of importance to the writer and to the receiver," replied Roger, getting more and more bewildered.

I myself suspected that the letter was to Louise Fanchette, and that Roger had been anxious that no one should see the address, and now was annoyed at being questioned in what he must have thought a very impertinent way. Sir Arthur, how-

ever, was in a humour to see cause for suspicion in every word that Roger uttered, and he appeared any thing but satisfied with his reply.

“ We have made a rather unexpected discovery,” said he, addressing himself to Roger.

“ Indeed,” said Roger; “ I hope it will lead to something satisfactory.”

“ We hope so too, Mr. Walton,” said Sir Arthur, significantly; whereat Roger stared at him, totally puzzled what to make of it all.

“ This ring has been found in one of the drawers in the library,” said Sir Arthur.

“ Impossible!” cried Roger, examining the ring. “ That is my ring. I was looking for it not ten minutes ago, when I wanted to seal my letter. Walker knows that it is mine, for he gave it me himself.”

“ Then no doubt you can account for its being found in the drawer immediately under that from which Miss Compton’s papers were stolen last night. The fact is, that the ring must have fallen from the upper drawer through a large crack which there is in it.”

Roger appeared thunderstruck. For a moment he was silent; then replied, in a voice almost hollow with emotion, and his cheeks pale as marble,

“ I understand you now, Sir Arthur. You mean to imply that *I* have been to the drawer whence the papers were taken.”

“ No, not that exactly; I only mean that you are bound to explain how your ring came there.”

“ I am bound to nothing of the kind; I know no more than you do how the ring came there. I must have lost it; and some one must have found it, and put it there, to ruin me.”

“ Surely, my dear Mr. Walton,” interposed Miss Compton, in the kindest possible manner, “ you can tell us when you last had the ring.”

“ I can’t, indeed,” said he. “ Till this morning I thought I had it on my finger, with this other ring.”

“ Cannot you call to mind the last occasion when you used it, or looked at it, or took it off?” asked Miss Compton.

“ I cannot really. Sometimes I take my rings off for several days together; and I suppose I must have taken this off without knowing it,” said Roger.

“ Then, in fact, you *can* give us no account of how the ring came to be where we found it?” asked Sir Arthur. “ Of course you understand that the theft will immediately be inquired into by the nearest magistrate, and that you will be

called upon to answer any questions that may be put to you."

"Not with *my* consent," cried Miss Compton. "I have the fullest confidence in this gentleman's honour; and I believe there is some mystery involved, which only time can clear up."

And she put out her hand to poor Roger, who took it, and wrung it convulsively.

"God bless you, my dear Miss Compton," he cried, the tears almost starting to his eyes; "you only do me justice. I call God to witness that I know nothing more than I have told you. Oh! mother, mother! what will you feel when you hear that I am suspected of so infamous a crime!"

Then, as if worked up to madness, he turned to the astonished baronet, exclaiming,

"How dare you insinuate this to me, sir? What right have you to charge me with being a thief and a liar? Is not my honour as dear to me, and those who love me, as yours is to you? If I am young, and with hardly any friends, and have to struggle for my bread; and you are old, and rich, and powerful,—does that give you any right to insult and trample on me? Mr. Compton, I appeal to you, sir: I know you have a kind and honest heart, and will stand my friend; say, have I not a right to be believed, as much as Sir Arthur Wentworth himself? I know I am foolish, and unsteady, and don't always think of appearances as much as I ought, as Walker is always telling me; but what have I ever done that should give a colour to this infamous accusation? Oh! Miss Compton, *you* believe me, I know you do."

The tears streamed down Miss Compton's cheeks as she listened to this passionate appeal; and she again gave him her hand, and assured him that she would stand his friend, whatever might happen.

"But you don't believe that I *could* do such a thing. Pray, say so," cried poor Roger. "I don't care what I suffer, or go through, if only you say you believe I am innocent, and will tell my mother so."

"I do, I do," said Miss Compton; "there must be something unexplained. We will have every one in the house examined; but whatever comes of it, I shall not doubt your truth for a moment."

"Nor shall I," added her brother. "Mr. Walton, there is my hand."

"Humph!" muttered Sir Arthur. "You will excuse me, my dear madam, for saying that the affair *must not* stop here. It is my *duty* to have it fully inquired into, and before the

proper judicial authorities. Mr. Walton's own sense of propriety will assent to what I say."

"I ask no favours of any man," rejoined Roger, who was regaining his composure, fortified by the sympathy of Miss Compton and her brother. "Do as you please, Sir Arthur. I can add nothing more, for I have nothing more to tell."

The rest of the day was spent in examinations and inquiries of all kinds; but nothing whatever was elicited in the way of information. News also came in, which made it so probable that no fresh attack was contemplated on the Hall, that Sir Arthur, having first seen the prisoners captured during the preceding night sent off under a strong escort, left for his own house. The gentry and landowners of the neighbourhood called in large numbers to hear the news, and express their condolences to Miss Compton, who seemed to stand very little in need of pity, and whose thoughts were so absorbed by the loss of the papers (which, however, was kept as much a secret as possible), that she had not much to offer in the way of conversation to her visitors; and before dark, Roger and myself were left alone with her. Miss Compton wished us to stay the night, I have little doubt out of compassion to Roger, who was dreadfully cast down; and seeing us hesitate as to accepting her invitation, she professed to wish to have the security of our presence, in case any thing should go wrong, though I well knew that every precaution had been taken. However, we could not refuse, and passed the evening by ourselves, as Miss Compton was too much fatigued to leave her room.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

The Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher. A new edition. London, Rivingtons.

THERE are some men who stand out in history as the types and personifications of their ages. The opinions and actions of those individuals indicate what their fellow-countrymen and contemporaries were hankering after and wishing for; so that by a close study of such eminent characters, we see, as in a microcosm, the summary of the principles prevalent at certain times. Wolsey furnishes us with an example of this kind with

regard to England; and many have thought that a complete and impartial memoir of him yet remains to be written.

Cavendish, whose work is on our table, held an office in his household, without having been enriched by it: a circumstance as rare as it is honourable. He evidently loved his master, and wrote accordingly: but for a hundred years the spiders had a monopoly of his lucubrations. It was not until the impeachment of Archbishop Laud, that they saw the light,—when publishers imagined that a little political or polemical capital might be made with the Long Parliament, by pandering to public prejudices against the ambition of prelacy in general. Puritanism, having but a small conscience and a large swallow, interpolated the original manuscript without shame or scruple. There was a particular point to be gained; and printed forgeries in those days were likely to last for a long time. It remained for Doctor Wordsworth, in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, to render justice to the simple-hearted and honest-minded George Cavendish. His account is defective enough as to dates and arrangement; yet one always feels that he is telling us about what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears.

The compilation of Richard Fiddes, an Anglican theologian, is elaborate and argumentative; not without use as an extensive collection of facts and authorities, but tainted with many Jacobite tendencies. The Doctor had an impediment in his speech, which prevented him from clearly articulating until he had swallowed about three glasses of wine. A still greater impediment, however, affected his pen and mind; which would never work well upon such a subject as Cardinal Wolsey, because his ruling idea was, that he might paint him as a sort of Protestant among Catholics, and yet at the same time a Catholic amongst Protestants. A nondescript absurdity, therefore, is the only result; agreeable in the eyes of the Non-jurors, who loathed Puritanism, with its long faces and longer sermons; but who lived and died unfavoured with that humility of spirit which alone could lead them into the true Church of Almighty God. Just as the present Puseyites have attempted several Lives of the Saints, a few Anglican scribes in the spirit of Queen Anne and Harley, Earl of Oxford, tried their hands upon Wolsey, More, and Fisher. Grove and Galt have done little better, though their aims were in other directions. The great founder of Christ Church has perhaps hitherto owed more to Shakespeare than to any historian; enshrined as his character appears in the drama of Henry VIII. and the chronicle of the faithful Griffith.

He was born in March, A.D. 1471, of highly respectable

parents, Robert and Joan Wolsey, who lived in the flourishing borough and market-town of Ipswich; and whose names are preserved by Rymer in the papal bull, authorising prayers for their souls, as well as that of their son Thomas the Cardinal, to be offered up on the part of all scholars and students sharing in the educational advantages provided for them by his eminence on the banks of the Isis and Orwell. It has shocked the prudery of modern delicacy to understand that Robert Wolsey was by trade a butcher; as if he stuck little pigs with his own hands for the pantries of Suffolk parsonages, bled the calves of Essex for the luxury of municipal magnates, or hung up hogs by the heels for the greasy chaw-bacons at Bury St. Edmonds. The fact was, that he flourished as a prosperous yeoman, possessing hydes of land, herds of oxen, flocks of sheep,—whilst not unfrequently his lambs and beeves were slaughtered, perhaps in his own shambles, but at all events on his own account and for profit. Rich farmers and proprietors were often in the habit of doing so towards the close of the fifteenth century; when a division of trades and occupations rarely prevailed with the accuracy of well-understood distinctions now generally in vogue. In other words, Robert Wolsey bore himself in the world as a burgher in affluent circumstances, rejoicing in the lively talents of his promising son Thomas, to whom he was able to afford the best education of their native town, before sending him to complete his humanities at Magdalen College, Oxford.

The times were favourable for the development as well the employment of genuine and practical abilities. The billows of civil war had subsided into comparative calmness under the sceptre of Henry VII. That astute and selfish sovereign found the aristocracy exhausted both in numbers and wealth, and therefore fully prepared, or at least compelled to submit its neck to a yoke of iron. Amongst the more middle classes a revival of old Saxon reminiscences had distinctly appeared. Symptoms of sturdy independence met with encouragement, rather than otherwise, from a monarch who wanted wealthy subjects to tax, and whose popularity was already out at elbows. The royal Tudor read Latin enough to construe the maxim *Tollere humiles et debellare superbos*, in the sense of keeping down the nobility and elevating the commonalty for his own purposes.

At the same time the anti-Papal feeling which had so long possessed a certain portion of the powerful classes was as rife as ever, and as ready to be swayed to the worst evils. Ever since the Norman invasion, there had come to be engrafted on the Anglo-Saxon mind an irreverent and unjust suspicion with

regard to the See of Rome. Instead of the affectionate and respectful attachment manifested by Robert Guiscard and his compeers to the spiritual Father of Christendom, on the sunny shores of Italy, the kinsmen and countrymen of that chivalrous warrior in England treated the Popes just as if the base birth of the Conqueror had passed by transfusion into his ecclesiastical relations. Nor were the Plantagenets wiser or better in their religious policy, as he that runs may read, in our varied history from the Constitutions of Clarendon to the last sovereign of the house of York, from the era of Edward I., who courted the sweet voices of the commons by legislation essentially anti-Roman, to the ambitious aspirations of Wolsey himself, who repented too late, that he had served his king better than his God. Our insular position perhaps helped to encourage this national disloyalty to the grand centre of unity, which was still more promoted by the residence of the Popes at Avignon. Being generally in French interests, these pontiffs were supposed to throw their weight unduly into the anti-English scale during the mighty contests between the Plantagenets and the Valesians for the Gallican crown. Lollardism at least assured many a gaping mob that it was so: which led to an identification in the popular mind of heresy and liberty leading to military glory, on the one side, as contrasted with the Papal Church and the court at Paris or Rheims on the other. Wyckliffe and his adherents thus made their most permanent, if not their deepest impressions, in the very garb of patriotism. Nor were princes or prelates by any means free from the infection of an analogous poison; both priests and people therefore suffered accordingly. The bonds of consecrated discipline relaxed; servility to the temporal sovereign grew rampant upon the ruins of all cordial faithfulness to Catholicism; while long before Erastus was heard of in Germany, his principles had gained amazing ground throughout the various countries of Europe. Christendom, in fact, was ripe for revolt and revolution.

No sooner had young Wolsey arrived at Oxford than the dons of that day marvelled at the quickness of his genius, as well as the extent of his attainments. At Ipswich he had distanced every competitor, to the intense delight of his parents; nor was his academical career less striking at Magdalen College. At an age when, if we may believe Erasmus and Dean Colet, every one of his male contemporaries had to be birched at least once a quarter, this son of a Suffolk grazier was opening his mouth in Latin disputations with Grocyn, Linacre, and Warham. Men of years and wisdom already deemed him a prodigy. At fifteen they admitted him to that degree which

confers the earliest scholastic rank upon an aspiring student ; styling him the Boy Bachelor from his precocious acuteness and progress in the schools. Soon afterwards he became Master of Arts, and was appointed teacher of grammar to the youthful classes in connection with Magdalen, but not as yet received into the college. About this period, and for the next quarter of a century, the entire university was in commotion. The study of Greek had been just imported from the continent, or at least those seeds and learned sowers had found their way over, which led to its revival. Wolsey was made bursar in A.D. 1498, and commenced building his matchless tower, still one of the noblest ornaments as a gem of architecture, amidst the groans of the Trojans ; for so those were then called who hated the language of Homer, and thought every novelty a monster. His intercourse with the great scholar, or rather master, from Rotterdam, began about the same period. Both of them loved to labour in the cause of learning ; both rushed into the literary contest of their times between barbarism and classical taste, with the same zeal which in our own younger recollections arrayed the gown against the town for less honourable objects ; whilst both of them, we are grieved yet bound to acknowledge, could waste their wit in bandying sneer for sneer at monks, to whom they were not worthy to hold a candle, or at pious institutions too good for their respective countries, and therefore about to be overthrown. Erasmus and Wolsey had sufficient reason in later life to remember, that *abusus non tollit usus*. The former had proved himself no saint when a resident in his monastery at Stein in Holland ; nor should either of these worthies have forgotten, that amidst the storms of the mediæval ages, their favourite authors would probably have perished, had not the asylum of the cloister rescued literature from the rude hands of the Huns and Goths, the Lombards and Vandals, or the ferocious Danes in our own island.

But the painful fact appears, that Wolsey was a worldly man. Literature, and even religion, might be all very well in its way ; yet fame, with the good things of this life, had at present more attractive charms. Hence whilst ambition unfurled or flapped her wings, the map of politics lay open before him, suggestive of the various arts whereby talents such as he felt himself to possess might find favour in high places. His first ecclesiastical preferment was the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, conferred upon him in A.D. 1500 by the Marquis of Dorset, of whose three sons he had taken charge in his school at Magdalen, with so much success, that when their father sent for them home to enjoy the Christmas

holidays, their clever tutor was invited to accompany them. Charmed with the vivacity of his guest, and happening to have this benefice vacant, the noble host had him inducted at once; for though the living was small, the neighbourhood was good, not too far from Ilchester, and likely to lead to something still better from his bountiful patron. The Marquis, however, died the next year, regarded as an upstart by some of the old landed gentry, particularly Sir Amyas Paulet, of Hinton St. George, who beheld with green eyes the sudden elevation of the lucky descendants of the queen of Edward IV. Perhaps it arose from the ramifications of aristocratic jealousy, that the friends and dependants of the late peer were to be honoured with some rural persecution, the rector of Lymington not excepted. For the story goes, that at the annual wake of that village, its incumbent got so excited amongst the lads and lasses, that Sir Amyas, rather righteous overmuch, contrived to take umbrage at the excess of jollification, charged the poor parson with sanctioning what might have swollen into a riot, and *proh pudor!* put his reverence in the stocks. Proud as Wolsey was, we can fancy how hard the future Cardinal must have found it to digest the gibes of his parishioners; urchins making mouths at him; the constable all stiff and stark, with his staff of office in his hand; a few good-natured women here and there weeping; the huckster and husbandman passing by, or shrugging their shoulders. No sooner was he released, than he left the place incontinently; not resigning his incumbency, but shaking off the dust of his feet at least against his principal tormentor. In subsequent scenes of grandeur he never forgot his degradation; for which, when he afterwards took the seals as lord chancellor, he condescended to the mean revenge of arbitrarily committing Sir Amyas Paulet to the Temple, where he remained in confinement, within certain limits, for a term of from five to six years. Meanwhile Wolsey had hastened up to London, and procured the appointment of a domestic chaplainship to Henry Dean, then Archbishop of Canterbury. His Oxford reputation stood him in such excellent stead, that in 1503 he obtained a dispensation from Alexander VI. to hold a couple of livings at the same time. His spirits now rose with his fortunes, and both were sufficiently buoyant.

Cavendish has caught the spirit of the times, when he remarks, with no less quaintness than truth, that there are "wonderful and secret workes of God, and chaunces of fortune. I would wishe," he then adds, "all men in authority and dignity to knowe and feare God in all their triumphs and glory; considering in all their doings, that authority be not permanent,

but may slide and vanish as the pleasures of princes alter and change." The history of his master was to prove a striking illustration of these grave apothegms. Within a brief period, Archbishop Dean departed, being succeeded by Warham; so that Wolsey had to seek out a new protector in the person of Sir Richard Nanfan, of Birtsmorton, in Worcestershire, who was captain and treasurer of Calais, and esquire of the body to Henry VII. Through this gentleman it came to pass that his road to royal promotion was opened. The king happened to fall in with the witty and clever clerk from Suffolk, a favourable report from Sir Richard strengthened the fancy which his sovereign had from the first conceived, and the name of the new-comer quickly appeared on the muster-rolls of the palace. Pope Julius II., before the end of 1504, permitted him to take an additional living, the rectory of Redgrave, in Norfolk; upon which benefice, however, he did not enter until 1506. But meanwhile Wolsey was improving his interest at court, where, with an affable and plausible address, he contrived to be never in the way with powerful friends, and yet never out of the way. As a courtier, he watched for his opportunities, and turned them to account as they occurred. Henry had habits which combined method with economy; so that after hearing his new chaplain say Mass in the morning, he would call him into his closet for counsel about secular matters. Doctor Fox, then Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Thomas Lovell, Constable of the Tower, might be considered as the principal ministers of state, whom the rising favourite took care to flatter rather than offend. Wolsey ascended upon their shoulders towards the altitude at which he was aiming. The affairs of Calais had been abandoned by Sir Richard Nanfan very much to his management. Towards the autumn of 1507, there happened to be an urgent necessity for sending a smart envoy from London to the Emperor Maximilian, and Wolsey was employed on the occasion. Such were the expedition and success with which he executed his commission, that he found himself despatched a second time to the imperial court, and reaping more than one among the richest secondary preferments of the crown in consequence. The deanery of Lincoln, with two prebendaries in that cathedral, had fallen to his share before the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509; soon after which important event he obtained perpetual access to the young monarch as almoner and general favourite. There seems to have been a captivating grace about his manners perfectly irresistible. Polydore Virgil, moreover, tells us, that the gaiety of disposition which had so scandalised Sir Amyas Paulet in Somersetshire, produced very different effects in the

capital, and at Richmond or Windsor. For the amusement of princes and peers, when they condescended to seek his companionship, Wolsey danced, and sang, and caroused, with the levity and impetuosity of the most jovial votaries of pleasure. His object was doubtless to gain the ascendancy over the royal mind; in which, for good or for evil, he succeeded. The king, indeed, devoted a considerable portion of his time and attention to the cares of government; yet, whilst following in these respects the paternal example, Wolsey acquired the art, as Lingard observes, of guiding his sovereign, when even appearing to be guided by him. If ever he urged a measure of policy contrary to the royal inclinations, he manifested the prudence to desist before offence could be taken; nor would he fail entering into the views of his despotic master, with as much industry and zeal as if they had actually originated from himself. In other words, he devoted himself to the potentates of this world, and received their wages in return. The devil must have smiled at his game.

Courtiers soon discovered the power of the almoner with regard to prizes, patronage, advancement, and places. Nor did they pretend to be less edified at the humility always shown by Wolsey to his old and warm friend, Bishop Fox, who had taken him up on the decease of Sir Richard Nanfan. His path appeared to be paved with preferments. Besides his lucrative office as distributor of the royal bounty, he was made successively a privy councillor and reporter to the Star-Chamber, rector of Torrington in the diocese of Exeter, canon of Windsor, registrar to the Order of the Garter, and prebendary as well as dean of York. To these golden pluralities were afterwards added the deanery of Hereford and precentorship of St. Paul's, which he resigned on attaining the bishopric of Lincoln; connected with which promotion he also became chancellor to the Order of the Garter, holding, moreover, the enormously rich abbacy of St. Alban's *in commendam*, and the wealthy see of Tournay in Flanders; this last being a sheer usurpation of conquest, since its rightful occupant had been neither legally nor ecclesiastically deposed. When that city was delivered up to the French in 1518, he secured a pension for life of 12,000 livres saddled on the episcopal revenues restored to their proper owner. But in the self-same year of his enthronisation at Lincoln, he obtained within six months the archbishopric of York; he was nominated a cardinal, and made lord chancellor, before Christmas, 1515; assumed his legantine authority soon afterwards; added successively to his commendams the large sees of Bath and Wells, Durham, Worcester, Hereford, and Winchester, besides his embassies to

Charles V. and Francis I. in 1521 and 1527, to say nothing of the pecuniary allowances, or annual bribes, which he received from foreign powers, such as 3000 silver pieces from Spain, 9000 crowns of gold from the Emperor, and 10,000 ducats from the duchy of Milan. We enumerate these matters partly to give our readers some idea of the abuses of the age, and the wonderful Reformation called for and effected by the Council of Trent; and partly to display the real avidity of Wolsey, however palliated it might seem to be by his generosity and munificence. His accumulations of income were rife and palpable; his resignations of any commendam, for example, were both reluctant and rare. Twice he aimed at the Popedom, with efforts which might justify the reproaches of good Queen Catherine :

“ He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,—ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tithed all the kingdom; simony was fair play.”

Such were some of the characteristics under which this remarkable personage entered upon the political world, in which for twenty years he was destined to bear a very prominent part. His public career, indeed, may be said to have commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., around whose throne stood Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Earl of Surrey as Lord Treasurer; Fox, still Bishop of Winchester and Lord Privy Seal; Sir Thomas More, the pious and pleasant author of *Utopia*, who was not, however, placed at the head of the Exchequer until 1520; and Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and brother-in-law to the sovereign, through his marriage with the Princess Mary. Wolsey overshadowed them all; but his great foil and rival was the metropolitan. Never were two eminent statesmen so singularly contrasted, and at the same time in such curious juxtaposition with each other. Erasmus tells us, that what enabled Warham to sustain the various cares and toils of his high station was his being *omnis in hoc* for whatever business he had in hand, whether small or great. No one of his hours was ever wasted in hunting, gaming, idle or trifling conversation, or, least of all, in voluptuousness and luxury. Literature formed his solitary recreation. Even with his noblest guests, he never spent more than an hour at dinner. His entertainments were splendid and liberal, suited to the dignity of his rank; but pressing every dainty upon others, he never touched aught but the plainest food himself, abstaining generally from wine, and allowing only a little small beer for his daily beverage. He set his face against superfluous dress, ostentation in equipages or ban-

quets; but, above all, buffoonery and slander were the objects of his abhorrence, for he considered them as the serpents of society. His conversation, habits, and manners, seemed always to rebuke those of his brother Archbishop, as the latter not unfrequently felt, without having the humility to acknowledge it.

Ancient controversies were revived to set up York against Canterbury. England had seldom seen, even amongst her princes, such secular pomp and grandeur as Wolsey soon affected. His household, on its most magnificent scale, comprised from eight hundred to a thousand persons. The three ranks of attendants in his general hall had respectively at the head of each division a priest, a knight, and an esquire, as steward, treasurer, and comptroller: His kitchen presented the perfect organisation of an empire in gastronomy. There were clerks of the dresser and the spicery; yeomen of the common and silver scullery, the pastery, the wafery, the saulcery, the buttery, the ewery, the chaundry, the laundry, and the cellers; grooms, labourers, pages, sumpter-men, footmen, gardeners, porters, muleteers, farriers, saddlers, and subordinates without end; whilst in the privy-kitchen "there went daily up and down a master-cook in velvet, or in satin, with a chaine of gould, with two yeoman attendants, and labourers six in the same room!" Well might Warham exclaim as he did against the extravagance at York House; and when, at an interview between Henry and Charles V., Wolsey had taken upon him to publish an order that the clergy should appear in gorgeous costume of silk or damask, the quiet metropolitan just set it at nought by appearing in his usual clothes, quite sufficient as they were for any public occasion that was merely secular. The furniture of the Cardinal's 'chappell' passed the capacity of his honest biographer to describe aright, so costly were the jewels and ornaments, the copes and other vestments, with the cross and pillars which had to be carried before the aspirant to the chair of Christ's Vicar upon earth. When he became Lord Chancellor, nearly all his former splendours seemed to double in brilliancy and absurdity. The shine was taken out of royalty itself by his train of equestrian and pedestrian officials, the chaplains, heralds, sergeants, bannerets, minstrels, tent-keepers, and armourers. At first the nation fell in to the novelty of the affair, as being more to the public taste than the penurious and repulsive economy of the last reign, when the founder of the Tudors pounced upon all that could be reached by the talons of government, without rendering back again any general festivities in return. Yet before long, both prince and people felt that the magnificence of the minis-

ter had been carried too far. The permanency, or at least the frequency of such exhibitions palled on the appetite even of sight-seers: whilst envy, hatred, and malice, were preparing their various machinations to overthrow the pride of an upstart, and astonish all Christendom with the results of his degradation and ruin.

His administration, as preponderating adviser to the king and governor of the state, must be admitted to have been sufficiently defective. His talents were so many slaves of the Lamp and the Ring, as in the story of Aladdin amongst the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Henry, the future apostate from his faith, the oppressor of his subjects, and the murderer of his wives, wore the magic circlet on his finger, and held by the handle that marvellous lantern of enchantment, to be thrown aside when they had finished their work, or become superseded by more powerful fascinations; as the Cardinal found to his cost. Dating the plenitude of his political influence from 1510, before he avowedly took the seals of high office, it was already visible that the policy of the late monarch would be persevered in, of curbing the ambition of the nobility, and courting popularity with the more middle classes. This was to be done indeed after the fashion of a royal Rob Roy; nor were the frogs too loudly to complain, should a stork or a hydra be set over them, *Qui dente aspero corripere*t *singulas*. The peace of the country was preserved about as well as it had been by the stocks, the pillory, and the gallows; all three, however, being in frightful activity, besides the accompanying horrors of pestilential prisons, the shears, the branding irons, and the cat-o'-nine-tails. Great violence often occurred in the name of the crown, through the caprices of its various officers, for which no adequate redress could be procured; as in the case of Sir Amyas Paulet. Hallam merely observes that the courts of justice were not strong enough, whatever might be their temper, to chastise such aggressions; juries, through intimidation or ignorance, returned the verdicts which they fancied might be agreeable to the great; and in general perhaps there was little restraint upon the executive, except in the two particulars of levying money and enacting laws.

To put the hand of the sovereign into the pocket of the subject has always proved a delicate and dangerous operation since the days of King John and Magna Charta. Wolsey startled the House of Commons in 1523, by asking at once for the then enormous sum of 800,000*l.*! He proposed that it should be raised by an impost of one-fifth, or twenty per cent on lands and goods, in order to prosecute the war just commenced against France. Sir Thomas More, in the chair as

Speaker, is said to have urged acquiescence; but the Anglo-Saxon soul, stirred by a demand for so much money, appointed a committee of remonstrance, foolishly asserted that the sum exceeded the whole current coin of the kingdom, and that to raise the subsidy was simply impossible. The Cardinal knew better, and acted accordingly. Down to St. Stephen's he came, mounted upon his palfrey, and with all his attendants: thus far exceeding, as well as anticipating, the later yet more modest intrusiveness of Charles I. It must have been a trying moment for members. They received him, nevertheless, with dignity; simply asserting their independence, and that they were accustomed to debate by themselves. After discussions, continuing for sixteen days, an inferior grant was offered, to be spread by instalments over a period of four years. Wolsey accepted the capitulation; but setting aside the terms, compelled the people to pay up the entire subsidy at once. There was no real help for them. Our boasted constitution was like the familiar spirits of whom we hear in the Old Testament, whispering out of the ground, and more dreaded or talked about than palpable. In the gradations of social rank, the nobles, knights, gentry, burgesses, yeomanry, or small freeholders, were as yet neither sufficiently numerous, intelligent, nor united, to encounter with any well-arranged opposition the thunders of the crown or the menaces of its minister. As to the peasantry and labourers, although the condition of mere villenage had become rare, no extraordinary succession of generations had elapsed since a considerable proportion of them lay under the ignominious thralldom of that state. The mode, therefore, of filling the royal exchequer was very much the process of exaction adopted by the beggar in *Gil Blas*, or by highwaymen in Thibet;—a sort of civil *stand and deliver*,—a kind of benevolence asked for in the name of God and the king,—but ready to be backed by a bullet, if necessary. A worthy predecessor of Warham, Cardinal Morton, reserved what was called *his fork* for such occasions. When soliciting contributions to the state for his master, the first Tudor, he told those merchants and others who lived handsomely, that their ability to pay was manifested by their rate of expenditure; whilst he informed those, on the other hand, whose style of living was less sumptuous, that they must have grown rich by their economy. Either class, as he said, could well afford assistance to their sovereign; and consequently, in a pecuniary sense, he impaled them on one prong or other of his curious dilemma. Wolsey well remembered the precedent, and acted upon it with a logic unanswerable.

The pleasures of the court, as well as the expenses of his

foreign policy, soon exhausted the vast treasures accumulated during the late reign (which probably in their amount were always a good deal exaggerated); although both tonnage and poundage had been conferred upon Henry in his first parliament. In 1522, we find him borrowing 20,000*l.* from the City of London; and within two months afterwards, commissioners are appointed throughout the counties to swear every man to the value of his possessions, requiring a rateable part according to such declarations. The clergy were expected to yield a fourth, and benefices above ten pounds in annual value no less than a third. Warham wrote to Wolsey in vain: not that he was disposed to be niggardly himself in the business, for he wondered that people could be so "wrong-headed about their worldly gear;" but the English hierarchy and priesthood stood upon their privilege to concede pecuniary grants only in Convocation, denying, moreover, the right of the Crown to impose taxes without parliamentary authority. Both rich and poor agreed in cursing the Cardinal as the subverter of their laws and liberties. He had at length to give way, when an insurrection broke out in his native county; and voluntary benevolences were resorted to, with what success we are not informed. Three years afterwards, illegal commissions for levying contributions again appeared. Compositions settled matters in a majority of instances, no doubt: the unscrupulous instrument of a despotic ruler had but one course to pursue: and the best apology for him was, that when his ruin admitted another set of men to power, the nation, finding itself much worse off than before, looked back with useless regret to the brighter period of his dazzling though oppressive administration.

At this era of his life, however, he shone out before Europe as a paragon of courtiers. If he seemed to be accumulating mountains of wealth, he dispensed, it was thought, only less freely than he received. Many of his vast revenues were expended indeed in a manner which ought subsequently to have occasioned him the deepest humiliation: others were employed on those monuments of architecture which have immortalised his genius and spirit. Yet to maintain his ascendancy over the hard and hollow heart of Henry involved him in incessant outlay. In 1514, he began to build Hampton Court; and having finished it, with all its sumptuous furniture and decorations, in 1528, he presented it to his master, who gave him the palace of Richmond for a residence in return. Meanwhile, masquerades, revels, tournaments, and festivities, exhausted the coffers of the Church, regaled or amused the opulent, who already were clothed in purple and fine

linen, defrauded the poor, and disgraced his own sacred vocation. The following extract describes one of the more harmless exhibitions of this sort, whence we may readily infer what others were :

“When it pleased the King's majesty, for his recreation, to re-
paire unto the Cardinall's house, as he did diverse times in the yeare,
there wanted no preparation, or goodly furniture, with viandes of
the finest sorte, that could be gotten for money or friendshippe.
Banquettes were set forthe, with masques and moumeries in so gor-
geous and costly a manner, that *it was a heaven to behold!* There
wanted no dames nor damoselles, meet or apt to daunce with the
maskers, or to garnish the place for that time with other goodly dis-
portes. I have seen the kinge come sodainly thither in a maske,
with a dozen maskers all in garments, like shepardes, made of fine
cloathe of golde, and fine crimson satten paned [that is shaded in
angular compartments] and cappes of the same, with vizors of good
proportion; their heares and beardes either of fine gold wier, or of
silver, or else of good blacke silke; having sixteene torch-bearers,
besides three drummes :—and then, upon his landing, the gunnes
were shote off, which made such a rumble in the ayer, that it was
like thunder.”

It was from scenes like these, and some others which were
far worse, since wantonness and gambling were allowed to rule
the roast, that a deterioration of court manners set in, partly
the causes, and partly the symptoms, of an approaching change
in religion. For it will be observed, that the policy of Wol-
sey appeared to sanction the superiority of the temporal over
the spiritual power. He may be said literally to have played
the fool for the kingdom of this world's sake. In him the
mitre and crozier were now and then laid aside for the cap and
bells and willow-wand of harlequin himself, to fawn more
successfully on a cruel secular tyrant, about, at no great dis-
tance of time, to apostatise from the Church of God. On
assuming the seals as Lord Chancellor in 1515, when Arch-
bishop Warham had resigned them, he increased the number
of his enemies, but certainly illustrated the strength of his
capacity. Unacquainted with the subtleties of legal pro-
cedures, he always decided according to the dictates of his
own judgment; and whilst availing himself of the knowledge
and experience of others, the versatility and superiority of his
talents enabled him to manifest an amount of practical equity
universally admitted and applauded. He laid himself out to
appease domestic quarrels, and reconcile those who were at
variance with each other. Courts of arbitration and requests
were established for the relief and assistance of the poorer
classes of suitors. In the ordinary dispensation of justice,

Lingard assures us, upon the authority of Godwin, useful improvements demonstrated the ruling mind of a master; whilst he made it his peculiar care to punish such offenders with severity as had defrauded the revenue or fleeced the commonalty. "But his reputation, and the ease with which he admitted suits, overcrowded the Chancery with petitioners: he found himself quickly overwhelmed with a multiplicity of business; and the king, to relieve him, established four subordinate courts, of which that under the presidency of the Master of the Rolls is still preserved." Westminster Hall must have presented a magnificent spectacle during term-time; with the embroidered hangings all around his scarlet canopy; the broad Seal of England laid on a table in front, beneath the shadow of his gorgeous hat, covering the golden mace and other insignia of his office; a conclave of clerks, lawyers, scribes, and secretaries, costumed, and busy on his right hand and left; his own rich flowing robes of silk and ermine, as he sat on gilded cushions, holding to his nostrils an orange, out of which the pulp had been scooped, and its room carefully occupied with fragrant essences and aromatics, for a specific against the contagion of plague or sweating sickness; whilst the mob of anxious clients, or wondering idlers, gazed in mute astonishment at the superb pole-axes, halberds, pillars, and crosses, arranged in state before the presence of the mighty Cardinal!

Wolsey's attention at intervening seasons indulged itself in a wider range. The nation, throughout the previous lapse of a century and a half, had possessed little weight in foreign politics, with the exception of some fallacious results growing out of the triumph at Agincourt. It was perhaps by Wolsey that the most important and enduring foundations were laid for that influence which subsequently secured for the British crown so potential a voice in continental affairs. The information he contrived to obtain with respect to secret transactions carried forward in every court and capital of Europe, afforded him opportunities and advantages for preserving that balance of power between France and Austria which seems to have been his constant object. To this cause should be referred those mutations of conduct, otherwise unaccountable, which led him first to desert the House of Valois, and support its rival; until the latter acquiring too large a preponderance, he fell back upon former alliances, and laboured to repair the fallen fortunes of the Capetian family. His despatches, observes a distinguished historian, of which many are still extant, show that he was accustomed to pursue every event into its probable consequences; so that his agents at Paris, Brussels,

Milan, Rome, Vienna, or Madrid, found themselves thus furnished beforehand with instructions adapted to each contingency. In truth, so long as Wolsey presided over the councils of Henry, not only was he personally respected or feared by other statesmen and rulers, but the king himself held the distinguished position of acting as the royal arbiter of the conflicts then raging from the Baltic to the Bosphorus. Had the Cardinal been as sound an ecclesiastic as he was a brilliant courtier, his country might have enshrined his memory in her warmest regards: as legate, he is said to have exercised without delicacy his adventitious superiority over the Archbishop and province of Canterbury; and to have drawn to his courts the cognisance of causes which belonged to that primate: but the question of right between them admitted of much dispute; and it is acknowledged on the other hand, that he reformed many abuses in the Church, and compelled the secular and regular clergy to live according to the canons. To this asseveration of one of his advocates, it must be replied, that he had already compromised the independence of that hierarchy of which he was so distinguished a member, through promoting the exaltation of the regality on which his mere private or personal grandeur was erected. His connivance at the caprices and passions of the sovereign had inflamed the appetites and madness of a temporal despotism, destined before many summers were over to produce a catastrophe worthy of the spirit of Antichrist. His own morals were not free from stain: his own laxity of faith had rendered him careless with regard to the extension of heresy in the land; and his own grasp had already been laid upon conventual and monastic property. It is true, indeed, that in 1521, he procured a formal condemnation of Lutheranism by an assembly of divines convened at his own house; that he also published the bull of Leo X., with the usual tokens of respect; and that, so far as professions went, he officially discouraged the circulation of various treatises against the true religion; but it is also certain that practically he screened the growth of such popular novelties as undermined the spiritual, whilst they aggrandised the secular power; so that he could hold a higher tone with the Holy See, from which he obtained perpetual extensions of his legantine jurisdiction, exercising at length within his native realm almost all the prerogatives of the Roman Pontiff. He wished to be an English Ximenes; but he lacked the personal sanctity, as well as the imperial disinterestedness of that majestic and matchless Spaniard.

The glorious foundations, however, at Alcala, were not beyond the limits of imitation; nor can any one withhold from

Cardinal Wolsey that admiration which he so well deserved as a patron of literature. On the more learned amongst his own countrymen he heaped encouragement; and the most eminent foreigners were invited to Oxford and Cambridge. When on a visit to the former with good Queen Catherine, in 1518, he intimated to the University his intention of endowing lectures on theology, civil law, physic, philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, Greek, and Latin; and in the following year, three of these at once commenced, with ample salaries, in the hall of Corpus Christi. The members of convocation manifested their gratitude by a solemn decree that he should be intrusted with the revisal and correction of their statutes; Cambridge soon afterwards paying him a similar compliment. His larger design was publicly announced in 1524; two years having then elapsed since his educational benefactions at Ipswich for forming a sort of nursery there, to prepare pupils for what was to be Cardinal's College at Oxford. This seminary, in his own town, is said to have rivalled Eton and Winchester, so long as it lasted. The future Christ Church, which was the grand legacy of his ambition, thus slightly varied in its title, comprised a dean, twelve canons, and a numerous choir; but it was originally conceived on a far more splendid scale, with an additional sub-dean, sixty canons of a superior order, forty of an inferior rank, besides ten public lecturers, thirteen chaplains, an organist, a dozen clerks, and sixteen choristers. To realise such visions of ecclesiastical magnificence, bulls had been obtained, and almost usurped, for the suppression of twenty-two priories and nunneries, including the Canons Regular of St. Frideswide. The following year, when the dissolution of the monasteries had removed the episcopal see from Oseney Abbey to the new cathedral church of Christ in Oxford, Henry VIII. consigned all the estates and property remaining from his original seizure to the dean and chapter, on condition of their maintaining one head, eight canons, eight chaplains, as many clerks, and an organist, besides eight choristers, sixty students, forty grammar scholars, a schoolmaster, and an usher. Other modifications occurred of a later date. The great bell was brought from Oseney Abbey; where it once swung in the high tower, summoning the religious to their services with its solemn and sonorous sounds, emanating from seventeen thousand pounds weight of metal. Wolsey built the kitchen, the noble hall, and the greater portion of the large quadrangle, 264 by 261 feet square. His cruel master vainly attempted to impose his own name upon the enterprise; but, amidst the just execrations of mankind, the effort was defeated, in analogy with the injustice of Ptolemy

Soter, who endeavoured to deprive of his genuine fame the architect of the celebrated Pharos.

The decline and fall of Wolsey had, long before they happened, been desired by the nation, and contrived by his adversaries. His rapacity and profusion were undeniable: yet it was through the operation of other and more delicate causes that the catastrophe came to be effected at last. Catherine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, had been, at least formally, married to Arthur, the elder brother of Henry; on whose decease, the avaricious father of the young princes proposed a transfer of the nominal widow to the new heir-apparent. Of course, with Henry VII. the mere object was an enormous dowry; but Warham, perhaps believing that the nuptials had been consummated between Arthur and Catherine, remonstrated in very strong terms against the measure, which he stigmatised as preposterous, being neither honourable before men nor pleasing to God. Fox, bishop of Winchester, and patron to Wolsey, adopted an opposite opinion, insisting that a papal dispensation would remove all impediments. The union took place, as is well known. The queen was in her twenty-sixth year at the time; a model of patience and saintliness,—beautiful and amiable, but with somewhat uncertain health, and seven years older than her consort. They had three sons and two daughters; of whom the sole survivor was the Princess Mary. No husband could have well been happier than Henry, until he transgressed the sacramental limits of matrimony—first with Elizabeth Tailbois, and afterwards with Mary Boleyn. The names of the obscurer mistresses have escaped from the page of history or the pen of scandal. But Anne Boleyn, the younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, ultimately captivated the royal lover, who now began openly to express his scruples as to the lawfulness of having married his brother's widow. With odious hypocrisy, he doubted whether the deaths of their children in infancy, as well as some subsequent miscarriages, might not be attributable to the curse of heaven. The suggestion of a divorce was attributed by the emperor abroad and the public at home to Wolsey, who used to deny or boast of it, as best suited his immediate purposes; but at all events, when the passion of the king became clearly ungovernable, the Cardinal sanctioned his wicked wishes, and even ventured to assure their complete success. To nothing less than marriage would the young lady listen. She was clever, attractive, brilliant, and voluptuous; artfully deriving wisdom from the fate of her fallen sister, and tempering her resistance to the advances of the monarch with so many blandishments, that his hopes, though repeatedly

disappointed, were never totally extinguished. Catherine, to whom her fair rival had been maid of honour, henceforward trod upon a path of thorns with so much dignity, patience, and resignation, that Henry himself occasionally gave utterance to an involuntary homage of admiration. His minister, indeed, she had learned to abhor, with that instinctive detestation of double-dealing which the highest virtue invariably manifests; and which dissimulation had induced Wolsey, in his first letter to Cassali, instructing him to press for a divorce at Rome, to expatiate on the piety and uprightness of his master: *Deumque primo et ante omnia ac animæ suæ quietem et salutem respiciens!* This was on the 5th of December, 1527, when the Cardinal also directs his correspondent to draw the attention of his Holiness to the present condition of Italy and Christendom, with hints sufficiently significant as to the restoration of papal authority wherever it might have been impugned; and to extort from the Pontiff, then in captivity, his signature to the commission therewith sent, authorising Wolsey to proceed at once in the matter.

It has been fancied by some writers that the Cardinal was not aware, at the commencement, for whose exaltation he was thus really labouring; but that, as a mere politician, he was looking out for a French princess, through whose marriage with Henry an alliance between England and France, with the consolidation of his own personal influence at court, might be indefinitely perpetuated. The Spanish party had deemed him their deadly enemy always; whilst it is just possible, that for their more complete mortification it was, that he urged upon his foreign correspondents the substitution, in the room of Catherine, of either Renée, daughter to the late Louis XII., or Margaret Duchess of Alençon. Yet it is hardly possible that so keen and accurate an observer should have failed to fathom the genuine depths and shallows of the whole business, especially after Anne Boleyn had sent to the king several learned priests and theologians in her own interest, who, according to Cardinal Pole, originated both the royal scruples and the mode for relieving them. Wolsey may also have persuaded his secret mind that the present amour would terminate like so many others; and an evident impression, on the part of Anne, that the minister clung to some such idea from political motives helped to form the basis for a dislike of him not less intense than that of the aggrieved queen and her adherents. In fact, the perplexing state of parties altogether, revolving as they did round the madness of human and despotic passion, rather than any well-understood principles; the confusion of affairs throughout Europe, arising from the ecclesias-

tical revolt in Germany; the ambition of the house of Austria; the sack of Rome; the unfaithfulness of countries and potentates only nominally Catholic; and the aggregation of royal and aristocratic vultures, ravenous for the too rich revenues of the Church,—so acted upon Wolsey in his tortuous course, that he escaped neither Scylla nor Charybdis, but, losing his compass entirely, the argosy of his fortunes struck against the one, and went to pieces in the other. After his splendid embassy to Abbeville and Amiens, in 1527, had issued in a joint declaration from Henry and Francis, that so long as Clement VII. remained a prisoner the concerns of each national Church should be conducted by its own bishops, and that the judgment of the Cardinal, in his legatine court at London, should be invested with pontifical authority for effecting the desired divorce,—the inflamed desires of his tyrannical sovereign began to chafe at the temporary delays which might be considered inseparable from any ecclesiastical formalities whatsoever. During his absence, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk had coalesced with Anne Boleyn and her father. The king's distrust of his once favourite adviser took deep root in an evil soil. Henry even allowed him to learn, from direct missives, that he thought his suggestions proceeded more from a wish to gratify private ambition than to promote the cause of his master. Knight, the secretary of the royal closet, was despatched to Rome, with directions to visit Wolsey on his way, although without communicating his instructions. The latter had gone to Compiègne, to pay some suitable respect to Louise, the mother of Francis, from further intercourse with whom he was recalled to England.

On his return home, Henry took an opportunity of communicating his fixed determination for marrying Anne Boleyn. The minister affected to receive the intelligence with surprise, falling upon his knees to entreat his withdrawal from a project so pregnant with disgrace. That the surprise was genuine, we do not believe, as already intimated; but to maintain appearances with the French court at Compiègne, after what had recently passed, it was no doubt necessary to assume it. At all events, he forthwith became a convert to the measure, and laboured by his subsequent services "to atone for the crime of having dared to dispute the pleasure of his sovereign." Sir Thomas More was now called in to give an opinion on the knotty question at issue; but pleading his ignorance of theology, he suspended his judgment. Fisher, the bishop of Rochester, concluded, after a severe investigation, that the king could not be lawfully separated from Catherine; whilst the Cardinal meanly employed the whole force of his influence to

render the divorce popular, and bind the nation to his recent French alliance. Clement, on escaping out of St. Angelo to Orvieto, in December 1527, received the English envoys, Knight and Cassali, in succession, whose representations only augmented his perplexities; for the position of his Holiness must have been any thing rather than enviable, situated directly as he was between the fiery hostilities and intrigues of Madrid, Paris, and London. One grand point was to effect the gratification of Henry's wishes, if they could be gratified at all, in such a manner as that no objection should be raised to the legitimacy of his issue, either by his present or any subsequent marriage. Francis and the emperor both felt that their personal honour attached itself to the rights of the Princess Mary, heiress-apparent to the crown of the Tudors, daughter of Catherine the aunt of Charles, and politically espoused to the Duke of Orleans. The ultimate result was, that the two Cardinals, Campeggio and Wolsey, were united in a commission to "inquire summarily into the validity of the dispensation" under which Henry and Catherine had contracted wedlock, and to divorce the parties should it be proved invalid; yet, at the same time, legitimate their offspring, upon their joint solicitation for that purpose. Anne Boleyn and Henry avowed themselves perfectly satisfied.

Indeed, no one seemed disheartened or disappointed, except the aggrieved victim, and the miserable servant of her aggressor. The queen agonised in secret, and called not vainly upon her God. Wolsey, having sown the wind, had to reap the whirlwind, as he richly deserved. The latter discerned, when too late, the perils that threatened him. Should the divorce succeed, there would come to be "a night-crow" at the royal ear, whispering eternal suspicions, and thereby blighting his cherished power, at least with the mildew of insinuation, if not by the support of an avowed coalition between the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk and the Lord Rochford, Anne's father, all and each incensed against the Cardinal and the French alliance. Should it fail, then might his life as well as fortune be the forfeit; since his fear never allowed him to forget the query of Ecclesiastes, *Quid est homo, ut resistere possit regem factorem suum?* To be prepared for the worst, he hastened to complete his architectural designs, and procure the legal endowment of his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich. Some of his more confidential friends were informed, that should the storm be but once over, and the affairs of the crown perfectly established, he would "retire from court, and devote his remaining days to ecclesiastical duties." He assured the Pontiff that one thing only could preserve him from

ruin; which was, that his Holiness should forthwith sign the decretal bull, and thus annul the former nuptials. But these were the cries of a drowning man; nor had Clement any intention or disposition to commit himself with the emperor a moment earlier than necessity might compel him to do it. Perhaps, also, there were seasons when remorse awoke; for we find him about this time commissioning Gardiner, as his agent, to make out a case at Rome, and consult some of the best canonists as to whether he could or could not, with a safe conscience, pronounce for the divorce, on the seat of judgment, with his colleague Campeggio. He even ventured, on a single occasion, to remind Henry, that having to render an account hereafter to a higher tribunal, he had determined to show his majesty no more favour than justice required, "whatever might be the consequences"—expressions which only deepened the humiliation of the minister making them, when they were retracted or scattered before the tempest of menaces showered upon his devoted head. It must not be forgotten, however, that religion itself was at its lowest ebb; that when an envoy pressed the Pope, on behalf of the king of England, and another opposed him on the part of Charles, each potentate had significantly *hinted the continuance of his future obedience to the Holy See as contingent upon the treatment he should receive at the hands of the Church*. An outbreak of the sweating sickness, like our own cholera, produced some effect upon the people and their rulers for a very brief interval. No rank seemed exempted from its ravages: the favourite mistress and her father fell ill, and were removed into the country; the monarch himself got alarmed for his life, shut himself up from all communication with strangers, joined his pious and sorrowful consort in her devotional exercises, returned to her bed at night as formerly, confessed from day to day, received holy communion every Sunday and festival, revived his esteem for the Cardinal, and manifested the greatest anxiety even about his health. Wolsey had eloped from his ordinary residence, written out his last testament, which he transmitted for the private perusal of his sovereign, reiterated his protestations of submission to his will, and that he was beginning to "order himself anent God!" No sooner, however, had Anne Boleyn recovered, than she recommenced her web of entanglement for the royal affections. She even endeavoured to conciliate the Cardinal with effusions of the most fulsome flattery, since he now seemed again in favour with her lover, and the arrival of Campeggio might be daily expected. It would not have been consistent with her purposes to leave a stone unturned, at whatever cost of propriety or mortification.

The fruitless investigation of the two legates is well known, with the dignified appearance and withdrawal of the persecuted Catherine. Their commission only empowered them to determine the validity of the bull of Julius II., as it turned out when the documents came to be narrowly sifted. Much might have been promised beyond this; but it proved clear that the power of actual performance went no further. In February 1529, news suddenly arrived that Clement was dying, if he had not already expired; so that once more ambition and selfishness enjoyed a gleam of hope; and the grand object now was, with both the kings of England and France, to place their supple and venal instrument in the pontifical chair. But his Holiness baffled every expectation, whether of friends or foes: he recovered, as by miracle. Henry grew peevish and desperate; foreign affairs were rapidly tending to a reconciliation between the courts of Paris and Madrid; the influence of Wolsey again declined, since Anne and the lords of the council laid the whole blame on his shoulders; Clement revoked his authorisation for any further prosecution of the inquiry in London, and summoned the king of England, as a mere matter of form, to appear by proxy at Rome, under a penalty of ten thousand ducats; and the faction which was in sympathy with Protestantism thus culminated.

It is, of course, no province of ours to describe minutely the steps which Wolsey had now to tread in descending from his altitude of fortune. Few of them, until we reach the last, reflect any honour upon his memory. The overthrow of the great minister being decided upon, two bills were filed against him for having transgressed the statute of *premunire*, through acting as legate, although he had previously obtained a license from the crown for his procedures, which were, in fact, sanctioned by immemorial usage, as well as by parliament. But feeling that his hour had arrived, he made little resistance, and retreated before his enemies in despair. On the 17th of October 1529, he resigned the great seal, and transferred to the king his whole personal estate, to the value of five hundred thousand crowns, which was soon followed by the unconditional surrender of his ecclesiastical revenues. With permission, he retired for an interval to Esher, a country-seat connected with his bishopric of Winchester. Now and then there occurred fitful flashes of favour, still shown him by Henry, either from caprice, or just to convince his new ministers that there was an older one yet alive. The latter, unfortunately, met them with the meanest submissiveness; whilst the former kept stirring the coals of royal displeasure, being well aware that they had gone too far to desist from their object with

safety. They represented him as an ungrateful and insatiable parasite, who had sought little beyond his own fame, ascendancy, and gratification; "and attempted to show, from one of his letters, which had fallen into their hands, that in pretending to promote, he had clandestinely opposed, or at least retarded, the project of divorce."

In the following month of December, articles of impeachment, brought against him in the House of Commons, were thrown out through the agency of Thomas Cromwell, and the secret sanction of the king. Distress of mind, about Christmas, nearly brought him to the door of death: his temporary restoration to health he attributed, in courtly language, to the sympathy of his royal master. Upon an arrangement that he should retain his archbishopric, with an additional annuity of one thousand marks per annum, and a general pardon from the crown, he was first allowed to exchange Esher for Richmond, and then sent into Yorkshire. Two hundred miles from court, there seemed to come over the spirit of his dream a beneficial transformation. His thoughts at last reverted to the spiritual and suitable concerns of his station. He celebrated Mass himself, ordered his chaplains to preach to the common people, distributed alms on a magnificent scale to the poor, repaired the edifices of his archiepiscopal see, kept three hundred workmen usefully employed, proposed himself as a general peace-maker, and maintained a liberal style of inexpensive hospitality. Amidst the cloud of golden opinions which he was thus winning in the north of England, the final bolt of vengeance had its source on the part of his adversaries. They assured Henry that, upon the strength of such popularity, Wolsey was in reality practising against the government, as well within as without the realm; and it is the opinion of Doctor Lingard that some royal suspicion might be awakened from the correspondence known to be passing between York, Paris, and Rome. The Cardinal found himself unexpectedly under an arrest, upon charges of high treason, at Cawood, on the 4th of November 1530. A dropsy had already been upon him for some time, so that he travelled with difficulty; and at Sheffield Park a dysentery detained him for a fortnight. It was on the 26th that he reached Leicester, observing to the abbot, as he dismounted, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." On the second day after his arrival, he raised himself on the bed to address the lieutenant of the Tower. "Master Kyngston," said he, "I pray you have me commended to his majesty; and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to mind all things that have passed between us, especially respecting good Queen Catherine and himself; and then shall

his conscience know whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince who, rather than miss any part of his will, is ready to endanger the half of his kingdom; and I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him for three hours together to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. Oh, Master Kyngston, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs! *But this is my just reward for my pains and study, not regarding my service to heaven, but only my duty to my prince.*" With this sorrowful confession, having received the last consolations of religion, he expired the next morning, on the 29th of November 1530, in the sixtieth year of his age. His illegitimate son never manifested any thing remarkable, sliding quietly through life under the name of Thomas Winter.

Whatever might be the merits and demerits of Cardinal Wolsey, his fall most assuredly ushered in a period of degradation and disaster. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the father of the now triumphant mistress, wearing the earldom of Wiltshire in addition to his viscounty of Rochford, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Doctor Stephen Gardiner, and Sir Thomas More as chancellor, formed a cabinet of six, in which Anne Boleyn, as Marchioness of Pembroke, reigned paramount like a sultana. The solitary pearl of virtue amongst them all was soon to assume the crown of martyrdom. Stroke upon stroke was preparing against the wealth and immunities of the Church: the clergy were to be plundered, the monasteries suppressed, the whole realm was to be rent away from the see of St. Peter, and plunged in heresy and schism; an apostate Archbishop of Canterbury would, before long, separate, by the word of man, the royal pair whom the word of God had joined together; and that ecclesiastical revolt would be completed, of which the deadly effects can never be appreciated until the apocalypse of the last day. It must, we think, be admitted, that whether Wolsey intended it or not, his administration smoothed away many of the obstacles to the realisation of these dreadful consequences. If his genius was great, his responsibilities were greater; nor can we ascertain that the shadow of any honest opposition was ever made to that national policy which subjugated the crozier to the sceptre, and thereby opened into the Christian fold the very floodgates of wealth and worldliness. A rich hierarchy can only be saved from secular corruption through a cherished and sacramental connection with the centre of faith and unity. Perhaps Wolsey might have said, in his defence, that he swam with a stream whose current was beyond his power even to resist, much less to stem with effect;

but then, on the other hand, it is too evident that he had no genuine disposition to have done either, had he been able. His soul lived in the state rather than in the sanctuary; his ecclesiastical allegiance was national, and not Catholic; the principles on which he rose and governed were essentially selfish; the grandeur of his talents was intellectual rather than religious; nor did he foresee that the system of Protestantism, which Luther had turned loose upon Christendom, must sap the foundations of social and individual safety both for time and eternity. Happily for himself, he died in sincere and humble penitence, leaving a lesson pregnant with practical as well as spiritual wisdom for those who have sense to learn it, amidst the excitements and hallucinations of the nineteenth century.

BROWNSON'S SPIRIT-RAPPER.

The Spirit-Rapper: an Autobiography. By O. A. Brownson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. London: Dolman.

IN the present age, when positive philosophy threatens to elbow spiritualism out of doors, not by persecution or repression, but simply by the substitution of physical for metaphysical studies,—to occupy the entire mind of the world by sciences which absorb the imagination, and leave no interest for others, but rather create a prejudice and dislike towards any that have not the same end, nor pursue the same system and method; when the philosophers of the steam-engine and the voltaic battery have nothing but contempt to bestow on those who have wasted centuries in word-splitting, in chopping logic, in arguing about spiritual conceptions, which, they say, can never be certainly known to be either true or false; when our Macaulays tell us that the whole intellectual world from Plato to Bacon was occupied in trifles not to be compared in utility to the cobbler's craft, and that the philosopher of Verulam was the first to draw men's attention to the true end of thought, namely, the reduction of the physical world to the uses of mankind; when our Hallams assure us that, even in those matters on which the ancients and medieval doctors disputed in vain, the new philosophers have attained, by virtue of their own science, to certainty, and even authority; so that "the most philosophical, unbiassed, and judicious of mankind" are the real judges of what is true in religion, and what is false;—in such a time there is a great anxiety on the part of religious persons for something to occur which will have

the effect of forcing men's minds in a new direction, and of setting them to think of something beyond mere physical phenomena. Such persons have continually their ears and their eyes open to receive the first sound or vision that seems to come from another order of things; they are ready to catch at the smallest trifles that appear to point that way; they eagerly welcome any quackery that is outside the circle of sciences, not only because of its possible spiritual tendency, but to prove to the positive philosopher, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his system. Their greatest delight would be to reduce the Positivist to the condition of the Brocton-phantasmist at the witches' dance in Faust, who is disgusted that medieval superstitions should dare to lift their heads again, after they had been extinguished by the philosophers. He has long since proved to demonstration, that no such thing as a witch exists in nature; if it is there, yet, as it is left out of his reckoning, it is not to be considered as in nature. If it has the unheard-of impudence to demonstrate its existence, even in this enlightened age, when we know every thing,—he can only protest against it, and curse it, and take up his hat and walk.

There is no doubt that materialist philosophers are reduced to a similar position, if the reality of the "spiritualist manifestations" of the present age is proved true. "It will give a serious blow to the materialism and Sadducism of the age,—lead men to believe in the reality of the spirit-world, which is one step towards belief in Christ. The age is so infirm as to deny the existence of the devil." And, as Voltaire said, "*Sathan, c'est le Christianisme tout entier : pas de Sathan, pas de Sauveur.*" If there was no devil, the mission of Christ had no motive, and Christianity is a fable."

Such are the ideas which appear to have induced Dr. Brownson to give to the world this remarkable book. For a remarkable book it is, in spite of the weakness of its plot, which is as follows: A nameless doctor, invested with many of the personal characteristics of Dr. Brownson himself, an adept in physical philosophy, and a dabbler in phrenology and Boston transcendentalism, becomes a proficient in mesmerism, which he discovers to lead to much more remarkable phenomena than the mesmeric somnambulism and clairvoyance—namely, table-turning, even spontaneous, when no one touches the table, and spirit-rapping. Arrived at this point, and finding the rapping powers to be intelligent, he is seized with an ardent thirst to know through them the secrets of nature, and to command her forces. The rapping powers promise him success, provided he throws himself into the great republican

philanthropic movement, and aids to revolutionise the world. He agrees to this, and with a female confederate, travels through Europe from 1843 to 1849, as a great magician, raising in all places the storms which we all remember. After the failure of his ultimate projects, he returns to America, and sets up in opposition to Christianity the religion of the "Spiritualists." His female confederate is converted, and at length released by him from the thralldom in which he had long held her; but finding that he cannot live without her, he attempts to regain his power over her, and is stabbed by her husband, who surprises them in a *tête-à-tête* conversation. The effect of the wound is a consumption, in the course of which the great mesmerist is converted, and dictates his memoirs for the warning of his countrymen.

The whole political part of the book is a piece of *gobemoucherie* worthy of the *Morning Herald*. Its foundation is very flimsy. It is built on one fact and one theory. The fact is, that according to information derived from a friend of one of the delegates, the Protestant-world-convention at Exeter Hall secretly contrived and organised all the anti-Catholic revolutionary movements of 1848. The principle is, that in great revolutions, the people are "possessed, whirled aloft, driven hither and thither, and onward, in the terrible work of demolition by a mysterious power they do not comprehend, and by a force they are unable, having once yielded to it, to resist." This force is not wielded by the devil in person; apparently he has no power by himself; he requires some human agent. And this agent is no literary or political person or party, no one to whom the guidance of the movement is attributed by historians, faithful or infidel, but is usually a magician. "Weishaupt, Mesmer, Saint-Martin, and Cagliostro, did far more to produce the revolutions and convulsions of European society at the close of last century, than was done by Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, Mirabeau, and their associates. These men had no doubt a bad influence, but it was limited and feeble." In accordance with this theory, our author marches his hero about Europe, as travelling agent to the devil, mesmerising and manipulating statesmen when they needed it. Sir Robert Peel did not want it; he was gained already. Lord J. Russell, Palmerston, and Co. had already been operated upon: Gladstone needed a slight manipulation; Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) was amply mesmerised by nature and inheritance.

Of course, the devil has no less to do with religion than with politics,—indeed, all his political combinations have but one ultimate intention, and that is, the overthrow of the

Papacy, and the consequent destruction of Christianity. This object was evidently more pursued in the great religious movements, such as the Protestant Reformation and the Mahometan conquests, than in any political event that has yet occurred. Most of these movements also had, or pretended to, a supernatural character—a pretension which Dr. Brownson willingly concedes, or rather claims for them. Mahomet, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Joe Smith, all worked marvels, all manifested a “superhuman power—either the finger of God, or the hand of the devil;” they were either “inspired by the Holy Ghost, or driven onward by infuriated demons.”

This may be true; but to introduce such instances in a book on spirit-rapping argues a slight confusion. Satanic agency in all our temptations we concede, and therefore we have no difficulty in recognising the “hand of the devil” in the conduct of the religious leaders above mentioned. But this is not the question. The point to be determined is, in what manner that Satanic influence was exerted. The devil entered into Judas Iscariot; but no one would think of adducing the traitor as an illustration of mesmerism and spirit-rapping. The devil certainly in some way possessed the chiefs of false religions; but it does not follow that he gained an entrance into their minds by mesmerism, or influenced others through them by means of animal magnetism. If, in the case of individuals, such as Mahomet or Joe Smith, instances of facts can be found which are similar to the strange results produced by modern magnetisers, we are quite ready to admit their pertinence; but we cannot see why the mere fact of men having had a vast influence on the masses for evil should be coolly assumed to prove that a magic or mesmeric influence emanating from them was used by Satan as a vehicle for transferring his influence from the mind of his chief instrument to that of his dupes. Unless, indeed, Dr. Brownson is willing to reduce all influence of man over man, the magic of eloquence, or the power of a Napoleon over his troops, to the one principle which we may call mesmerism. And though, in the early part of the book, some curious examples of the contagion of eloquence, and of the enthusiasm of assemblies, are adduced as parallels to the manifestations of mesmeric force, we do not suppose that the author means to assert any such questionable principle.

We hardly know whether Dr. Brownson is serious or not in his plot; if not, it is an amusing piece of satire; if he is, its more than improbability raises a prejudice against the whole work, which the quantity of valuable matter contained in it will not be sufficient to counteract. If the book had been

written for England, we should also have quarrelled with the scanty amount of evidence which is produced for the most startling facts;—indeed, if we receive them at all, we must receive them simply through our confidence in Dr. Brownson's judgment: for he says, "the facts narrated, or strictly analogous facts, I have either seen myself, or given on what I regard as ample evidence." But writing for America, where there are about a million spirit-rappers, or believers in it, the author had a right to assume his facts instead of proving them. However, we do not know whether we can place unlimited confidence in Dr. Brownson's judgment. We will not be so rude as to class him among the "academicians and members of royal and scientific societies," whose powers of observation he despises to such a degree, that he "would trust 'Jack' to distinguish between a seal or horse-mackerel and the sea-serpent much quicker than he would Owen or Agassiz." Scientific men, he thinks, are the easiest in the world to impose upon: "they generally commence their investigations with the persuasion that all facts of the kind alleged are impossible; and they seldom pay any attention to the actual phenomena passing before them. They are busy only with their scepticism, and do not see what really takes place." "Academicians are the very worst people in the world to observe facts." Accidentally, of course, it may be the case that the cleverest physician will refuse to acknowledge a miraculous cure because he is an infidel; or a physiologist will deny the most palpable case of clairvoyance because he is a materialist; but we cannot see that a physician as such, or a physiologist as such, is the worst observer of facts which come within the sphere of his own science; a "plain, honest, unscientific peasant" is, to say the least, as likely to mistake an owl for a ghost, and to attribute to the owl actions proper to a ghost, as "an Arago or a Babinet" is likely to mistake a ghost for an owl. The fact is, Dr. Brownson has a spite against every thing that seems to favour positive philosophy; he has perhaps nearly as much desire to confound the materialists as they have to refute the spiritualists. As much as they, "he has a theory to disturb him, a conclusion to establish or refute." In stating this, we only say that his religion has deeper hold of him than his science. Nor do we deny his facts, far from it; but we suspend our judgment till unbiassed evidence comes in our way.

The exposition of Dr. Brownson's theories is of a very different calibre from his fiction. How the man who despises novels to such an extent as to think James's the best, because you can take them up and lay them down whenever you

please, without your feelings being so excited as to compel you to finish them,—how such a man could sit down to write a work of fiction, we wonder; but we are not surprised at his failure. As a “manigraph” (so he whimsically calls a writer; we don’t see why; we never heard of a pedigraph), he is rather brawny than delicate; he wields a sledge-hammer instead of a wand, and deals with ideas and not with feelings. But this is just the kind of man to show-up systems of philosophy: and this exposition constitutes the really remarkable portion of the book. It is done in the way of dialogue. Representatives of all kinds of “philosophy” prevalent in America are introduced, and made to state their principles with a brevity and point which only a master like Dr. Brownson could have compassed. The author gives his own theories to two persons; to the repentant magician himself, who furnishes the facts, and to a young Catholic interlocutor named Merton, who propounds the reasons. “All the mysterious phenomena, so far as they are not produced by natural agencies, are sheer deviltry.” “Mesmerism, strictly speaking, is natural; but its practice is always dangerous, and throws its subjects under the power of Satan: of the mesmeric phenomena, some are natural, some Satanic.” “Mesmerism is abnormal, yet to a certain extent natural; it belongs not to healthy but unhealthy nature, and its phenomena are never exhibited except in a subject naturally or artificially diseased. No person of vigorous constitution or robust health is magnetised; none of Baron Reichenbach’s subjects were such” (this is not strictly true): “as a general rule, no one is a subject of mesmerism whose constitution, especially the nervous constitution, is in its natural state.” The practice of mesmerism is probably unlawful, because dangerous; our instinctive feelings of delicacy and modesty are shocked at it, and its effect seems to be an exhaustion of the powers similar to that produced by immoral excesses. “It is an artificial disease, and injurious to the physical constitution. It moreover facilitates the Satanic invasion. Satan has no creative power, and can operate only on a nature created to his hands, and in accordance with conditions of which he has not the sovereign control. Ordinarily, he can invade our bodies only as they are in an abnormal state, and by availing himself of some natural force, it may be some fluid, or some imponderable agent like electricity, or the *od* force of Reichenbach. The practice of mesmerism brings into play this force, and thus gives occasion to the devil, or exposes us to his malice and invasions.”

Now, although this theory seems to be satisfactory, and as good, or better than any other, it is not quite consistent

with a fact which the author elsewhere states as quite certain, namely, that "in mesmerising there is always an implicit mental evocation (*i. e.* of the devil), and without it no one was ever able to exhibit the mesmeric phenomena." If so, all mesmerism is diabolic, and the theory given above is superfluous. But this is evidently not true. Mesmeric phenomena may be induced by the simple weariness of the sense of sight. Fixing the eyes steadily on any object, such as a pencil-case hung up just over the nose, above the level of the eyes, is said to produce the mesmeric trance, much in the same way as boys are wont to mesmerise cocks and hens by holding their beaks over a chalk line traced on the ground. Indeed, perhaps the weariness of any single sense may cause the sleep of the whole frame, during which the other senses are dreamily watchful, or perhaps able to act independently of their organs. Normally, the soul acts through the organs of the brain; but in abnormal conditions, when the organ is numbed by disease or magnetism, it sometimes seems to act independently of its tools—to use one instrument for another, or to forego the use of them entirely. There are instances of illiterate maid-servants spouting Greek in brain-fever, and persons without an ear singing correctly in delirium. The soul is a greater power than its second-hand manifestations through its organs prove it to be; with better tools it could do more. If it could ever act independently of its organs, it would astonish men who measured its capacities by handling bumps. Hence we must be careful not to admit too easily such astonishing phenomena as those just hinted at as proofs of supernatural agency, diabolic or divine. We admit Dr. Brownson's principle, that "there cannot proceed, voluntarily or involuntarily, instinctively or rationally, from the back brain or the front brain what is not in it, or an intelligence which its owner does not possess." But this principle, apparently so plain, is rendered practically quite useless by the consideration that it is perfectly impossible to know what the owner (the soul) does really possess. Our measure of the capacity of an individual is the measure of the action of his organs. When by any chance he acts without his organs, our measuring-tape is useless. We can tell that his mode of action is abnormal, not that the measure of his action is supernatural. We do not say that no rule can be devised for judging where the natural ends and the supernatural (*i. e.* the presence of a higher agency, demonic or angelic) begins; but we do not think that Dr. Brownson has done it in this book.

If the soul, as we suggest, and as Dr. Herbert Mayo (if we remember rightly) adduces several facts to prove, can ever

act independently of its organs; and if mesmerism is a method of causing this mode of action to take place in fitting subjects, *i. e.* in persons whose health and nervous system is lowered and weakened by excess or otherwise, then perhaps we may explain the facilities it affords for Satanic invasion, not on the principle that the evil spirit uses the mesmeric fluid as a vehicle, and enters with it, but that he finds the body empty, unguarded by the soul, and enters it; or that he finds the soul wandering without the body,

“ He takes her naked all alone,
With not one rag of body on,”

and joins himself to her, and with her re-enters into the tenement she had quitted to play truant.

Again, if this soul in its wanderings is permitted to manifest itself to the senses of others, it must be through a sensible medium. But the medium as seen need not really exist; as an electric shock passed through the optic nerve is perceived as a flash of light, or through the acoustic nerve is heard as a sound, so the impression of spirit on embodied spirit may well cause the appearance of form to the sight, without obliging us to resuscitate the old notion of the *umbra*, which Dr. Brownson in two places advocates. “There is,” he says, “in man what the ancients called the *umbra*, or shade, which is not the soul nor the body in its mere outward sense. It is, as it were, the interior lining of the body, capable to a certain extent of being detached from it, without, however, losing its relation to it. Hence the phenomena of bilocation can be conceived as possible. The body lies in a trance, and the soul with its *umbra* is able to carry on its devilty at a distance.”

What we should like from Dr. Brownson is a serious and methodical treatise on this subject, instead of a philosophical novel such as he has here given us. His philosophy is first-rate, as any one can see by the singular power of the chapters in this book which are devoted to the examination of the theories on the subject; but as a writer of fiction, he hardly comes up to the ordinary standard. He reminds us of Hercules at the distaff, or of

“The unwieldy elephant,”

which

“To make them mirth used all his might,”—

too noble an animal to waste his energies in doing that which the monkey or the kitten can do much better.

THE MICROSCOPE.

The Microscope: its History, Construction, and Applications.
By Jabez Hogg, M.R.C.S., &c. The Illustrated London
Library.

To those whose taste leads them in the direction of physical science, and who are already on terms of something like familiarity with its outlines, this work, with its profusion of illustrations, will afford some hours of very pleasant reading; but Mr. Hogg will hardly succeed in the object he has in view, if we hold him rigorously to his introductory statement. "The great mass of the general public" is too inert in such matters to be goaded out of its "apathy and inattention" to this "most useful and fascinating of studies" by the exciting displays of the lecture-room; and it will certainly not be pricked into penitence by the reproaches, more in sorrow than in anger, of our worthy author.

The fact is, that among the many recreations in science wherewith the "pensive public" is in the habit of solacing itself after its own intermittent fashion, microscopic studies are the least satisfactory as a pastime. They demand not only great perfection in *matériel*, but an amount of manual dexterity, knack—there is no better word—patience, and method, which few, even among scientific observers, possess in any large degree. Consequently, of all philosophic toys this is the most certain to be laid down as soon as taken up. For ourselves, we do not quarrel with this. It is a good thing for people to amuse themselves in any way they like, so long as it be innocent; and there is no more harm in playing with science for an hour or so, and thinking oneself a philosopher, than in a moderate indulgence in that most ludicrous of occupations, which, under the name of *potichomanie*, bids fair to fill our mantle-pieces, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, our whole houses from garret to cellar, with a perfect plague of imitation-china, uglier than any the Celestial empire itself can produce in the genuine article. Let us laugh good-humouredly at both; at the lady-artist, who labours with scissors and paint-pot in the new style, and at *pater familias*, who investigates the steam-gun at the Polytechnic, and departs master of the ordnance. The real man of science will do well to choose his audience correctly. He may treat his subject either in a scientific or a popular manner; but to treat it in a manner at once scientific, popular, and *useful*, is perhaps as difficult an undertaking as any within the range of authorship. Mr. Hogg has neither suc-

ceeded nor altogether failed. There is much in his book that will be found valuable by the practised and scientific microscopist, and much that will interest the intelligent reader who seeks, in amusing himself, to add to his store of information for the purposes of illustration and comparison. But in the endeavour to be popular, method has been neglected; and in losing method, science of necessity is damaged. On the whole, notwithstanding, the book is a good one, and fairly entitled to rank among scientific works.

The author commences with a concise history of the Microscope, from its supposed invention (or rather the discovery of its use) in the sixteenth century to the present time. He then very clearly and fully explains the mechanical and optical principles involved in the construction of the modern instrument; and concludes his first part by a chapter of directions for its use, and for collecting and preparing in a proper manner objects for investigation. In the second part he affords a "glance at the microscopic world," devoting the first chapter to the various families of animalculæ, and so onward to the molluscs; the second, to insects; the third, to animal structure; and the fourth and last, to vegetable structure. The illustrations, engraved on wood, are very numerous, and although, as might be expected, a little unequal in merit, some are really admirable; for instance, the proboscis of the house-fly (plate 6), and the tongue and piercing apparatus of the horse-fly (plate 7); excellent also is the terrible array of parasites, unmentionable to ears polite (unless under the Latin name *Acari*), who hint to all animals, from man, the mighty master, to the humble clothes-moth, that if cleanliness be not "next to godliness," as the copy-books say, it is at least inseparable from comfort. It may perhaps console Mr. Hogg to reflect, that if he cannot induce the apathetic public to plunge into the mysteries of spherical aberration and achromatism, many an exclamation of wonder, delight, and pretty disgust will be evoked by the banquet of marvels, pictorial and written, which he spreads on his well-furnished table.

Let us brighten up our school-remembrances of "units, tens, hundreds, thousands," and as a preliminary taste of his fare, learn from Ehrenberg of beds of soft white stone, 500 miles in length and 800 feet in thickness, made up to at least one-tenth in bulk of fossil animalcules; and how, to make one cubic inch of chalk, a million of organic beings, distinct and perfect, lived and died.

Turning from the dead to the living, we shall find not only how such things were, but how such things are, little as our unaided eyes can help us in the matter. Speaking of a com-

mon family of *infusoria*, the rotifera, the same naturalist informs us as the result of actual observation, that an individual "laid four eggs a day; that the young when two days old followed the same law as their parent; consequently a single one in ten days had a family of 1,000,000; in eleven days 4,000,000; and in twelve days the venerable progenitor was surrounded by 16,000,000 of an active, happy, energetic race, ceaseless in search of prey, and a famous feast for a larger animal." The mention of the "larger animal" is really quite refreshing. Without some such guardian, we must soon be crushed, flattened, and fossilised; hopelessly buried under a mountain of mites.

But we have not yet measured the immensity of littleness. Think, wondering reader, of the very first family of *infusoria*, the monads; the simplest specks of bodies in which the mysterious principle of life has hitherto been ascertained by the microscopist to exist, yet various in their forms, complex in their structure, dainty in their food, most of them polygastric (many-stomached), *some possessing no less than three hundred of these aldermanic receptacles*; yet so small, that "a drop of water only the tenth of an inch in diameter may glitter like a diamond from its translucency, and yet under the microscope be seen to hold 500 millions of these animated beings."

But we must close Mr. Hogg's pages before we are tempted too far, and leave our readers to enter the world of wonders by themselves. In making our grateful obeisance as we quit his museum, we would add one suggestion, namely, that in any future work of scientific observation or research, it would be well entirely to eschew the unlucky practice of improving a fact into a sermon. It is true that he does not sin greatly in this sort; but it is better to avoid it entirely. We shall not on that account set him down as an unbeliever. We cannot decide which is the more irritating, to read a scientific book in which insinuations against faith are slyly inserted between a couple of facts, or to be brought up suddenly in the dissection of a flea's leg by a verse from the Psalms. For our own part, we believe that God created the heavens and the earth and all that they contain, and therefore feel no surprise that His power can organise the smallest atoms. We fear that philosophical, commercial, or political infidels, who pass by the fall of man, and their own relation with it, will hardly be converted by the discovery that *monads* have a nervous system and a very complete power of digestion.

THE ANNALS OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

Annals of the Holy Childhood, No. 4. Translated from the French. March 1855. London: Richardson and Son.

SOME months since we noticed the third number of this valuable work, in its English form; and we are glad to be able now to announce the appearance of a fourth number, not less interesting than those which preceded it. The Society of the Holy Childhood, like that for the Propagation of the Faith, of which it may be considered the complement, is one of those noble institutions which have, within a comparatively recent period, risen up on the soil of France, and which, centuries hence, will witness to the vitality of a Church extinguished, as many imagined, in the storm of the first Revolution. It is among the ordinary beneficent influences of storms to carry with them seeds which are dropped into spots otherwise inaccessible, and which, so deposited, bring forth abundant fruit. The Church which, re-invigorated by the blood of many martyrs, flourishes once more in France, sows the seeds of Christian civilisation in the remotest regions of the world.

Like the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, these Annals are also interesting from the incidental pictures they supply of the social life of heathenism. In China these pictures are more than ordinarily curious, on account of the long civilisation of that singular country, if civilisation means simply the diffusion of popular education, an elaborate system of police-regulations, and a considerable skill in the mechanical arts. What civilisation not founded on religion is worth may be inferred from the following:

“The Chinese women are, I will not say servants, but slaves; they are so despised and contemned, that it is regarded as a disgrace to have daughters, and hence every means is taken to get rid of them. The Chinese government has done all in its power to put a stop to this barbarity, by erecting a hospital in each town; but either these establishments are badly governed, and become like every thing else that is Chinese, a source of gain to the Mandarins and the subordinate officers, or it is difficult to get the parents to part thus openly with their children, since they are no hindrance to infanticide, and it is as if the parents had no other way of being rid of their children save by destroying them. The less inhuman lay them at the gates of the wealthy; but the majority, my Lord, who have *ferreum pectus et dura præcordia*, slay them with their own hands, throw them into the river, give them to the dogs, or lay them on the ground far from the dwelling of man; and deaf to their sobs

and their tears, allow them to die of hunger. While travelling in this vast empire, I have seen hundreds of new-born babes lying in ordure, naked, and falling into a state of putrefaction."

The following gives a vivid picture of Chinese society in one of its aspects, as well as of that Christian civilisation which, in institutions that unite the utmost of charity with the utmost of purity, provides under the tutelage of Catholic nuns a refuge more than maternal for those whose parents are unable, even when they are willing, to protect them :

"We may at the first glance perceive that the children confided to the care of the Sisters will be better brought up and educated than they otherwise would be ; it will be sufficient to have visited these Orphanages and Infant Schools (*maisons de creit es*) to be convinced of the care and affection with which they treat the children whom Providence has intrusted to their charge. They will have room in these far-off lands for the full display of their charity—to display it in a thousand different ways, as their feelings may prompt, for the alleviation of the misery they witness. We shall not speak here of the sick, on whom they can attend without exciting the jealousy or envy of others ; for this branch of almsgiving does not come within the circle of good works proposed by the Holy Childhood. Then, the Sisters may form Infant Schools, to take care of the children of the poor. The rivers of China are covered with boats, manned for the most part by women, the majority of whom have their children with them ; these poor mothers have to row with all their strength, while carrying their younger children on their backs. To obtain more strength than nature has supplied them with, they throw themselves with their whole weight on the oar, and thus shake their children ; the wind does not always blow, the sea is occasionally calm, but there is no repose or tranquillity for these poor children, who are, besides, quite naked, and have their heads perfectly shaven, and exposed to the heat of the sun ; they are to be seen, pallid and worn-out, tied to their mother's back, without being able to see her face or receive her caresses. There are others who gain their livelihood by collecting pieces of coral, to be found in the rivers. Their children, too, are likewise tied to their backs ; and at each plunge that the mother makes for the coral, the child is plunged in the water. These little creatures may be often seen, by the plunging of their mother, to try and raise their necks, so as to prevent the water from entering their mouths. We can, then, well imagine the joy with which these mothers would deposit their children with the Sisters while they were working for their daily bread. The children brought up by the Sisters would be all baptised, so that the first-fruits of the Society of the Holy Childhood would be to make Christians of all the Chinese children it saved."

It is interesting to observe how upon every Catholic insti-

tution the various characteristics of the Church are impressed, even those which at first sight might seem most far apart from each other. The expansiveness of Christian sympathy, and the rigidity with which the Church defines a doctrine and acts on its definition—here are two principles which, to those who judge from without, appear contrasted if not opposed. Many of those who can recognise charity in the labour of the missionary, can yet see nothing but harshness in a definition relative to baptism which bears hard upon the unbaptised. They would show their charity by relaxing the stringency of God's covenant with man, and giving away (by a very unauthorised form of indulgence) what is not theirs to give. The Church shows her charity, not by prevaricating with truth, but by sending forth a band, maintained chiefly by the contributions of Christian children, who cross oceans and mountain-chains for the sake of picking up outcast children from the river bank and inhospitable street, and baptising them before they die, if it be impossible to save their lives. Such efforts are frequently crowned with a success beyond what had been expected; and the conversion of the adult often follows the preservation of the exposed infant.

“At the same place, a Christian, with such simplicity of faith as to remind one of the *verè Israelita* of the Gospel, having learned that a Pagan child about three or four years of age was dying not far from his house, and that all the secrets of devilism had been called into play for its cure, hastened to the family in the hope of being able to baptise it. He found it on his arrival *in articulo mortis*, spitting blood. The parents consented to its being baptised; but the Christian remarked, that they must first cast the emblems of devilry into the fire, and that then it might be that the God of Heaven would not only consent to save the child's soul, but to restore it to health. Consent was given; the child was baptised; a few hours after, it was out of danger, and perfectly cured on the morrow. The family were so struck by this circumstance, that they determined to embrace Christianity. I have already baptised seven of them.

“In another locality, a Christian of like simplicity of faith, having been informed that a child of five or six years of age was suffering from an illness, known here as *la maladie du diable* (it is a sort of Satanic possession), determined to go and baptise the child. No sooner had he been washed in the laver of regeneration, than he jumped off his bed, and asked for something to eat, and commenced playing with the other children of his age. The parents determined to be reconciled to Holy Church, and five or six were baptised.

“The baptism of these children led to the conversion of a number of parents. I know that more than fifty of my catechumens

have desired to become Christians since their children have been baptised *in articulo mortis*."

It is impossible to doubt that great good is done by the Society of the Holy Childhood in the remote regions to which its labours are directed; and now that the icy barriers, which for centuries have separated the Chinese Empire from the rest of the world, are beginning to melt, it is natural to look in that direction for results still larger than those which have yet rewarded the zeal of the missionary. Nor can we doubt that all such efforts are also attended by a beneficial reaction, and that among ourselves the cause of religion will be largely promoted by the active sympathy awakened among Christian children for the less fortunate children of Pagan lands. We rejoice to observe that the society has already received the approbation and patronage of not a few among the Irish as well as the English bishops; and we trust that Catholic parents will hasten to associate their children with it. The publication of the Annals cannot but promote the ends of the Society. The present number contains a Report by M. l'Abbé Gabet, so well known from his connection with China and Thibet; a letter from China, written by Mgr. Cheaveau, Bishop of Philomelia, and Vicar-Apostolic of Gun-nau; and another from Mgr. de Besi, Bishop of Canope. We shall receive, doubtless, in the future numbers, an account of the more recent proceedings of the Society.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Golden Book of the Confraternities. Compiled from approved sources, by one of the Servants of the Queen of Heaven. (New York, Dunigan.) A useful, but not a "golden" book. It contains the rules, devotions, indulgences, &c. of the Rosary, Living Rosary, Five Scapulars, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, Way of the Cross, and Office of the Blessed Virgin. So far, therefore, it is a very serviceable manual; but its merit would have been greater, had the compiler informed his readers that the Rosary he gives them is not *The* Rosary, but an "improved" or doctored Rosary, which, though it may be in use among some pious persons, is not the Rosary of the Catholic Church. Not to mention the prayers at the end of each mystery, of which it ought to have been said that they are sometimes *added*, but form no *part* of the real Rosary, here we have every Hail Mary patched with an additional phrase; thus: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. *Who may increase our FAITH.* Holy Mary, &c." (we copy the exact typography of the book); and so on with all the

others. So, too, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is spoken of as if it was part of the Rosary. The same taste for mending and "improving" has dictated a doggerel translation of the opening Versicles and Responses of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which is made to commence with these novel rhymes :

" V. Now let my lips sing and display,
 R. The blessed Virgin's praise this day ;
 V. O Lady ! to my help intend,
 R. Me strongly from my foes defend."

We must also protest against the assumption on the title-page that the compositions at the end of the volume are "*beautiful hymns*." Some of them, *reprinted from English sources*, are so ; but what is the beauty of such "Inspirations" as the following ?

" JESUS INVITES THE SINNER TO REPENTANCE.

O, do but turn, and thou shalt find
 A loving Father, child, in me :
 Alas ! how many and many a time
 I've breathed a heavy sigh for thee !
 Bethink thyself, thou art a son ;
 Bethink thyself, I am thy Sire ;
 O, turn, and for my pardon come,
 No more, through doubt, from me retire.

THE PENITENT SINNER'S ANSWER.

O Jesus, Father fond and kind !
 An impious, a thankless son
 Is come with eyes all wet to say,
 His wanderings from Thee are done.

* * * * *
 My dreams, ah, yes, my very dreams
 Were full of horror to the brim ;
 And as I slept, my heart would say,
 Your Father—are you gone from Him ?"

The Boy's Ceremonial. By Father Crowther, Priest of the Eremite Order of St. Augustine. (Richardson.) An excellent little collection of directions to boys for serving at Mass and assisting at Benediction. The good sense and warm feelings which here and there break out in the midst of the dry directions give a very pleasant idea of the pastoral and fatherly character of the pious author. Rubrical correctness and devout self-control cannot be too early taught to boys who have the privilege of serving at the altar ; and those know little of children who fancy that such things cannot be expected of them without the loss of the buoyancy and uncalculating simplicity so becoming at their age. So far from it, we believe that an attention to ceremonial correctness and a habit of serious devotion very materially add to the enjoyment which the young experience in assisting at any of the offices of the Church. Slovenliness is no element of enjoyment in the human heart, whether at ten years old or fifty. We should therefore like to see Father Crowther's book in the hands of every Catholic boy who serves at Mass.

One more Return from Captivity ; or my Submission to the Catholic Church vindicated and explained. By E. S. Foulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. (Burns and Lambert.) Any one who knew Mr. Foulkes as a Protestant only by his writings would have said that no one could be more unlikely to submit to the true Church. With much that was good, well-informed, and earnest, they betrayed a spirit of antagonism to the claims of the Holy See almost gladiatorial in its

tone and determination. All at once, like a man waking from a state of half-sleep, he rubs his eyes, the mists clear off, and he sees objects by the pure light of day. The books of Mr. Robert Wilberforce were the chief instruments by which Mr. Foulkes was brought face to face with the whole truth respecting the relative claims of the Pope and the Anglican Establishment; and it is impossible to read the little work he has now published, without admiring the straightforwardness and single-mindedness with which he followed the light the moment it began to beam upon his conscience. *One more Return from Captivity* was written while its author was still without the Church, and consequently has its mistakes. Its interest, apart from its picture of Mr. Foulkes' character, lies in its refutation of portions of his former writings. One of these, "The Counter Theory," was reviewed in the *Rambler* of October 1853.

Words of the Enemies of Christ during His sacred Passion. Translated from the German of Dr. J. E. Veith, by the Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Second edition. (Burns and Lambert.) It is satisfactory to see a second edition called for of a good book like this. Dr. Veith is a German, and solid like most of his countrymen; but he is free from the exaggerated taste for speculation which is the national fault of Germany. A diligent student of Scripture, his illustrations from it are the result of his own reflection, and not the cut-and-dried texts which sometimes give a semblance of a Scriptural spirit where there is nothing more than mere elbow-work. His many anecdotes from Church history and saints' lives are also to the point, and told naturally. The whole is agreeably translated,—not a common thing with German books,—and will be found a useful guide to meditation in the present season. We cannot help quoting a sentence near the beginning, which confirms the opinions expressed in our article on Religious Controversy in the present *Rambler*:—"In reality there is no lie which does not presuppose the truth, or which does not conceal it beneath its dark foldings."

Three Discourses upon the Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Translated from the French of Bossuet, by the Rev. James O'Connor. (Aberdeen, Finlayson.) Every reader of these three sermons will echo the opinion of the translator, that "right feeling dictates that in the hour of triumph (of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception) a grateful remembrance should be preserved of those champions of the faith who so well defended the traditions of the Church in a darker hour." They are particularly favourable specimens of the piety and theological genius of Bossuet. Mr. O'Connor has translated them well; and we cannot do better than recommend them to every one who wishes to see in a small compass what a great theologian and orator can say on the subject. Of the longer and more complete exposition of the doctrine, just published by Bishop Ullathorne, we must content ourselves for the present with the mere mention, reserving ourselves for the general subject in our next number.

The Restoration of Belief. Part III. The Miracles of the Gospels in their relation to the principal features of the Christian Scheme. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Turning from Bossuet to the author of this *Restoration of Belief*, we almost ask ourselves,—Are all human minds of a similar nature? Is it possible that intellects born with like faculties can issue in states of belief so extraordinarily dissimilar? Yet such is the result of an absence of a clear dogmatic teaching of the one truth. An able, well-intentioned, and apparently religious man flounders about in the inventions of his own brain; and in the presence of a Catholic theologian reminds one of a child of seven years old attempting to teach the differential calculus. Yet we heartily sympathise with him;

for he seems to be overpowered with a sense of horror of atheism and disbelief, and puzzled beyond endurance by the shallowness and self-contradictions of the professing "creeds" of Protestantism. He is clever and observant and original, and now and then makes an excellent remark. Take, for instance, his observations at pp. 365, 366, on the character of modern atheism, as contrasted with the atheism found among old Pagans. "The atheism," he says, "which startles us by our firesides, which sits with us in pews, which flames out in our literature, which is the Apollo of the weekly, monthly, and quarterly press, has not merely learned its rhetoric in the evangelic school, and thence stolen its phrases, but it has there got inspiration from a theology of which itself is the only genuine antithesis. Evoke now from Hades a *genuine* atheist of the classic pagan church, and bring him within hearing of a modern atheistic lecture, and the very terms of the discourse would be unintelligible to him. You must baptise him, before you can convince him that you are his disciple, or that he is indeed one of yourselves." This is a fact which has often struck us ourselves, and it is one which ought to be thoroughly mastered by those who have in any way to deal with the unbelief of the present day. As to the author of the curious speculation before us, we venture to ask him one question: If the self-consistency, perfect distinctness of meaning, vastness of detail and unity as a whole, of the body of Catholic theology, does not furnish an *à priori* probability that it is *true*, what proof have we that the system of physical science, including even the law of gravitation, is not one entire hypothesis, scientific in form, but fictitious in reality, and based upon a partial induction of material facts? If such a scientific whole as Catholic theology is an invention of man, with no positive supernatural basis, what *proof* have we of any thing?

The Four Gospels, with the Acts of the Apostles. (Burns and Lambert.) A useful edition, got up especially for use in schools, which we are glad to see, and have often wished to see. We hear it has been much wanted; and therefore we hope it will be much used, now that the want is supplied.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, and translated from the Spanish by the Rev. Canon Dalton. Second edition. (Dolman.) Some people think that every book that is published ought to suit every body. Every article in every periodical ought to be such as to please every possible reader. Such persons no doubt wondered why Mr. Dalton should publish a translation of such a life as that of St. Teresa, written by herself; so peculiar in the style, so mystic in its spirituality, so surprising in its revelations, and whose merits, extraordinary as they are, can be appreciated only by the few. We are glad to see that these few have been sufficiently numerous to have bought up the first edition, and we trust that they are so quickly increasing in numbers as to be as glad as we are ourselves to see a second impression of a book almost *unique* in saints' lives.

First Lines of Christian Theology, in the form of a Syllabus. By J. Pye Smith, D.D. &c. (London, Jackson and Walford.) Seven hundred pages of Homerton, *i. e.* Dissenting-College, Christianity. We have not read this precious mass of heresy; but we have accidentally alighted on the following passage (p. 366), where the author explains "the Popish distinction of sins into mortal and venial." Venial sins are those "not deserving the full punishment of the law, but *sud naturâ* pardonable upon easy terms; not included in the satisfaction of Christ, because not requiring such a propitiation, but to be expiated by human means, *e.g.*

pilgrimages, penances, payments, indulgences, &c.;" and for his authority he refers to "Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian, ch. xvi."

Now we hope that any Protestant who reads this will expend the sum of sixpence on the first volume of "Hay's Sincere Christian," and read the chapter referred to, the latter part of which treats of venial sin; he will find that each of Dr. Smith's assertions, except perhaps the first, is a deliberate lie.

1. Venial sins "do not deserve the full punishment of the law." If Dr. Smith means they do not deserve the full punishment which the law awards to mortal sin, *i. e.* hell-fire, he is right; if he means that we say they do not deserve the full punishment that the law awards to them, as venial, he tells a falsehood. To call your brother Raca deserves *the council* (whatever it may be), to call him fool *deserves* hell-fire.

2. "They are *suâ naturâ* pardonable upon easy terms." Bishop Hay has not a word in this chapter on the terms on which they are pardonable; but as for their nature, any offence voluntarily committed against God "is," he tells us, "a greater evil than all the miseries any creature can endure in this side of time, insomuch that no man living can be allowed, by any power in heaven or earth, to commit any one venial sin, though to save a kingdom, or even to save the whole world; because an evil done to the Creator is in itself a greater evil than the destruction or annihilation of the whole creation." Then, as to what punishment they deserve: "Lot's wife, turned into a pillar of salt for indulging a natural curiosity; Moses losing the Holy Land for an act of diffidence; Oza killed for touching the ark, &c. If a God of infinite justice punished such sins so severely, they must certainly have deserved such punishment, and therefore are far from being small evils."

3. "They are not included in the sacrifice of Christ, because not requiring such a propitiation." There is not a hint in this chapter from which by any process he could have derived such a conclusion. Whether God would have considered such a propitiation necessary, if Adam, instead of transgressing the commandment, had sinned only venially* by levity, or idle words, or by being cross to Eve, neither we nor Dr. Pye Smith can tell; all we know is, that in the present Providence, man's sole hope of pardon for sins, original or actual, mortal or venial, is the sacrifice and propitiation of Christ, which is "*integra atque omnibus numeris perfecta satisfactio . . . pro peccatis nostris,*" *i. e.* for every thing that is called sin.

4. "But to be expiated by human means, pilgrimages, &c." Not a word about the means of expiation in this chapter: "human means" are no more expiatory of venial than they are of mortal sins. There is no more natural connection between a "payment" and the forgiveness of an idle word than between that and the forgiveness of a murder. Dr. Hay says nothing like Dr. Pye Smith's assertion in the chapter referred to; nor could he, as the Tridentine Catechism lays down that "*peccata venialia absque pœnitentiâ dimitti non possunt*" (cap. v. § 20).

We have before this seen a Protestant controversialist deliberately pretend to read out of a book a passage that was not contained in it, and this in a crowded meeting. Dr. Pye Smith carries his impudence a little further, and leaves the falsehood to be printed after his death, as a witness against himself.

* Of course we do not intend by this hypothetical statement to contradict St. Thomas, *Sum.* 1, 2, q. 90, art. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The History of Woman. By S. W. Fullom. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Fullom is one of those preposterous funguses that every now and then will ooze forth from the hoary trunk of our literature, and engage more attention than they deserve. Like the proverbial philosophy of the Guernsey Apollo, or the poems of Satan Montgomery, his work on the "Marvels of Science" has been puffed into eight editions, and we should not wonder if the present volumes had a similar destiny. We are sure that the "eloquent language," "intelligent style," "sublime ideas," and "stupendous facts," which make up these "fascinating pages," deserve it. What, too, can be grander than the theme? We appeal to any popular preacher or Exeter-Hall spouter in London, can there be a more profitable subject for speculation than woman? The history of woman, in two volumes, from the earliest ages, including the antediluvian, to the present day. What an occasion, too, for rapid and masterly historical sketches! For example:

"The mind still responds to the thrilling cadences of Homer, fires at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and lingers, a wondering pupil, at the charmed feet of Aristotle. We bleed with Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ; we read with throbbing hearts the glorious story of Marathon; we kindle at the great names of Alcibiades, Themistocles, Pericles, and Cimon. Is it possible, then, that even barbarism can have trodden down the hallowed groves of the Academy, where, under the shadow of the classic portico, the immortal Plato taught, and crowds listened to the almost inspired lips of Socrates? The circus, the theatre, and the temple, the Areopagus and the Agora, have equally paid the debt of time; but mighty vestiges attest their ancient grandeur, and Greece is still holy ground to the poet, the antiquary, the sculptor, and the patriot."

Prodigious undoubtedly: beautiful, but after the style of Hindoo beauty, which, according to a quotation given by Mr. Fullom, requires a lady to be "of a yellow colour, with a nose like the flower of resamum, legs taper like the plantain-tree, eyes large like the lotus-leaf, eyebrows extended to the ears, face like the moon, voice like the sound of the cuckoo, arms reaching to the knees, throat like a pigeon's, loins narrow as a lion's, hair hanging in curls down to her feet, and her walk like that of a drunken elephant or a goose." This is a very good metaphorical description of Mr. Fullom's own style of literary beauty.

Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations. (London, Longmans.) A very smart account of adventures in California, with illustrations, which, if not peculiarly artistic, give a sufficiently vivid idea of life in those parts. Some of the woodcuts, especially, are exceedingly comic. The author writes in a spirit favourable to American institutions, and makes very reasonable excuses for some of their more tiresome peculiarities. We recommend the book as both interesting and amusing; and to persons who intend to try their luck at gold-digging or other employment in the colonies valuable.

A Ramble through Normandy. Illustrated. By G. M. Musgrave, M.A., author of "The Parson, Pen and Pencil," &c. (London, Bogue.) Mr. Musgrave is handy with his pencil; and this is about the only praise we can bestow on him as a traveller. He offers his opinion on all kinds of things of which he knows nothing, and generally clinches it with a dreary pun. He is pleasant on the ignorance of several priests whom

he meets, but who turn out to be scarcely more ignorant than himself. He enters into a long discussion on a scene from one of the Apocryphal Gospels, which he found in a painted window at Pont Audemer; on the origin of which he theorises in the most simple manner, and spreads his tail before one of the vicaires of the Church, whose ignorance of art was only more profound than his own. His notion of music is as odd as his other ideas; he tells us that "the mighty diapasons first filled the entire temple with jubilant and awakening melody, and then the pedal movements and reed-pipes breathed their gentler sweetness. It was that description of harmony which makes the blood course with accelerated rapidity, makes beating hearts and tearful eyes, &c., brings before the mirror of the mind those images of the living and dead, &c., which speak to us of the present and the past, and point to the mysterious future." The "Parson" is of the high-and-dry school, and is willing to pardon what he considers to be idolatry because it is done under "canonical obedience." His twaddle is prodigious; he is a kind of man to be scandalised past recovery if an assistant passes a snuff-box during a function, or if he sees people enter the confessional with faces less than a foot and a half long. Some of his observations are good, and sometimes he is amusing; but his book is so alloyed with rubbish similar to that we have noted, that it is tiresome in the extreme: if he will refine it in the fire till it has reached one quarter its present bulk, we will then tell him what we think of the residuum.

Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers. By Washington Irving. (Edinburgh, Constable's Foreign Miscellany.) A selection of slight but agreeable papers, by the author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." They are for the most part mere sketches, not over accurate, but free from affectation, exaggeration, and Americanisms, and at the same time readable and pleasant. As an instance of the felicity of his comparisons, he likens the packing of the inhabitants of an *entresol* in a French house to the horizontal layer of books pushed in over the upright ones in a bookcase where the shelves are too wide apart. But, after all, his lucubrations are more agreeable than important.

Literary Papers by the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S.; selected from his Writings in the Literary Gazette. (London, Lovell Reeve.) As these papers have so lately appeared in the pages of a contemporary, we shall do no more than call our readers' attention to them as interesting remains of a man of real science. They consist of a set of short but characteristic reviews of several of the most important books published within the last five years.

Food and its Adulterations; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the Lancet for the years 1851-54. By A. H. Hassall, M.D. (London, Longmans.) Those who like to see the "vera effigies" of the bushel of dirt which they are predestined to eat and drink during their lives, and to read of the horrible plots of those assassins the vendors of cayenne pepper, anchovies, and coloured confectionary, against the well-being of their customers' stomachs, should look at this book. Every one has heard of the revelations of this scourge of provision-dealers—the papers made sufficient impression as they dribbled forth week after week in the *Lancet*; here they have quite an epic grandeur in the accumulation of rascality, relieved every now and then with a short episode of honest trade.

Odessa and its Inhabitants. By an English Prisoner in Russia. (London, Bosworth.) A childish and foolish little book, written by a middy of German extraction, who is very soft towards young ladies, but has

a very creditable determination to proclaim the excessive indulgence which the prisoners of the *Tiger* experienced in Odessa, in spite of the *Times*, and of the treatment which Lieutenant Royer received for a similar tribute. Still, though his picture is meant to be favourable to Russian society, a few notable facts peep out. One such is, that a poor cabman received forty blows with the knout for an overcharge of a few halfpence to the author; and another, that the ladies of Odessa are such inveterate gamblers, that they sometimes strip their houses of every stick of furniture, and are obliged to accept the hospitality of their friends till their angry husbands will refurnish their own dwellings for them.

Sketches, Legal and Political. By the late Right Hon. R. L. Sheil. Edited by M. W. Savage. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) These interesting and brilliant papers are selected from Mr. Sheil's contributions to the "New Monthly Magazine." Some of them are models of personal invective, others are remarkable for graphic delineation of the horrors of the agrarian outrages in Ireland in the decade 1820-30, and all of them show Mr. Sheil to have been no ordinary man in rhetorical power. It is to be regretted, that when he wrote these sketches his Catholicity sat rather loosely about him, though there was no want of political partisanship of the Catholic cause.

Polynesian Mythology, and ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race, furnished by their Priests and Chiefs. By Sir George Grey, late Governor of New Zealand. Illustrated. (London, Murray.) This is a translation of the greater part of the hymns and traditional lore lately published by Sir George Grey in the original Maori. It is about the most satisfactory work of the kind we ever came across. Sir George gives no paraphrase, but a literal text of the unwritten records in which these islanders handed down their inherited opinions. The book is invaluable for the ethnographer, and is interesting as containing several points of contact with the tradition of almost all known mythologies. The labour which the collection of them must have cost was well bestowed; and if all other colonial governors would follow the example of Sir George, they would render immense services to history and human science.

Oronaika. From the French. (New York, Dunigan.) Not a bad story of its kind, with Indians in it, after the pattern of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, only Catholicised. The American translator has altered it in parts from the French original, as it was supposed to want *vraisemblance* to the American reader. It is true we don't believe in the least in the possibility of these Indian stories, whether by Cooper, James, or the author of *Oronaika*; and should as soon expect to hear some "village Milton" actually extemporising a "Paradise Lost" as to come across one of these preternatural personages of the woods and hunting-fields. They have, however, a certain artistic interest about them; and some persons find them very interesting. To such we recommend *Oronaika*.

The Use of Books: Two Lectures delivered to the Cork Young Men's Society. By J. G. MacCarthy, President. (Cork, O'Brien.) We have more faith in this mode of "regenerating Ireland," as the cant saying is, than in the efficacy of political agitation. Mr. MacCarthy's style is a little too florid; but with so much good sense, cleverness, and sound religious principle, we are not disposed to be over-critical. We heartily wish him success in his labours for the valuable society over which he presides.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, by J. Holland and J. Everett. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) These two volumes

are the first instalment of a lengthy, somewhat dull, and sectarian biography of an amiable man and respectable poet, who is not to be confounded with that other would-be poet of the same name, the author of "Satan," "Woman," "Luther," &c., who received the memorable castigation from Macaulay in the "Edinburgh Review." James Montgomery's forte was hymn-writing,—the only branch of ecclesiastical art in which Niebuhr claims for Protestants a superiority over Catholics. The present volumes, after a notice of sundry Montgomeries—with whom the subject, it is said, claims no kin,—trace his birth in Scotland of Moravian parents; his education at the Moravian Seminary at Fulneck; his gradual estrangement from the system pursued there in consequence of his pursuit of the forbidden pleasures of versifying and reading poetry; his flight from school; his services as shopman in a Yorkshire village and in London; and his final settlement in Sheffield, first as a clerk to a newspaper editor, and afterwards as editor of the "Iris," with his trials and imprisonments for political offences in 1795 and '96. One of the collectors of the present memoirs is the Mr. Everett who, with one or two more, caused the late division in the Wesleyan body.

Things as they are in America. By Wm. Chambers. (Edinburgh, W. and R. Chambers.) Mr. Chambers' book treats of things as distinguished from persons, and of persons chiefly in their capacity of things—tools, instruments, and producers. It is crammed with statistics, and rather shirks the really interesting questions of American society; on which point the author probably felt that he could not write in a train so acceptable to the susceptibilities of our go-ahead cousins, as when confining his talk to bullocks, and flour-mills, and factories, and newspapers. He is most successful in his endeavour to keep clear of personalities, and his book is rather dry in consequence; but still it is as full of meat as an egg.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Conseils de la Sagesse, ou Recueil des Maximes de Salomon, avec des Réflexions, par le R. P. M. Boutauld, S.J. (Paris, Julien, Lanier, et Cie.) A reprint of a quaint and naïf book by a Jesuit of the seventeenth century. There is no great profundity or completeness, but a vast deal of good homely common sense, in his maxims for the management of the conscience, the mind, the passions, the tongue; for behaviour to wife, children, servants, friends; for conversation, for business, and for amusements.

Méditations sur les Vérités essentielles de la Religion, par le Docteur M. Kronst, S.J. Translated by M. l'Abbé Sergent. 2 vols. (Paris, L. Vivès.) We do not know whether or not to approve of the modifications which the translator has introduced into these volumes. A preface by a professor of rhetoric, at Nevers, informs us that the original Latin is very bad, cramped, and full of the most puerile antitheses; and he quotes a passage in proof. In this passage we only see so successful an imitation of the antithetical style of some of the mediæval writers, that we are almost sorry that the translator did not attempt to preserve it. It would translate into English similar to that of Andrewes, the well-known Bishop of Winchester in the time of James I. What sort of French it would make, we cannot presume to say. The meditations seem good, and occasionally remarkably so. The book is worth attention. It should be mentioned, that Father Kronst was confessor to the daughters of Louis XV.

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PART XVII.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

It is the usual characteristic of a boaster, that he is especially vainglorious in those subjects in which he is especially deficient. In this he has often a twofold object: he wishes to impose on others, but he wishes also to impose upon himself. He wants to persuade himself that, after all, he is not such a sheer impostor as his conscience assures him that he is. As a quiet-tempered man can talk himself into a passion, so a boaster can talk himself into a belief that, after all, he is a very worthy and excellent personage.

Such is popular Protestantism in the presence of the Catholic Church. It is conscious of sundry unpleasant twinges when it attempts to prove itself right and Rome wrong. It winces at the great facts which stare it in the face when it puts forth its claims. It is aware that the Catholic controversialist has statements to make, against which it has not a word to say in reply or contradiction. Accordingly, it seeks to smother every distinct and intelligible argument beneath one huge assertion, that *reason*, as such, is all on the Protestant side, and that Catholicism is from base to pinnacle nothing else but a gigantic imposture, which none but the dishonest few could devise, and none but the unreasoning multitude could accept.

Undoubtedly there are many exceptions to this rule to be met with. Men of learning, men of logic, men of good sense, and men of charitable dispositions, shrink from this extravagant charge against the religion of the large majority of Christians. They enter the lists with something like a consciousness that, after all, Rome has something to say for herself; and sometimes even with sincere gratification they recognise the learning, the ability, and the enlightened piety of many of her children. Of all this, however, *popular* Protestantism

knows nothing. It knows but one way of silencing us and quieting its own conscience: its only device is to suppose and assert that the one characteristic of Protestantism is its conformity to right reason, and the one characteristic of Catholicism its violation of all the laws of logic and the facts of history.

Yet what is the state of the case? Place a Protestant in the presence of Catholic dogma, and note the manner in which he employs the noble and awful gift of reason. Grant every thing you will as to the achievements of non-Catholic intelligence in the domain of purely secular thought and knowledge; exaggerate to any extent what it has done for philosophy, physical science, mathematics, politics, and polite literature; let the boaster have the benefit of all his pretences;—only bring him face to face with that creed, in any of its parts, which he so scornfully disdains, and see what use he makes of his godlike gift. We appeal to any Catholic, or even any observant Protestant, as to the result which invariably ensues. Is it not a fact, that the clearest and the most vigorous of human intellects descend to utter sentiments on the subject of Catholicism and its dogmas for which the only fitting term is *nonsense*—nonsense the most silly, the most barefaced, the most utterly self-contradictory? The very faculty of reasoning seems usually to desert them when they meddle with our doctrines and practices; they seem actually incapable of discerning their most obvious meaning. They cannot take in the drift of our arguments, or meet them with any counter-arguments really bearing upon the question. There they stand, beating the air; contradicting each man his neighbour and himself; eating their own words, unconscious of the smallest degree of inconsistency; unable to take plain English words in their plain meaning; and making a display of intellectual incapacity, of downright sheer dulness, which would ruin their character as reasoning creatures in any one affair of merely secular import. Who amongst us has not repeatedly seen this in books, in newspapers, and among his own friends and acquaintances? Who has not learnt by experience, that in religious controversy it is vain to look for a right use of reason from those who claim to be its exclusive votaries? Who has not come to the conclusion, by personal observation, that there is a mysterious power possessing the ordinary non-Catholic reason, which warps it, twists it, and blinds it, till it gives vent to nonsense in religion which it would blush with shame to utter on any subject in which the faith of Catholics was not concerned?

This striking fact is, indeed, one of the innumerable minor

proofs of the truth of our religion. If we are dupes, and right reason is on the Protestant side, how is it that all Protestants, with few exceptions, come to talk such rubbish about us and our creed? If our dogmas are the invention of man, why are they so surprisingly clear to us, and so inexplicably incomprehensible to them? If our worship is superstitious, why cannot they comprehend the state of our minds when we are engaged in it, so as to point out the particulars in which it is erroneous? If they alone are enlightened, why do they misrepresent our opinions before they attempt to refute them? Surely their business is to confute what we *do* hold, and not to paint an imaginary monster and then blow it to pieces;—why, then, do they pretend that they know our opinions better than we do ourselves, and that we really hold doctrines which every Catholic agrees in denouncing? If reason, we repeat, is on the side of Protestants, how are we to account for this exhibition of intellectual imbecility when they confront Catholicism in its dogma, its morals, and its history?

Such questions as these are suggested by the mode in which the recent decree on the Immaculate Conception of Mary is received by the average class of persons outside the Church. It is the old story over again: either the world cannot, or it will not, comprehend the meaning of the doctrine; and then it discharges torrents of attack upon absurdities of its own inventing. And at the same time the world *cannot* hold its tongue; a kind of irresistible power seems to impel it to the assault. It cannot treat what it calls our follies and superstitions as it treats the follies and superstitions of the rest of mankind. At one moment it asserts that our faith is so absurd that no enlightened Christian can hold it, and the next proceeds to exhaust itself in efforts to misrepresent and damage it. It does not see that we cannot be at once silly and crafty, hypocritical and devout, learned and ignorant. Though it is never tired of calling our creed an exploded superstition, the restless energy of its attacks betrays its consciousness that it is neither exploded nor a superstition; and that when the Church comes forth and solemnly announces, as recently, an article of her faith, the very devils believe while they tremble.

During the progress of the events which ended in the declaration of the 8th of last December, and which have led to so much subsequent declamation against the Pope, the cardinals, and the bishops, on the ground of this new imaginary imposition on the credulity of mankind, we have not offered any remarks of our own to our readers. This has been partly because it was impossible to do any justice to such a subject

in the pages of a periodical, and partly as wishing to reserve any slight observations we might wish to make till a period when the excitement natural under the circumstances should have passed away. Considering, also, that certain considerations which the decree of last December suggests to the mind are of a somewhat controversial character, we were unwilling to express too eagerly our satisfaction in the victory of those opinions which we conceive to be implied in the recent act of the Holy See. It is painful to remind a generous adversary that he is beaten. If it is necessary to call his attention to the triumph which has been won over him, it is better to do this when the novelty of new events has passed away, and the mind has subsided into its ordinary mood. The month of May, however, has again come; and the devout children of Mary being about to celebrate her festival-time with a unanimity as to her privileges, and a confidence in their reality hitherto unattainable, we no longer delay the few remarks we have to offer. And we heartily hope that, though controversial in their character, they will not for a moment disturb that equanimity of joy with which we keep the bright month which piety has consecrated to her, who is the patron of theological truth, as truly as she is the mother of love and tenderness.

As to the general subject of the doctrine itself, even if it had been in our power to handle it satisfactorily, it would have been rendered needless by the treatise just published by Bishop Ullathorne;* a book adapted both for the theologian and the ordinary reader, and as well adapted to the end it designs to fulfil as it is opportune in its time of publication. We recommend it to every one who desires to find in a short compass, and popularly stated, the true character of the doctrine, its place in the entire scheme of Catholic dogma, and the attitude (if we may so say) which the Church has ever maintained towards it. Although the Church has now formally defined the doctrine, so that no Catholic can doubt about it for a moment, still it is always interesting and instructive to trace the grounds on which she has acted in framing her decision, and the progress of devout feeling and general belief in respect to any article of the faith before it has been included in the authoritative decrees of the Christian Church.

Two corollaries, however, as it appears to us, may fairly be deduced from the recent decree, bearing decisively upon other subjects on which difference has always been, and still is, tolerated among Catholics. One of these is the question of "development;" the other what is termed "ultramontan-

* *The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God: an Exposition.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. Richardson.

ism," in its purely doctrinal aspect. On both of these questions, if we are not greatly mistaken, a species of sanction has been given by the Church to one side of the argument as distinct from the other. On neither of the two do we imagine that any universal or permanent settling influence will be the result; because, as we think, differences of opinion on these points have their origin in the differences of intellectual character which exist in the human mind, and which will exist to the end of the world.

Take first the theory of "development" in religious doctrine. One might have supposed beforehand, that to every pious Christian it would have been personally perfectly immaterial whether the theory were sound or the reverse. Setting aside the warping influences of polemical prejudice, we should have said that *naturally* a man would be as ready to espouse either side on the question as to accept any proved conclusion in algebra or geometry. But surely it is not so. The moment we leave the domain of pure mathematics, we find, in fact, that one mind has a special *liking* for one style of reasoning, and one for another. Nobody in possession of his faculties has the smallest preference for two right angles in a triangle instead of three or five, or any other number. But once in the region of probable proof and moral subjects, we see that one man is practically affected by one mode of proof above all others, and another by another. Even where the agreement in the conclusion is most unanimous, each man has his own way of arriving at a conclusion; and in proportion as he is influenced by one course of reasoning, is he inclined to exaggerate its value and necessity for every body else. Take twenty educated converts from Protestantism to Catholicism, and ask them their reasons for their conversion, and you will find that each one looks upon one particular branch of the argument as peculiarly convincing, and really more important than any others.

To apply this phenomenon in the mind to the development-controversy. One man has a horror of overstating any argument, and of "proving too much." Keenly sensitive to the great truth, that, after all, there is a *probation* involved in the presentation of all moral truth, he is not anxious to see any thing made so miraculously clear that it is really *impossible* for a sane man to doubt it. He knows that an argument may be made so incontrovertible as to be practically good for nothing; and accordingly he shrinks from forcing (as he considers it) conclusions as to the explicit faith of the early Fathers from their writings beyond what those writings thoroughly warrant. Personally speaking, he can do without

that faultless historical evidence which some persons require for their perfect satisfaction.

Such thinkers as these latter, on the contrary, have one favourite line of proof, and almost only one. They cannot bear difficulties. Sometimes they cannot bear syllogistic difficulties; sometimes it is an historic doubt that galls them. A state of temporary hesitation is distressing to them; their great aim is to come to a conclusion apparently satisfactory, and not to satisfy themselves that there is no flaw felt by other people as well as themselves. Put an argument into a syllogism, and they are so delighted with its scientific appearance, that they forget that a single syllogism does not contain all that may be said upon the subject in hand.

In historical evidence, again, there are many minds which, if they cannot see all they expect, can see nothing. If the Fathers did not use the same language as they do themselves, they held actually different doctrines. If they did not hold all that we do, in precisely the same degree of explicit knowledge, they did not hold the same *things*. With them, a rosebud is *not* a rose.

Another class of minds, once more, are frightened at the thought of admitting any thing that an adversary may lay hold of, however unfairly and illogically. Their plan for convincing a man on any subject is to conceal from him its argumentative difficulties, whether great or trifling. They have small confidence in the power of truth, as resting on the evidence which it does really possess; and in argument they know no alternative between proving your adversary an ignoramus or an idiot, or letting him prove you one.

Now take these various characters of mind, and assign them in various combinations and proportions to different persons, and we see how naturally one man is predisposed to the theory of development, and another against it; and how vain it is to expect that all Catholics will ever agree upon it. And so with ultramontaniam. One man instinctively prefers the magnificence and grandeur of the decisions of the Bishops of Christendom meeting in council, and in the multitude of counselors and the conflict of arguments which an Ecumenical Council ensures, perceives a peculiar safeguard against error; another says to himself, that for practical purposes decisions on doctrine must rest with one man; the government of the Church cannot get on without it; in fact, a revelation given, as Christianity undoubtedly was given, requires an infallible Pope. Accordingly every man, as he is thus either pre-eminently historical and critical, or pre-eminently logical and practical in his tone of mind, approaches the ultramontane controversy

with a slight predisposition either to one side or the other. We believe, therefore, that as long as the subject is formally undefined by the Church, there will be partisans of both sides found among her most devout and loyal children. And, further, we cannot but hope that, ultramontane and developmentist as are our own opinions, we may never undervalue either the learning, the ability, the piety, or the orthodoxy of those who take opposite views on these abstruse questions.

Anticipating, then, no permanent or universal alteration in the minds of good Catholics, we nevertheless cannot but call attention to the circumstance, that the decree on the Immaculate Conception does argumentatively bear, and that powerfully, on the subject of development and doctrinal ultramontaniam. Allowing the fullest possible grammatical meaning to the expressions of the Fathers of the first three centuries respecting the Mother of God, we cannot see any *proof* that the Church generally held the Immaculate Conception *explicitly*, though there is every proof that she held it *implicitly* from the beginning. In fact, the Roman theologian, who for years past has most prominently engaged in the advocacy of the doctrine with a view to forwarding the recent decision, Father Perrone, distinctly upholds it on the development principle. And it is remarkable, that a prelate of a very different school, and one whose whole antecedents tend to the exaltation of the purely historical line of argument, the present Archbishop of Paris, in his pastoral announcing the decree to his flock, uses the very word 'development' as expressing the theory on which the Holy See has acted in declaring that the Church has always held the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

And so with the ultramontane question. *Solvitur ambulando*. The Pope has done what no Pope ever did before, except as the head of an Ecumenical Council. It is as it was in the disciplinary branch of the ultramontane and Gallican controversy. The Gallicans held that the Pope could not override the diocesan rights of separate national churches by his own single act. But while they said he could not do it, he did do it in France, during the reign of the first Napoleon. He did it in the very stronghold of the anti-Roman opinions. Some few dissented, and never yielded; but the Church as a body acquiesced, and the question was settled practically for ever. Just so as to declaration of doctrine.

The Pope, as Pope, and as Pope alone, has declared what is the faith of the Church. The bishops have advised him, indeed, and with all but absolute unanimity; but they have not been his assessors, or coadjutors, in the authoritative act

which binds the faithful to obedience. In other words, they have virtually given their adhesion to the ultramontane opinion. Can any one, after such an act on their part, and on the part of the Pontiff, hesitate to admit that an immense stride has been made towards the practical settlement of the question against the Gallican theory?

Turning now to those who, not being within the Catholic Church, are unable to enter into these subjects with a Catholic interest, and who see in the proceedings of the Holy See only one fresh attack upon "Scriptural" religion, we venture to offer one or two considerations, which must at least mollify the bitterness of their feelings, and convince them that, after all, we have something to say for ourselves in defence of this doctrine, which sounds so strange in their ears. If they are surprised that Catholics take so much interest in a question which to them seems purely speculative—not to mention the contradiction which they fancy it gives to one great Christian truth—if they see in our zeal thus to honour Mary with the highest honour not divine, a proof of our want of true appreciation of the incommunicable rights of the Almighty God, we assure them that it is precisely *because of* the intensity of our sense of the greatness, the majesty, and the unapproachable glories of the Omnipotent, that Catholic hearts are thus sensitive on the subject of the sinlessness of Mary. When we exalt her, they imagine we degrade Him. It is the very reverse. It is because we know—yes, we even see it with the eye of faith—that He *is* so great, so glorious, so unapproachable, that He cannot degrade Himself by taking to Him a soul and body from a creature in whom sin had ever for a moment had a share. If a pious Protestant had the strength of our faith, the clearness of our knowledge, and the fire of our love, he would perceive at once that a belief in the non-immaculateness of Mary *is the degradation of God*. As we know that nothing in which the taint of sin remains can hereafter enter into the beatific vision of God in heaven, so we know that nothing on which sin had ever had a moment's power could have been the habitation of the same all-holy God upon earth. The thought is abhorrent to the first instincts of our regenerate nature. God and sin!—can we, even in thought, put them together for an instant without blasphemy?

To the devout Protestant, then, we say, Do you believe that God took *His own* human nature *from* Mary? Was Jesus Christ God; or were there two persons in Him, a God and a man, of whom the latter alone was born of the Blessed Virgin? Did Mary herself worship Jesus Christ with divine honour, or not? If she did, was it not because He was her

God as well as her Son? And could she have been the mother of the very object of her prostrate adoration, if she had not partaken of His merits to such an extent as to have been ever stainless herself? Ask your own hearts, your own consciences, for a reply. Forget for a moment all controversy between Rome and England. Forget what you have at any time written or said on the subject. Kneel down in the presence of God, and in spirit in the house at Bethlehem; see the Virgin who has just given birth to Jesus; remember she is *His Mother*, and He is *her God*. What does your heart tell you? Do *you* love Him? do you recognise your God in Him? do you know any thing of the true and horrible nature of that sin which brought Him thus amongst us? And can you still persuade yourselves that He did not communicate the graces which His sufferings were to procure for us all, in such a fulness to that mother, as to have freed her from all the consequences of her descent from our sinful parents? Can you help adopting the words of one of your own prelates,* and crying out, "O blessed Mary! he cannot bless thee, he cannot honour thee too much, that deifies thee not!" Surely your instinct teaches you that Mary *must* be immaculate, and that your only difficulty is how to reconcile such a belief with your faith in the doctrine that the curse of Adam has fallen upon *all* his descendants.

If you have gone thus far, you are exactly in the position of some of the few great Catholic theologians who have been at times what is called "opposed" to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. You are not opposed to it in reality. You are no more opposed to it than was the great St. Thomas Aquinas or St. Bernard, two of our brightest and most widely-shining luminaries. It is a mere misconception to regard the immaculate conception of Mary as in any way contradicting the universality of the curse of original sin. It no more violates that law, than does the fact that all men are not actually saved by Christ militate against the doctrine that He redeemed every human soul. The question as to Mary's immaculate nature is simply a question as to the time when Jesus Christ communicated to her the full benefits of His death and passion. He died for her, as for us all. He freed her from sin, as He regenerates us in baptism. She was nothing without His grace, as we are nothing. We do not leave off sinning till we die, at least in very small things. She had grace from the first never to sin, from the first moment when her soul existed, even before it was born; but the difference

* Bishop Hall. No Catholic could say more than this, and none would say less.

between her sinlessness from the first and our sinlessness in heaven, is a mere difference of time so far as original sin is concerned. You cannot interpret words of Scripture by a mere slavery to the letter. The Bible says that the just man falls seven times a day; but is this a literal statement that *every* Christian, however advanced in holiness, actually falls into sin at least *seven* times *every* day? You know it is not. It is a mode of stating that no man individually can hope to be absolutely free from all sin while he lives. Or does it mean that every baptised child actually sins seven times a day before coming to the use of reason? "Of course," you say, "the text implies that a person has come to the use of reason." Doubtless; *but this is not in Scripture*. Just in the same way, the doctrine that the curse of Adam has fallen on all his posterity does not specify the precise degree, manner, and time, in which our Blessed Lord communicates the benefits of His passion to all the individual souls who have been redeemed by Him. These are questions of fact, which must be ascertained by the proper evidences. And when we point to one, and one only, to whom those benefits were given in their fullest measure from the first moment of her existence, we leave the doctrine of the universality of the curse of Adam as untouched as when we say that an unbaptised infant has never committed *actual* sin.

Dr. Ullathorne excellently expresses this true explanation of the difficulty. "Was Mary a child of redemption? Did her Son die for her salvation? Was she the offspring of His glorious blood? Most surely was she redeemed by His blood. Her redemption was the very masterpiece of His redeeming wisdom. . . . He who prevents the disease is the greater physician than he who cures it after it has been contracted. He is the greater redeemer who pays the debt that it may not be incurred, than he who pays it after it has fallen on the debtor. . . . If our Lord exercised a greater power of redemption over Mary than over others, by preserving her from actual sin, He exercised His greatest power by preserving her from original sin. And if, as our Lord said to Simon, more love is owing where more has been forgiven, Mary was bound in more love to Jesus, as she had received from His hands that greatest of forgivenesses in the greatest of redemptions."

To every devout Protestant, then, who is anxious to render to all their dues, both to God, to Mary, and to all other creatures, we say once more, If you wish to ascertain the character of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, learn it, not from Mary, but from Jesus Christ. Do not set about it by balancing one statement against another, by qualifying one

feeling with another feeling, or by estimating how far it is possible to elevate a creature without dishonour to the Creator. Enter, as far as possible, into the homage which Mary herself pays to her Divine Son. She has, and to all eternity she will have, but one thought towards Him; namely, to adore Him as her God; to acknowledge that without Him she is nothing; that whatever she has been and is, she owes to His electing grace alone. And if an emotion of pain could enter her soul, now that she reigns on the throne on which He has placed her, she would start with horror from any veneration paid to herself which was not directly referred to Him, and given to her for His sake. This is the only way, the only true and safe way, of learning what Mary herself has been made by her Son. The knowledge of Jesus is the only guide to the knowledge of Mary. Nay, we may say, that thoroughly and adequately to appreciate *her*, we must attain to that depth of humility and love which *she* feels towards Him. The scoffing world without, indeed, declares that it is those who know not the Son who deify (as they say) the Mother. We, who know both the Son and the Mother, know also that without the knowledge of Jesus you *cannot* know Mary. And therefore, as the estimation of Mary rises exactly in proportion to our love and adoration for Jesus, and as she adores and loves Him with an intensity and a depth beyond that of any other creature,—so, we may safely assert that she alone rightly comprehends the immensity of that elevation, the bliss of that privilege, which the death and passion of her Son have bestowed upon her.

If, then, you have any faith in the reality of the Incarnation of the Son of God, you cannot help regarding with affection and honour the Mother who bore Him. You must have for her, not a poetic, not an antiquarian, not a sentimental, not a human, not an idolatrous love; but a *bonâ fide*, earnest, *personal* affection, of the same kind as that you cherish for her Son; with this difference, that in the latter case your love is that of a creature towards his God, in the former that of one creature towards another creature. Why will you not pray for and attempt this rational and suitable condition of mind? Why will you fly off, under the influence of the ridiculous ignorance of those who know neither Jesus nor Mary? Why will you not yield yourselves to the dictates of your own conscience, and accept the conclusions to which the creeds that you still retain must lead you? Why fear to honour her *whom God has honoured*? Pray to her, if you can, in good faith and sincerity. But if you cannot, not knowing whether God has given her the power of hearing your prayers,

at least love and venerate her in your hearts; and be assured that every thought that rises within you in her honour is accepted by her Son as really paid to Him.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER X.

EXPECTATIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE next morning Miss Compton informed Roger that all was arranged for his taking up his residence at the cottage, and hoped that he would begin his work in the library immediately. She made not the slightest allusion to the loss of the papers; but poor Roger's heart for the work was gone. He did not, however, propose any alteration in the plan; and in a half-absent way assented to every thing she said. She herself so plainly saw this, that she took an occasion when he was not near, to ask what were my arrangements for the future, saying, that if I could be absent a day or two longer from London, she should be glad if I would stay with Roger in his temporary abode.

"Poor fellow!" said she, "I pity him with all my heart. I can well understand how an honest and sensitive nature like his must suffer under the mere shadow of an imputation."

"I am afraid he will never get on in the world, with his very sensitive feelings," said I; "his standard is scarcely a practicable one."

"You and he are very different in character, I see, Mr. Walker," replied she, in a tone which destroyed what I should otherwise have considered the complimentary character of the remark; "I have no doubt that you *will* get on."

"I hope so, indeed," said I.

"I wish you success," said she; but there was no cordiality, though no distance or disagreeableness in her manner. At any rate, Miss Compton was a person of a station in society to which I have always thought it prudent to pay that kind of respect, free from servility, which I have observed is generally well taken. And I could not help thinking what a fool Roger was to get entangled with people of Louise Fanchette's class,

when he might be playing his cards well with such a family as the Comptons.

Just then came in the letter-bag.

"A letter for you, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton. "Why, what have we here?" added she, opening a letter addressed to herself, and marked "immediate." As she showed us the letter afterwards, I may as well give it verbatim. Thus it ran:—

"MADAM,—Your lost packet is in safe hands. The writer of this note is empowered to make terms with you for its restoration. He will meet you to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, on horseback, in the middle of the field called Water-side Meadow. He will come alone; but will have friends within sight. He requires the same condition of you, stipulating that whatever attendants you may bring, none of your own relations shall be among them. He trusts this to your honour. On your appearance in the middle of the field specified, the writer of this will join you without delay. Your attendants may be within the boundaries of the field; but if they approach within hearing distance, they and you must take the consequences."

"Just what you anticipated, Mr. Walton," observed Miss Compton, with unruffled coolness. "I cannot say that I am surprised; though the style and handwriting of the letter, which are those of an educated person, do somewhat astonish me. It convinces me more than ever that people we little think of are at the bottom of these disturbances. But what can the fellow mean by stipulating that none of my relations are to be present?"

Roger and I expressed our inability to solve the puzzle; and I added, that I concluded she would communicate with the magistracy, and have a strong body of constables in attendance.

"No, I shall not," replied she. "I will take advantage of no man, however great a scoundrel, and however much he has injured me."

"Then you mean to meet the fellow just as he orders it all?" I inquired, decidedly amazed at the quixotic notions of this somewhat eccentric lady.

"Precisely," said she; "to the very letter. As nothing is said about myself or my people being armed, I shall take care we do not go defenceless; and if you two young men like it, you may form part of my escort. What say you to it?"

We gladly assented; and I asked what was the nature of the ground where the meeting was to be held.

"A very large open field, containing from forty to fifty acres, and bordered on one side by a wide stream. You will be able to see every thing, while you hear nothing. I shall ride a horse who will be a match for any horse in the county, if any thing should go wrong; and I shall mount you two also, and probably all the rest of my escort. I should say ten or a dozen men would be abundantly sufficient. Half an hour's ride will bring us to the place; so you will be good enough to be ready to start in time. Till then, good morning."

Soon after this I found Roger in fresh tribulation.

"Just look here," said he. "Here's a letter from Louise, beyond description annoying."

"What's the matter now?" said I. "Going to jilt you? Lucky for you, in my opinion, if she does."

"You don't know her," retorted Roger, "so I forgive your insinuations. She tells me that some fellow has been persecuting her with letters, wanting her to marry him. And this has been going on for some little time. He worried her at first with his visits; and the wonder is that I never came across him. She says she never told me, to spare me the annoyance."

"But who is he?" I asked.

"That she doesn't know for certain; but she suspects he is a gentleman by birth and education, though she is convinced he is a scamp. He calls himself Mr. Edward Seymour, and she thinks he is desperately in love with her."

"Well, and what says the fair Louise herself?"

"She can't endure him; but she says he terrifies her with the violence of his manner. I can't conceive any motive he can have for wanting to marry her except liking her; for she has not got a penny in the world beyond what she earns. So I suppose the scoundrel has fallen madly in love with her. I could almost forgive him for that; for even you must admit that there is something about her quite out of the common way, though she does wear out those taper little fingers with working at caps and gowns. I'd go up to town instantly myself; but what will Miss Compton say to my cutting away directly I have come down? And then, here's this infamous suspicion of Sir Arthur's. I can't bear to go till this business of my ring is found out. I'm half-mad about it already. I lay tossing about nearly the whole night, wondering where on earth I lost the ring; but the more I wonder, the more confused I get. Do tell me what to do, Benjamin. You're cool and prudent. I declare I shall lose my senses if something does not turn up soon about it."

"I certainly should advise you by all means to stay here.

It would *look* extremely ill if you were to go; and Miss Compton would be disgusted if she heard of your connecting yourself with such a person as a French milliner."

"Not if she knew Louise," said he; "that I am confident of. Besides, you're not a marrying man, Walker; and you don't understand those sort of things."

"In my opinion," I replied, "you're nothing less than a fool, if you go to commit yourself to this affair by talking about it to any one; above all, to people like the Compton's. That is my advice; and if you had three grains of common sense, you would accept it."

"Well," sighed he, "I suppose I must."

At the appointed hour a cavalcade assembled in front of the Hall, to escort Miss Compton on her adventure, which I thought decidedly a hazardous one. Some eight or ten mounted grooms and farmers sat on their horses waiting for the appearance of the bold "squire" herself. Roger and I were splendidly mounted; and as I tried the paces of the handsome chestnut which I bestrode, I asked myself when I should be in circumstances to keep such an animal of my own. My vanity was flattered, and my hopes excited, by hearing one of the men observe to a companion,

"That there London chap don't sit his horse sò badly, after all."

Punctually at half-past two the "squire" appeared, looking as handsome and animated as possible. She sprung into her saddle with the agility of nineteen, patting the neck of her horse,—a strong, nearly thorough-bred, and perfectly black animal, about fifteen-and-a-half hands high; and away we rode after her at a rapid canter. Some of us had pistols; but Miss Compton herself was equipped as for an ordinary ride, except that she carried a very heavy hunting-whip.

As we cantered over the closely-cropped turf of the park, opening out continually into broad glades overshadowed with antique oaks, elms, and Spanish chestnuts, while every now and then a small herd of deer gazed wistfully at the approaching troop, and then bounded away into their leafy coverts, I could not help thinking how pleasant it must be to be the owner of such a lordly place; and I felt every nerve within me braced for the struggle of life, in which it was my lot to have to win the prizes by my own unaided energies.

"Rather better to own such a place as this, Roger," said I, in a low voice, to my companion, who was busily employed in his own thoughts,—“rather better to own such a place as this than to tack oneself to Louise for life. Eh? what say you?”

"I disagree with you," rejoined poor Roger, in no mood for banter.

On arriving at the place of rendezvous, we found no one in the field; but approaching from the opposite side of the country was a group of men, a few on horseback, but mostly on foot. We entered without delay; and Miss Compton rode on into the middle of the field, her escort taking up their station close to the hedge, and not far from the place where we entered. Just as she reined her horse in, a single horseman, dressed in a large white riding-coat, with broad-brimmed hat, and with an immense wrapper enfolding his throat, rode in at a gate from the opposite side, followed by some fifteen or twenty of his companions, as vagabond-looking a set as I ever beheld. They took their post near the hedge, at some distance from the gate by which they had come in, which for convenience sake I shall call the lower gate, as it was nearer the stream than our position, which was a little elevated, and gave us an excellent view of every thing that took place. The leader rode at once up to the spot where Miss Compton was sitting quietly awaiting him on her horse. On approaching her he made her a rather low bow, which she answered by the slightest possible inclination of the head. We could of course hear nothing that passed; but I had taken the precaution of bringing with me an opera-glass of long focus, which enabled me to watch the countenances of the speakers, and to note their changes as accurately as if I had been close at hand.

There was at first nothing in the man's countenance at all impertinent or disrespectful; so far at least as I could judge; for the shade of his hat, and the large wrapper round his chin, did not allow any of his features to be seen very distinctly. After a short conversation, I judged from the expression of Miss Compton's face that he had said something which she treated with suspicion and incredulity; and I was confirmed in the supposition by seeing him thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and draw out a paper packet, which I could plainly discern was tied round with tape and sealed with a large seal. Miss Compton instantly advanced to look closely at the packet; and he as instantly backed his horse, and held the packet up in the air, as if putting it out of her reach. He then seemed as if he was exacting from her a promise not to attempt to seize the packet; for she shook her head decidedly, and looked intensely scornful and indignant, as if she would make no such promise; and the man moved it more completely out of her reach. She appeared, however, satisfied as to the identity of the packet with that which she had lost; for a most animated dialogue was carried on for ten minutes or a quarter of an

hour, during which both speakers were manifestly getting more and more excited. Miss Compton gave repeated gestures indicative of dissent and anger, and the man's manner was less and less respectful.

Presently he backed his horse a few paces, and held out the packet towards her, as if tempting her to seize it; and the defiant air of his countenance, and the scarcely controlled irritation of hers, convinced me that something of the kind was going on. This went on for a short time; she now and then making a sudden move, as if about to attempt to get possession of the packet, and yet apparently angry with herself for suffering herself to be so affected. Soon I began to suspect that there was some further scheme concealed in all this manœuvring; for I observed that the man continued edging off little by little towards the gate at which he had entered, and further away from Miss Compton's party; she following him, and thus drawing further and further from our protection. Wondering what could be the meaning of this, I examined the horse the man was riding, and noticed that it was a strong-boned, powerful animal, and that it answered the slightest touch of the spur or rein in a moment. What could his scheme be? Surely the man, who certainly was a person of considerable height and strength, did not meditate any personal violence. Did he want to seize her, drag her on to his own horse, and ride away, while his followers kept us in check? Or was it his game to tempt her to follow him in a wild race, till he had led her to some out-of-the-way haunt, where succour could not reach her till he had exacted from her terrors any terms he chose to demand?

Whatever was his scheme, however, it was soon frustrated. Miss Compton suddenly made her horse spring forward upon him, seized the packet, and as the fellow was for a moment paralysed with astonishment, struck him a blow across the face with her heavy whip, so that he positively reeled in his saddle; and away she dashed through the lower gate at full gallop.

As soon as the man had recovered himself, he followed her at the top of his speed, and the whole field rode or ran in pursuit as fast as their horses' or their own legs would carry them.

It was a most extraordinary and exciting scene. Our horses being for the most part much better than those ridden by the mounted portion of the opposite party, we came up to the gate, though from a more distant point, at the same time; and the passage through was half a race, half a fight. Many severe blows were given and taken on both sides; but we, though not

the most numerous, had by far the best of it; and when we were fairly out into the open country our party was the foremost, with the exception of one of the other side, whose horse was the fastest animal on the ground, and its rider not a heavy weight. The country on this side of the field of rendezvous proved to be a large common, with no boundary yet visible. For all I could see, it might be miles in extent; and but for the tracks of cart-wheels, dangerous to horses going at a quick pace, it seemed made for an exhausting race.

Miss Compton was already far ahead of us, and her pursuer was some little distance behind her. At first I supposed that she would not go over the common, but take the direction of the Hall; and I said as much to one of the grooms who was galloping at my side.

"No, no, sir," said the man, "that'll never do. There's too many gates to open to make that way safe. That villain would be upon her before she was through the first. I don't exactly see what she's after; but she's a game bird is that mistress of ours, and she'll give the scoundrel a pretty dance of it."

"What ought we to do?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "if you'll all take my advice, I think some of us ought not to ride on at their heels. I guess she means to turn by and by, and will ride round to us; and I think some ought to stay behind and be ready for her."

"That's true," said I; "but look at that other scoundrel in front of us. He's gaining on them every instant, and the two will be upon her at once."

"Not he, sir," replied the groom; "that beast has no wind. I heard him roar as we passed the gate. Look you, sir; he's falling back already."

"But how does Miss Compton ride?" I inquired; "is she up to such a race?"

"Ay, and twice as much," exclaimed the man; "there's not a better rider at a fence in the whole county. Why, I've seen her—there, there she goes; doubling like a hare before the hounds!"

Instinctively we turned our horses' heads in the same direction, while the foremost of Miss Compton's pursuers was sharing the fate of a greyhound, and was carried by his horse far along in his original direction before he could turn completely round. Now, again, Miss Compton turned towards a third point of the compass, and rode full tilt towards a high hedge, with apparently neither gate nor gap to break its length. She cleared it at a bound, and was soon followed by her pursuer.

"That's her game," cried the man who rode at my side; "if she does but know it. That villain's horse will be tired out over the fences long before hers. I saw the fellow dig his spurs into the animal's sides before he'd take the leap."

The doublings in the chase had now brought the few horsemen of the opposite party, who kept pretty closely together, between us and Miss Compton, so that she could not seek safety with us without passing them; and we wondered which way she would turn next. Just then she bounded back again over the hedge which she had crossed; but at a considerably farther distance from us. It was clear that she was now gaining on her pursuer; for it was some little time before he followed her. Meantime she had dashed again over the common, in the direction of the stream which formed its lower boundary.

"Good heavens!" I cried; "she's surely not making for the stream. No horse could clear it; and as for jumping into the water, why the banks are as upright as a wall, and must be twenty feet deep if they're a yard."

"There *is* a place where the stream is narrower," said the man, "but even there, it's few horses that will try it; specially those not used to that sort of thing. No doubt she's making for the narrowest place."

We drove the spurs into our horses, now getting very weary, and watched the race with the intensest eagerness; when, alas! all seemed lost. Stumbling, as it seemed in one of the cart-tracks which crossed the common, Miss Compton's horse blundered and fell, and she rolled upon the ground. No harm was done, nevertheless. She sprang to her feet, patted her horse encouragingly, mounted, and was off as rapidly as before. Her pursuer, however, was close upon her; and it was impossible, my companion said, that she could reach the narrow part of the stream before he overtook her. As for our steeds, they were utterly blown; and we lagged hopelessly behind, and the rest of the field were still farther distant.

"She's going for the water!" cried the groom; "she can't clear it; but it's her only chance."

Almost as he spoke, the daring rider put her horse to the terrifying leap; but he swerved and was afraid. Again she tried him, as her pursuer was within a few yards of her. We could see her strike the horse's flanks a tremendous stripe; he answered it, and flew across the stream.

"She's over!" cried the groom in ecstasy; "it's the finest done thing I ever saw in my life!"

"Ha! what's that?" I exclaimed, "the fellow's getting off his horse. What's he after now? As I live, Miss Comp-

ton has dropped the packet, and that scoundrel will have it, after all."

And so it was. In the last wild effort to get her horse to take the frightening leap, she had lost her hold upon the recovered parcel, and it fell to the ground. Her pursuer saw it, seized it, pocketed it, remounted, and galloped away.

As for ourselves, we rode along the banks till we came to a bridge, and sought a farm-house, not far from the spot where Miss Compton had crossed, and towards which she had proceeded. There we found her, totally exhausted, and bitterly disappointed. A carriage was sent for to take her home; and all present hope of getting fresh tidings of the packet was over for the present.

CHAPTER XI.

A CLUE AND ITS ISSUE.

My engagements now required me to return to London without further delay. Roger remained behind, installed in the cottage, and spending his days in the library, now suggestive to him of recollections very different from those which he had anticipated from its richly-stored shelves. He was much depressed; and but for the advice of Miss Compton, who told him that his immediately leaving the neighbourhood would certainly give a colour to any suspicions that might have got abroad, I believe he would have hastened back, to be comforted by Louise, and try to put an end to the persecutions of her other admirer. He made me promise that I would go and see her as soon as possible on my arrival in town, and assure her that I fully exonerated him from all dishonourable or dishonest conduct. Besides, he hoped that she might be able to throw some light on the affair, as she had often seen the ring in question, and might possibly be able to tell him when he last had possession of it. She often had told him to take better care of it, and to get rid of his habit of fidgeting it about on and off his fingers. I confess I did not expect much elucidation from this quarter. The thing seemed one of those unaccountable mischances, when every body is at fault, and the most important results follow from trifling causes.

As I had expected, Louise could give no help. She was greatly distressed; and I really began to fancy the girl was devotedly attached to poor Roger. She certainly was a sensible as well as a lively girl; and if only she had been in a more fitting station in life, after all she might do pretty well for a man like Roger, who never would get on in the world.

I must say also, that her conduct was scrupulously faultless; and I could not have believed, till I saw it, that any one in her forlorn condition, so young and so nearly friendless, and above all so pretty, could maintain so excellent a character.

A fortnight passed away, when a letter came from Roger, protesting that he must come home, at all risks.

"I can bear it no longer," said he. "My spirits are utterly broken. Miss Compton is kindness itself; but there is a cloud over me that darkens every thing. Louise writes me word that this fellow Seymour is worrying the life out of her with his addresses. She believes he means well; but he'll take no refusal, and actually dogs her steps when she goes out. I see she wants me to be near her again; for she's getting terribly afraid of this man, who, she declares, perfectly overpowers her whenever he can get an opportunity of speaking to her.

"Then here's this miserable business of the ring again. Just when I was hoping nothing had got abroad about it, and was intending to say nothing about it to my mother, out comes an infamous paragraph in the county paper, mentioning me almost by name, with all sorts of rascally insinuations about the robbery. Where they got the story I can't conceive, nor can Miss Compton either; unless it was that that hot-headed and pig-headed old general, Sir Arthur Wentworth, has been gossiping among his friends; and so, from one person to another, the lie has got regularly abroad, and some mischief-maker must needs put it into the newspaper. Oh, my dear fellow! what shall I do? I am torn first one way, then another. If I go from here, the 'squire' protests I shall give a colour to this vile slander; and then there is this new trouble about Louise, driving me sometimes almost out of my senses. Do advise me with that cool heart and clear head of yours. Louise *tells* me to stay here; but yet I see she is seriously afraid of this man. She says the passionateness of his manner is quite alarming: she never saw an Englishman fiery before. If it was not that such things are impossible in London, I do believe the man would carry her off, and make her marry him against her will. Yet she thinks he is really some sort of a gentleman, though a bad one; in fact, she says, his face shows him to be a thorough scamp; and when he loses his temper, it is quite awful. Poor dear Louise, what a forlorn situation for a poor friendless girl! There's some old French emigrant Abbé or other that she's mightily fond of, and I've advised her to consult him about it; but he's out of town just now; and what acquaintances she has are quite unable to protect her against an unscrupulous scoundrel. Oh, if I had but a decent little income, enough

to make her tolerably comfortable! For you know she couldn't go on millinering if she was married to me. My mother wouldn't stand that. And then there's this wretched ring business hanging over me. I could not marry a girl with such an infamous accusation upon me not disproved. I could never bring myself to allow her to marry a reputed *felon*."

And so he ran on through the rest of a long letter. The only advice I could give him was to wait; and I promised to see if I could do any thing for Louise. He took my advice for a few days longer; and then, finding himself perfectly unequal to his literary task at the Hall, one morning he suddenly appeared in my room, travel-weary and heart-weary, but glad to be again in London.

"Well," said I, when our greetings were over, "and what said Miss Compton to your coming away?"

"Oh!" said Roger, "she quite came into it at last. I couldn't help it,—I told her all about Louise."

"You don't say so!" cried I, astonished at his rashness.

"And precious glad I am that I did," he replied. "I told you all along the 'squire' was a true woman, with all her amazonian propensities. I thought she'd have a secret corner in her heart for a love-story; and so it proved. She hummed and hawed, it's true, pretty considerably at first; but when at last I showed her Louise's last letters to me since the row about the ring, her heart fairly melted, and she only said she should never have expected so much sense from a Frenchwoman."

"And you told her your lady-love was an actual milliner and maker of dresses? What said the owner of the princely estate of Compton Hall to that?"

"She said it couldn't be helped; and as Louise's parents were in a better position, why if she married me, she would only be rising to her proper sphere. At last she actually offered to tell my mother of it, on one positive condition;—that I should not marry till I had the means of supporting a wife in a proper way."

"And you agreed?"

"Of course I did. And I also told her that I never would marry her till this charge against me is cleared up. Whereupon she shook me by the hand, and declared that she honoured me for it; and that as the affair had happened in her house, she would supply me with money in plenty if it was wanted, and there seemed any chance of setting me right, even if she herself were never to see the stolen papers again. 'Besides,' said she, 'I have the slightest possible clue to begin with,—that is, to begin with only; for what would be the next step, I have not the remotest idea. When my niece comes back, I

shall consult with her. She is very quick at suggestions and in unravelling difficulties, when her religious notions don't interfere; and as soon as she returns, we shall see what can be done. However, count nothing upon it; for most likely my clue will turn out a mere mare's nest after all.' And so here I am; and now what about Louise?"

I had nothing new to tell him; and away he went, without further conversation.

After this, affairs went on much as they had done before my visit to Compton Hall; except that Roger's spirits remained seriously affected. As for myself, I perceived that I was steadily, and yet not slowly, making way. The results of my visit to the disturbed districts were considered perfectly satisfactory; and as a singular favour, a leading-article of my writing, bearing on the politic treatment of the labouring classes, was inserted in the *Daily Press*, on an occasion when an article expected from another quarter was not forthcoming. The disturbances in the country gradually subsided. Many of the rioters were tried, found guilty, and punished with various degrees of severity. But of the true nature of the leadership under which they had acted nothing transpired, whatever was suspected. No news came from the Hall to poor Roger, who began to pine over his work, and to suspect that he was totally unfitted for the wear and tear of London newspaper life. At length, quite unexpectedly, he received an offer of a kind of sub-editorship to a paper of second-rate standing, which gave him a considerable increase of salary, and a position altogether more permanent and responsible than that which he held in the office of the *Daily Press*. He undertook the new work with alacrity; but to my surprise, calling one day with him upon Louise, I found that she did not regard his appointment with much pleasure.

"He cannot do it, Mr. Walker," said she. "This kind of life is not for him. It wants a cooler head and a colder heart than my poor Roger possesses."

She spoke very fair English, with a great deal of *naïveté* and the prettiest accent possible, rendered all the more *piquant* by the laughing good-humour with which she asked and received corrections of her occasional blunders. As this cannot be conveyed on paper, I give her words in the nearest corresponding grammatical English.

Her expectations proved only too true. The new appointment did not suit poor Roger's romantic notions, nor his want of business habits. The journal with which he had got connected, though respectable, was not really commercially independent; and Roger found it hard to bring his theories

of truth and honour into perfect harmony with the injunctions of his chief.

"Here's a villanous production!" he cried one day to me, slapping his hand on the open page of a newly-published volume of poetry; "mawkish twaddle—Brummagem Byron—barely decent; yet I'm told to hash up a review of the trash, without one syllable of censure, because the publisher must not be affronted. Bah! it makes one sick of the whole thing. Here's not one word of truth ever to be spoken about —'s, and —'s, and —'s books, whatever abominable rubbish they put out, because they're the great kings of the book-trade, and must be conciliated for the sake of their advertisements!"

The consequence of these high-wrought notions was what might have been expected. Either Roger wrote milk-and-water platitudes, or he said what gave mortal offence to those to whom he was responsible. Then again, the sort of mill-horse work which newspaper duty requires suited ill with his vivacious but somewhat irregular temperament. He had to repair to the office at six or seven o'clock every evening, except Saturday, and remain there till one, two, or sometimes three o'clock in the morning. Killing work, indeed, for the strong, cool, and regular; what, then, to the delicate, excitable, and unsteady!

"Oh!" cried he, one afternoon to me, looking in upon me on his way to his toils; "oh, that I had been bred a plough-boy! Then I should at least have grown up to be a man, and an honest one, and not been a slave, and a rogue into the bargain; for I really feel this vile journalising not much better than swindling."

"And never have seen Louise?" said I. "Is that part of your wish, Roger?"

"Nonsense!" cried he. "You know what I mean."

"Perhaps, then," said I,—for I was in a humour for teasing him a little,—"you wish Mademoiselle Fanchette had been a French peasant-girl, stumping about in wooden shoes, with rosy elbows, horny hands, and a red handkerchief on the top of her head half-a-yard high."

"That's just what she said herself this very day," said Roger, laughing; "only she said it so funnily and archly, it quite revived me; for I was making a fool of myself to her, and desponding and grumbling enough to try the sweetest-tempered girl in the world."

"I've no doubt you make yourself considerably disagreeable sometimes," said I.

"I'm afraid I do," said he, looking absurdly penitent.

“And, by Jove! what a way she has of laughing it all off, and mixing up little stray bits of common sense, and religion, and all that, with it, without seeming at all as if she was preaching! Where does the girl get it all? Then, when I get a little better, and leave off my groanings, up she jumps, and dances along the room, humming one of her French tunes, as if all she cared for in life was a quadrille. I don't believe there's another girl like her in all London.”

“Perhaps not another milliner,” I suggested, a little maliciously.

“That's her misfortune, and not her fault,” rejoined he. “Yet, by Jove! I do believe she likes it notwithstanding. Good gracious! to see the pleasure with which she contemplates some new piece of Parisian flipper; and talks about colours, and ribbons, and the last new fashions, with as much good faith and interest as if she was discussing the drapery of an old Greek statue. And what do you think, of all things on earth, she does besides? I only found it out by chance the other day. She actually *fasts!*”

“That's the little Abbé's doing, I suppose,” said I. “By the way, have you seen that charming little specimen of ecclesiastical noblesse lately?”

“I saw him yesterday. He's as fresh as ever. Do you know, Benjamin, I like the little Abbé excessively.”

“Well,” said I, “I like him well enough myself. As for mademoiselle, I suppose she quite adores him. You ought to be jealous, Roger.”

“Pooh!” said he; “not quite that. He's old enough to be her grandfather; besides, you know, those priests can't marry. It really was the prettiest thing in the world to see Louise's reception of him the other day. I was talking to her, when the Abbé's quiet little knock was heard at the door. I opened it, and the little man entered, as neat and well dressed, with his long white hair—as much of it as is left—hanging down behind his head, as if he was paying a visit to a court-lady at Versailles. Up jumped Louise, seized the Abbé's hand, and kissed it; while he patted her on her bent head, saying, ‘*Que le bon Dieu te bénit toujours, ma chère fille!*’—Listen; there's the Abbé himself, I do believe, tapping meekly at your door.”

“Come in!” I cried; and forthwith entered the very man.

“Good afternoon, M. de Villeul,” said I, returning his polite greeting as politely as possible, for I really liked him.

“*Ah! mon cher M. Roger,*” exclaimed he, shaking Roger's hand; “here you are. I have been to your *apparte-*

ment, and they said you were gone out very *miserable, tout-à-fait abîmé*. But, my dear friend, you must not despond. I have great pity for you; and when you marry *ma chère petite Louise*, you will remember all you have suffered, and thank our good God for it."

"I'm afraid, M. de Villeul," observed Roger, in a penitent tone, "that I sometimes give Louise a good deal of trouble. Tell me, is she really very unhappy?"

"Well, my dear friend," said the Abbé, "to say the truth, sometimes you do. Two or three times I have found her in tears; and though she begins laughing and chattering when I come in, I see that she suffers much in secret for you. I hope you will be a good husband to her, my dear M. Roger."

"I shall be a villain if I am not," cried Roger.

"Well, well," returned the Abbé, "I think you will; and you have been a very good boy about her from the first, and always done what I advised her to require of you, never coming to visit her except just for an hour or two in the afternoon. And I like you for not wishing to marry till your character is cleared about that ring."

"But, M. de Villeul," I interposed, "what do you, with your rigid notions, say to her marrying a heretic like my friend Roger here?"

"Ah! well, well," said he, smiling, and laying his hand kindly on Roger's arm, "it is *very* seldom I approve of such things; but I hope he is more a heretic by accident than by intention, I am sure. And he has given his promise that the law of the Church shall be strictly observed. But now I have got some news for you, *mon cher Roger*. Ah, now, do not look for too much. Perhaps it is nothing after all."

"Any thing from Miss Compton?" eagerly exclaimed Roger.

"From—what do you call her niece, Miss —, Miss —?"

"Miss Vernon!" cried Roger; "you don't say so! What can she be after with Louise? She never did us any thing but mischief."

"Ah! well, well," said the Abbé, "it is not mischief, I do think. She has written a letter to Mademoiselle Fanchette, to say that she is come to London, and wishes to see her; but not to meddle with her religion. And she is going to Louise's lodgings to-morrow afternoon; and she wishes you to go there at the same time to meet her."

"Good heavens! what can it be!" exclaimed Roger.

"Ah! well," rejoined the Abbé, "we shall see. But now, have you seen that man,—what do you call him,—that has plagued poor Louise so much,—Mr. —?"

“Seymour?” said Roger. “I was in hopes that scoundrel had made himself scarce, after his last rebuff. You don’t mean to say that he has been tormenting her again?”

“Not exactly,” said M. de Villeul; “but I have heard something about the man, and I have my fears that he is a desperate person. My poor Louise is terribly afraid of him. But now I must go. Do not forget to-morrow.”

So saying, the venerable little man took his leave, making his adieux with as much grace as if we had been kinsfolk of his brother, the Marquis de Villeul, murdered some forty years before during the reign of terror in Paris.

When the next afternoon came, Roger was seriously ill in bed. Nightwork, excitement, the consciousness of the trouble that weighed him down, and the confinement in London, which he detested, were telling seriously on his health: and in hopes of being able to go to his newspaper duties at the proper hour of the evening, he was lying in bed the whole of the morning and afternoon. He wished me to go in his place to meet Miss Vernon, and carry his excuses. Poor fellow! he was not in a position to leave his bed perhaps for days to come. Certainly this newspaper life is not for men like him. It needs an iron digestion, nerves of leather, a cool disposition, and a freedom from all nonsensical romance. None of these things, unfortunately, were Roger’s.

On proceeding to mademoiselle’s, I found her and Miss Vernon in a manifestly friendly conversation. The very dignified Clementina received me with positive graciousness. “What *can* have happened,” thought I, “to have melted the magnificence of this haughty Juno?” She apologised for finishing her conversation with Louise in an under-tone, as they had something in discussion which could not yet be made known.

Presently Louise started from her seat, and exclaimed eagerly, “I will try! But your dress, mademoiselle, will not assist me. Ah! I see! I have a bonnet and a shawl very like; perhaps, only perhaps, they will do. Will mademoiselle do me the honour to put on my poor shawl and bonnet for five minutes?”

“By all means in the world,” replied Miss Vernon; while I stared, and wondered what on earth all this could mean.

Louise accordingly retreated out of the sitting-room; and immediately returned with a shawl and bonnet, with which she rapidly invested her visitor, in place of those which Miss Vernon was wearing.

“Will mademoiselle be so kind as to change her place?”

she then said, the grand Clementina submitting to the little Parisian's arrangements with incomprehensible meekness.

"There; that is it, I think," continued Louise. "And now let me see, what is it next? My work-box, or my little inkstand, or my desk?"

And she stood still, shutting her eyes quite close, and meditating for a few moments.

"Ha! I am sure, quite sure," she cried, "it is the inkstand. There it is, just in the right place, I am sure. Now, then, mademoiselle, I will try; but I am afraid it will not come. Pardon me while I get together my thoughts; for it is a very serious thing, and you know what depends upon it."

So saying, she turned round, looking towards the opposite side of the room, as I fancied, that we might not see her face or gestures. There happened, however, to be a looking-glass just facing where I sat, and in it I saw the reflection of her countenance. Its whole merry vivacity was completely vanished, and was succeeded by a look of extreme seriousness. She lifted her eyes upwards as if she was actually praying, and crossed herself; and I could perceive her lips quickly moving, as if she was speaking. Then as rapidly she turned round again; not a trace of the expression of gravity was visible on her features, except that she seemed intensely interested in what she was doing. She moved her chair to and fro, sitting down and getting up again, as if she could not satisfy herself with her position, and finally quietly subsided into an attitude of thought, when she closed her eyes, seemingly busied in deep meditation. I sat still, wondering what on earth was the meaning of this extraordinary pantomime, every now and then stealing a glance at Miss Vernon, who looked extremely interested and anxious, but to all appearance was not in the least surprised at Louise's proceedings.

Whatever Louise was meditating on, her thoughts proved unsatisfactory; for before long she rose, exclaiming,

"No! it will not do. It is gone; but yet it is not quite gone, I am sure. It is lost somewhere in the corners of my head."

Then she began pacing to and fro in the little apartment, with her forefinger on her forehead, as if labouring to recall some memory, and muttering something about "*Saint Antoine, Saint Antoine, s'il vous plait,*" which I could not catch. Then again resuming her chair, she pondered once more; and heaving a sigh, said:

"It is no use; Mr. Walton must be here. I cannot do it without him. The picture is all one confusion."

Then addressing me,—

“ Mr. Walker, he must come to-morrow, or the first day he can. Tell him Miss Vernon and I want him very very much; and if he comes, he will not have to talk, only to sit still.”

And so my visit ended, with this unsatisfactory conclusion. What the pair were driving at, or what Roger's presence could have to do with the business, I could not conceive. On hearing the intelligence, Roger was excited to the highest pitch of astonishment and bewilderment, and made himself far worse by the agitation he threw himself into; for he was possessed with the idea that something of great importance to himself depended on these incomprehensible proceedings. The following morning he was so ill, that leaving his bed was out of the question; and he had begun inditing a most dismal epistle to Louise when I entered his room, just as he was receiving a note from the young lady herself.

“ *Mon cher ami,*” wrote mademoiselle, “ you need not come. It is found. We do not want you. I am going to Miss Vernon's house to-day; and to-morrow she is to take me—where do you think?—to Compton Hall. You need not write to me; I shall write to you when I have any thing to tell. L. F.”

This mysterious epistle astonished Roger and myself more than ever. As to going on with his journalist duties while this enigma remained unsolved, even if Roger had been perfectly well, for a man of his temperament it was out of the question. I made the best temporary arrangement I could for him with his chief, so as to excuse him from work for a time; and he began to recover. No letter, however, coming from Louise for several days, he began to get seriously excited; and would have fallen back again, when there arrived, not a letter from Louise, but a kind note from Miss Compton, telling Roger that his old quarters at the cottage were ready to receive him, that a yeomanry ball was about to take place at Compton Hall, at which she hoped he would be present, and that he was to convey a similar invitation to myself. A polite sentence followed, to the effect that young men were sometimes a little hard up for ready money, and begging Roger's acceptance of a 20*l.* note, now enclosed. A postscript said that Mademoiselle Fanchette was at the Hall, and quite well.

“ And not a word from Louise herself,” exclaimed Roger, in a tone of disappointment. “ No doubt the ‘ squire ’ won't let her write. Well, the ‘ squire ’ is as splendid as ever; and I shall certainly go; so of course will you, most respectable Benjamin.”

Of course I was delighted to go; and as it happened that

my yearly holiday was soon to begin, I easily arranged to be at the Hall in time for the festivities.

We found the Hall alive with preparations for the coming *fête*. An immense temporary erection, half-barn, half-tent, had been put up in a field near the house; one portion of it for the dancing, another for the supper. The 'squire' herself was brilliant; entering keenly into the spirit of the entertainment, and making her preparations with a lavish hand. Some of the principal gentry of the neighbourhood were already on a visit at the Hall; and the animation and activity with which its mistress performed all the duties of a hostess, while superintending the arrangements for the grand entertainment itself, excited Roger to the highest pitch of admiration.

Of Louise we did not see much. She was cordial and lively as ever, and unaffectedly delighted to see Roger; but she was in possession of some secret or other, of which she refused to give him any inkling; and all he could extract from her was a confession that Miss Compton *hoped* a clue was in process of being discovered to the affair of the ring. As to the lost packet, she admitted they had some distant idea into whose hands it had fallen; but they had no hope of getting possession. For some unexplained reason or other, no legal advantage had as yet been taken of its loss by any one; though an intimation had been made to Miss Compton that the parties in possession of it were only biding their time.

Louise's principal occupation seemed to be the sharing in the decorating of the ball-room, in which her French taste and readiness at resource made her quite an authority. And most amusing it was to see her tripping by the side of the stately Clementina, who deferred to her with a sort of royal submissiveness, and hardly ventured to know her own mind as to the proper position of a wreath of artificial roses, or the turn of a sweep of calico drapery, without first receiving the fiat of mademoiselle's judgment thereon. As for the workmen, they seemed to regard the little Frenchwoman as a phenomenon to be stared at, but at any rate to be obeyed. Their untutored rustic ears were often puzzled by her accent; while the rapidity of her movements and the decision of her directions, at times produced no result but that of making them stand stock-still and open their clumsy mouths in hopeless bewilderment. Miss Compton regarded her arrangements with complacent pleasure, smiling not a little at her vivacious proceedings, and putting in a word of apology for the blunders and stupidity of carpenters and under-decorators. The parson, too, her scientific brother, every now and then wandered to the scene of action, looking benevolent and absent, and peering with his

short-sighted eyes into the heaps of artificial flowers which grew under the hands of Louise and the lady's-maids, her chief assistants.

At length the day of the *fête* came. A new pair of colours was presented to the yeomanry regiment by Miss Compton herself; crowds of people swarmed from the neighbouring towns and villages to see the sight; the commanding officer of the regiment made a tremendously patriotic and extremely common-place speech; the yeomanry executed a few very simple manœuvres, in the course of which only half-a-dozen, or thereabouts, of their number, lost their seats and tumbled off their nags to the ground; while shouts of laughter rent the air at the sight of the parson charging *nolens volens* among the agricultural troopers, and vainly tugging at his horse's bridle in the hope of turning him away from this very unclerical display. The fact was, the parson had mislaid his spectacles; and being singularly little given to use his eye-sight, except when some defunct curiosity called for examination, he had unwittingly mounted a horse belonging to one of the yeomanry instead of his own; and when the trumpet sounded a charge, the nag, accustomed to obey the warlike clangour, instantly joined the ranks, and defied all its rider's efforts to restrain its zeal. Meanwhile the parson's own nag, a fat, sleek animal, rejoicing in three daily feeds of corn and troubled with a very small amount of work, had been mounted by the trooper, who in an unlucky moment had left his own nag for the purpose of imbibing a draught from a cask of ale which was being distributed to sundry thirsty souls. With much difficulty he succeeded in forcing the ecclesiastical animal into his place in the ranks, which was unfortunately close by the side of a young cornet, who, rejoicing in the new colours, flapped the shining silk not a little into the eyes of the bewildered beast. The animal, unused to such proceedings, speedily dashed from the ranks, flew across the field, stimulated by the unwonted pricking of the spurs, and driven to desperation by the banging on his side of the trooper's dangling scabbard, not to mention the gleaming of the sword which the rider (a fat farmer of some twenty stone weight) continued to brandish in his very eyes, never stopped till he arrived at the stable-door of the parsonage at Compton Parva. There he deposited his discomfited burden upon a pile of straw, which luckily lay ready to receive him, and quietly entered his stall.

After the military display followed a due amount of eating and drinking, together with a small allowance of toast-giving and speech-making; and after that, with a brief interval for rest, during which the wives and daughters of the yeomanry

arrived in vehicles of every sort and kind, the dancing began. Every body was in the highest spirits; every body observed Louise, and asked his neighbour who the little woman was who was so well dressed, and danced so well, and talked so fast; and every body with an eye for the comical quizzed the figures of the farmer-soldiers, as they walked about or bounced to and fro in the dance, in all the awkward smartness of ill-fitting uniforms. All the young officers who could engage her hand danced with Louise, and poor Roger could with difficulty secure her as a partner for a single dance. Most people in his circumstances would have been tormented with jealousy. But jealousy was no part of Roger's character; and then, it must be said, Louise was not a bit of a coquette.

When supper-time came, the energies of the guests took a new direction. The feast, if not quite up to the aldermanic standard of venison and turtle, was not very far behind, and in quantity was fully up to the true agricultural mark. Where the beef, mutton, lamb, veal, fowls, ducks, game, jellies, puddings, tarts, &c. &c. had all been cooked, was incomprehensible; and what was to become of the boundless array of solids was equally incomprehensible, until five minutes' experience of the capacities of the guests assured me that the hostess had not over-estimated their capabilities.

"*O dura messorum ilia!*" exclaimed Roger to me, from the opposite side of one of the tables, as from the corners of his eyes he watched a youthful agriculturist disposing of his fifth plateful of cold boiled beef.

The merriment was at its height when, fatigued and heated, I quietly retreated to the ball-room for a little repose and cooler air. A few of the less hungry girls and women had already preceded me, and were leisurely promenading the floor. Around the door outside we could see a crowd of uninvited boys and men, gazing with wistful eyes into the tempting scene of brilliancy. Soon afterwards, Miss Vernon and Louise entered from the supper-room; and as they passed the doorway, I observed that Louise looked surprised and startled. With her companion she retreated to the further end of the room, and remained for a while in earnest conversation. They then returned towards the entrance, as I fancied, keeping close to the wall, so as not to be seen from without; and I imagined that they were endeavouring to ascertain who were the people crowded around on the outside. Whatever was their wish, they at last came very near; and at the same time a cry was heard from without, as of a person in great pain.

"A man in a fit!" called out some voices from the crowd. At this Miss Vernon and Louise stepped out, asking what

was the matter, at the same time calling to me to come also. Getting out into the darkness and confusion, I could not at first see where I was; and the people were pushing and crowding so, unfortunately, that I could not keep sight of Miss Vernon and her companion. Then I heard the former calling for Louise, as if separated from her, and demanding to know where was the man who was taken ill. The crowd still pushed more and more; and I began suspecting the presence of a gang of pickpockets, or mischief of some sort or other, when a loud scream rose above the hubbub, and then another stifled cry. I strove in vain to force my way outwards; and during a momentary pause in the confused clamour of voices, caught distinctly the noise of horses' feet galloping violently away.

"Make way there! make way! I insist upon it!" cried the commanding voice of Miss Vernon, as just then she succeeded in approaching the door from the midst of the mob; and, pale with terror, beckoned to me to follow her to a spot out of reach of the hearing of others.

"Go instantly to my aunt," she said; "get her to speak to you without attracting notice, and tell her that two men have just carried off Louise on horseback. The man in a fit was a trick to get her out; and there must have been many in the plot. Go without losing a single moment, and never mind me."

A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

A RELATIVE of the authoress of the remarkable narrative which recently appeared in the *Rambler* under the above title, has communicated to us the following additional particulars relative to the religious history of the family. They were received from Lady A. herself, and related to her grandfather, Lord N., who apostatised.

When Lord N. was dying in Dublin, said Lady A., he sent for my mother, Lady B. (who was then the Lady Lieutenant), and told her that for the last two years he had been reconciled to the Catholic Church; that the gentleman residing with him under the pretext of assisting him in his favourite study (mathematics) was in reality an Italian priest, and therefore by this means he had been able to practise his religion; but he was obliged to observe a profound secrecy on the subject in consequence of the law "against relapsed Papists," which would deprive his daughter of her inheritance if his return to the Catholic Church were known. But he added, "Mary, bitter has been my struggle and grief for having edu-

cated you a Protestant ; I entreat of you to examine and seek that truth which is only to be found in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I die in deep sorrow, begging God to have mercy on you and on me," and he wept bitterly. My mother's first impulse was to throw herself into his arms, and console this dying father with the account of her long-concealed conversion ; but instantly recollecting the solemn promise she had made to her husband, and overwhelmed with emotion, she only thought of returning immediately to Lord B., earnestly to implore him to release her from her promise, that she might relieve her father from the remorse that was breaking his heart.

Lord N. was much pained by her eagerness to quit him, as he could not divine the cause ; and by the little he said showed how he felt it, attributing her conduct to a desire to avoid the subject ; but on her assuring him she would speedily return to him, he allowed her to depart, and she drove instantly to the Castle. Lord B. was out, and then engaged in business till late that day. Meantime, intense anxiety, together with the agitation of the scene she had passed through, made her so ill, that, before Lord B. returned, the doctors had enforced extreme quiet, and would not allow her to quit her room, whilst her own agitation made her every hour worse and more unable to return to her father. In the mean time, it pleased God to take Lord N. ; and thus he died without knowing that secret which alone could have comforted him, had he seen his daughter again ; and no doubt Almighty God permitted this bitter anguish and comfortless death-bed in mercy to the penitent sinner, who thus might expiate by temporal punishment a portion at least of the debt incurred to divine justice.

Reviews.

EDUCATION.—THE MAYNOOTH REPORT.

1. *Report of the Maynooth Commission, 1855.*
2. *German Letters on English Education.* By Dr. L. Weise, Professor in the Royal School at Joachimsthal. Translated by W. D. Arnold. Longman.

If any question involving the interests of Catholicism could ever be said to be "permanently settled," we might hope that such a consummation would result, as far as Maynooth is concerned, from the Report now at last issued by the Commissioners. In fact, however, we do not hope for any thing

of the kind. While the Church is the Church, and the world is the world, the spirit of inherent antagonism existing between the two will afresh stir up every "Catholic question" from time to time, as long as time shall last. It is idle to hope for peace from an enemy such as ours. We cannot have it. We cannot have fair representations from the multitude. They cannot hear reason; or when they can, their leaders will not let them hear it. We shall be, till the end of all things, what we and our Master have been from the beginning,—an enigma, a stumbling-stone, a cause of suspicion and alarm, to most of those with whom we are concerned in our capacity as Catholics.

Doubtless there are brief epochs of rest, and of a species of friendship, or at least of alliance, between the Church and certain individuals and certain sections of the temporal power. Even where faith does not lead a man to submission, his good sense, candour, honour, and prudence, will sometimes forbid him to treat the Church with the vulgar contumely of the mob. Religiously disposed persons, too, who through invincible ignorance cannot recognise the claims of the Church, are yet sometimes mysteriously attracted by their conscience to a friendly line of conduct to Catholicism and individual Catholics. As it may be observed, that Protestant prayers are usually far less heretical than Protestant sermons, so in fact many an Englishman will rave at the Church in the abstract, and yet behave like a good Christian towards Catholics themselves, and treat their religion and religious observances with deference, and almost promote them, when circumstances bring them into contact.

And such a result we really hope for from this long-expected Maynooth report. We trust and believe that there is many a reasonable Protestant in Great Britain, and even in Ireland itself (where Protestantism is so much more fanatical than in England), who will now be convinced that, after all, Maynooth is not the kind of establishment for a wise statesman to kick overboard, and that the most devoted of Anglicans may in conscience wish well to a seminary capable of producing so much good, even if not belonging to that "pure and undefiled branch established in these realms." We do not think any good and intelligent Peer or M.P., whether Tory, Whig, or Radical, can read the evidence given by the professors themselves, and by ecclesiastics connected with education in other Catholic seminaries, and not say to himself, "These are not the men I took them for: they certainly have brains, piety, learning, liberality, loyalty, and good breeding; and it would be the height of folly not to lend a helping hand

to an institution where such men may have the formation of half the clergy of an entire kingdom." Whether the "pressure from without," and the wild frenzy of the unscrupulous multitude, may permit the more sensible portion of our legislators to *act* on their convictions, is quite another thing. We know too well that the votes in the House of Commons are no indications of the real opinions of its members. But whatever the vote on Maynooth, we shall rest satisfied that the Report of the Commissioners has produced an impression on many minds not easily overruled or forgotten.

Of course the extremes of opinion as to Maynooth, on either side, are not satisfied. The school of "Spoon, Spooner, Newdegate" (Lord Brougham's three degrees of comparison) look upon the report as an absolute coquetting with the Scarlet Lady on the part of Protestant England. Every venerable spinster who has the smallest genius for unfulfilled prophecy has already discovered the reason of our disasters in the East in the pages of this iniquitous blue-book. When the Queen's Commissioners were abetting idolatry in Dublin, how could the Queen's army (one third of it consisting of "idolaters") do any thing else but suffer? The thing is clear. It is written in every page of the Apocalypse and the book of Daniel.

Nor are those Catholics satisfied who look upon every unfavourable remark on a Catholic institution as a personal insult, a slighting of the Church herself, a tampering with the enemy, a misprision of Protestantism. Those who expected a grand puff of Maynooth, and find a series of criticisms from its own professors and other ecclesiastics, and some very urgent calls for alterations from the Commissioners, will be thrown some little aback, and think themselves once more personally insulted.

As for ourselves,—and we believe we speak the opinion of not a few of the most zealous Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, Irish and English—we are, on the whole, delighted with the Report. We do not pretend to like every detail; but taken as a whole, including the evidence of the professors and other distinguished men, we look upon the Report as one of the greatest gains to the cause of education, *both ecclesiastic and secular*, which has for some time fallen to our lot. There is, indeed, little in it that is new to many of us. The criticisms on the present system offered by such witnesses as Dr. Moriarty and Dr. Russell have been floating about only too long among many of the most influential of Irish and English Catholics. Our great satisfaction arises from the manner in which the questions involved are now brought distinctly forward, and

the undeniable authority, good sense, and good taste, with which the advocates for certain changes have stated their views. It is a further advantage resulting from the publication of this evidence, that it allows the handling of certain topics in print which could scarcely have been touched upon before. Notwithstanding the *œs triplex*, which, since the days of Horace, has been extended from the breast of the mariner to the face of the "Editor," Catholic journalists could hardly discuss the "Maynooth question" with such freedom as to be of any service towards the thorough ventilation of the principles of educational training. Now, however, that we can ensconce ourselves behind the shields of some of our most distinguished ecclesiastics and successful superiors of seminaries, we have no further scruples as to entering the lists of discussion.

The general opinion of the Commissioners we need only briefly indicate; for it is by this time known to every one. They are no advocates for the abolition of Maynooth, nor for either a diminution or enlargement of its revenues; but they think it wants some considerable changes to become thoroughly efficient. Both on the evidence of professors and of *apostate priests*, they absolve it of all charges of fomenting disloyalty to the Queen, or of giving any instruction on the most delicate subjects in morals which has produced injury to the personal characters of its pupils. The popular slanders are thus simply and absolutely refuted. The most loyal Englishman and the most sensitively virtuous may combine to uphold the grant. All that the Commissioners find fault with are various details in the system which interfere with its efficacy *as a Catholic seminary*. There is no pretence at making it a semi-Protestant, Gallican, state-enslaved nursery for young priests, who will serve the world first (in the person of the state), and God next (in the person of the Church). They say, or at least imply, that other Catholic seminaries are better; and that there is no reason why Maynooth should not be one of the first seminaries in the Christian world.

Nor is any thing stated which casts the least imputation on the Superiors of the College, either personally or in their official character. Indeed, so far as any opinion can be gathered from the Report, the professors appear to have left a very favourable impression on the minds of the Commissioners as to their zeal, ability, and religious sincerity. The fault, such as it is, lies in the system; though, perhaps, such deficiencies as those pointed out so strongly by Dr. Russell, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and to which we shall presently allude, are rather an accident than part of the system itself.

What, then, has been the system of Maynooth? For the sake of brevity, we venture to term it the *military* system of education. It is just that system which we should have expected from the late Duke of Wellington, if he had been called upon to devise a scheme for training young ecclesiastics. Its character is such, that one of the most distinguished and efficient ecclesiastics in the United Kingdom told the commissioners, by implication, that he would have nothing to do with the education of any seminary where this method is adopted. This was Dr. Moriarty, now a bishop, and until lately the head of Allhallows College, Drumcondra; an institution as remarkable in its foundation as it has been thoroughly successful in its result. Every prelate, priest, and layman, who knows that seminary, will agree with us in thinking that the opinion of its late superior is of the very highest importance on the subject of ecclesiastical training. The results of his evidence, and of that of the Maynooth professors who agreed with him, is thus summed up by the Commissioners:

“ 1st. The numbers occupying each of the two houses are much too large for the efficient working of any system of discipline. That the largeness of these numbers, on the one hand, precludes any effective supervision or attention to the formation of individual character; and, on the other, tends to engender something of the unsettled and turbulent spirit which characterises a multitude, and which forms a serious obstacle to their training for a spiritual office.

“ 2d. There is too wide and marked a separation between the superiors and the students, the former not associating with the latter at meals, or recreation, or prayers; and the professors especially having no kind of intercourse with or control over their pupils, except during class-hour; that the result of this system is the absence of affectionate relations between the young men and the heads of the college, and of paternal influence on the part of the latter over the former.”

We give the whole of Dr. Moriarty's evidence which the Commissioners themselves quote, feeling sure that our readers will be glad to have it in a form for future reference. We have endeavoured to shorten it by some omissions; but find that it will not bear any curtailment. Describing the system at Allhallows, the following questions were put, and answered as follows:

“ Do the professors and students take their meals together?—They all take their meals together, students and professors.

“ Do you consider it of importance that that course should be followed?—I consider it is of the greatest importance.

“ Will you state for what reason?—In the first place, I consider it of importance, inasmuch as it accustoms the student to a gentle-

manly tone of feeling, by raising him in his social position. I think this is particularly important in our circumstances, when we have to transfer a number of young men to a much higher station in society than that which they previously occupied. It becomes then particularly necessary to make them feel, for years before they begin to move in society, that they belong to that class with which they are hereafter to associate. I think, also, that this association with their superiors, and with the distinguished visitors who will occasionally dine at the college, imposes upon them a gentlemanly restraint, and that it improves and refines their manners.

“Do you think that such training is very necessary for persons who are to alter their positions in society so much in their progress through the college?—So necessary do I think it, that I should not wish to have any thing to do with ecclesiastical education in any college where that course was not followed.

“Is it equally essential, in your opinion, for those who are intended for the mission at home, as for those that go abroad?—There is some difference, but not much. In the missions abroad our students commence to occupy a responsible position almost immediately after their ordination; they come into official intercourse with the civil and military authorities in the British colonies and dependencies; and I, therefore, am more anxious that they should acquire the manners and habits which that responsible position demands.

“Do you not think that a similar intercourse takes place between clergymen and the authorities in this country, which would require all that you seem to exact from clergymen going to foreign missions?—Not exactly to the same extent; because an Irish priest is for some years a curate, and does not commence to occupy so responsible a position until he has been perhaps for several years on the mission. But I think the difference is very trivial.

“Is it the practice of the professors to perform any other duties towards the students besides those of mere teaching; for instance, to attend to their spiritual, or moral, or practical training?—Yes; it is one of the principles of our system that all the directors and the professors shall attend, as far as their particular duties will allow, the spiritual exercises performed by the students. We consider this practice of the utmost importance, upon the common principle that example is better than precept; and also because the students will perform the spiritual exercises, not as a task imposed, but as duties becoming their state, and they will be more likely to contract permanent habits of piety and order.

“Do you find that your training does not unfit a man to encounter any hardship or privation to which he may be exposed?—I think not, for our system of discipline is rather severe; early rising, very plain food, rather uncomfortable beds; and, on the whole, there is as little of domestic comfort as in any other college.

“Does it in any way unfit them for intercourse with persons of the meanest condition or of the lowest education?—No; I think, on

the contrary, that students so trained would be more courteous and condescending to persons in a low station.

“His style of manners is not so raised as to make him less acceptable or intelligible to persons of inferior education and station?—The humblest people are pleased and gratified by delicate and refined manners in a clergyman.”

And the same witness thus describes the system of training at St. Sulpice, upon which that of Allhallows was founded:

“The superiors of St. Sulpice associate with the students in the hours of recreation; they wear the same dress, and in all their intercourse treat the students as their equals in social rank. This idea was put forward by the founder, M. Olier, who lived about 1650. He had carved in stone, in the quadrangle of the college, so that it might meet the eye of the student at entrance, the text of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chapter the second, ‘*Jam non estis hospites et advenæ, sed estis cives sanctorum et domestici Dei.*’ I consider that the advantages of this system are,—First, that as we advance in social position, our feeling of responsibility in the regulation of our conduct increases; and the student, who, instead of being governed as a schoolboy, is treated as a clergyman and a gentleman, feels that he has taken his place in society, and that he must begin to act as a clergyman and a gentleman should. Secondly, by associating as a friend and companion with those in authority, his feelings and interests become identified with theirs; and he is through life a more moderate and a more obedient man. Thirdly, his manners are refined by associating with those who have more experience of the world. Fourthly, there is a constant effort on the part of the superiors to form the minds and hearts of the students in their conversations with them. It is true that a superior in such association with the students might act imprudently by speaking lightly of the discipline of the college, or of his colleagues, or by heating the minds of students with party-questions, either in Church or State; but I consider that there is much more danger of such an imprudence in the opposite system, where it is likely to take place clandestinely; and besides, it simply follows, that if there is a professor or superior capable of acting in such a manner, he is not fit for his office under any system. Fifthly, I have always observed that the contrary system tends either to produce a spirit of sycophancy, or insubordination, or of suspicion of espionage. The Sulpician system, on the contrary, begets a habit of politeness towards superiors, and even of affection, and at the same time engenders in the students a more manly bearing. The next thing which I observe in the system of St. Sulpice is a spirit of trust in the students.

“Of trust, in what respect?—The absence of suspicion in the superior that the student would be guilty of any thing derogatory to his position. This spirit of confidence in the students is carried out by the rule which directs them, should they need a dispensation from college rule, and not find it convenient to ask it, to dispense

themselves, and afterwards inform their superiors that they have done so.

“Is no further surveillance exercised?—Surveillance is, of course, necessary in order to form the habits of students, and in order to ascertain their real character; but, in the St. Sulpician system, surveillance is perfectly attained by the association of the superiors with the students. They watch without watching; the superior is not set over the students like a gaol-warden. The system of discipline is altogether paternal. It is the same system which was carried out with such magnificent results by the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who thus formed some of the greatest men of England.

“In fact, you would say that the surveillance is exercised in the same way as the head of a family which is living together becomes acquainted with all their transactions and their characters, without the necessity of any special watch upon their conduct?—Precisely. The Sulpician system in this respect rests upon the principle which a German philosopher thus expressed—‘When we treat men as if they were what they are, we leave them what they are; but if we treat men as if they were what they ought to be, we make them what they ought to be.’”

And with respect to the applicability of such a system to Ireland, he thus speaks:

“Do you think the social training, to which you have referred in your answers, to be particularly necessary in Ireland, in addition to moral and intellectual training?—I consider that it is much more necessary in Ireland than in France. Every class of society in France is generally more refined in manner than the corresponding classes in this country; and hence, supposing the class from which our students are taken to be the same as that in France, greater attention should be paid to the refinement of their manners. I also consider that the circumstances in which our country is placed require that greater attention should be paid to the formation of a meek and gentle Christian character.

“And that you consider would be promoted by the social training which you think is obtained from that mode of communicating between the professors and the students which you have previously described?—Such is my opinion.

“Has the adoption of that system in your college produced a good effect upon the characters of the students?—My experience in our college has confirmed me in the opinion that it is decidedly advantageous both for the formation of character and manners; and such importance do I attach to it, that I should sever my connection with the college, if a contrary system were adopted.

“Do you think that there is any peculiarity in the character of the Irish student that would make this system which you have described less applicable to him than to the student of any other country?—Decidedly not. I have observed the Irish character

under that system in the Irish College in Paris and in the College of Allhallows. I have seen Irish students trained in the College of St. Sulpice, and in many other colleges of France, and I always observed that that system produced in them the most beneficial results. So far from there being any peculiarity of character that would render that system unadvisable to be adopted with Irish students, I think that whatever peculiarities of character they possess render the adoption of that system more necessary."

In these views Dean Gaffney of Maynooth, Dr. Lee (the second dean), and Dr. Russell cordially concurred. Professor Crolly's evidence implies a concurrence, as does Dr. Murray's. Even those who are opposed to the change, are opposed to it more on the ground of its difficulty than of its abstract undesirableness.

As for ourselves, if we may take the liberty of stating what we think, we cannot but believe that the future spiritual prosperity of Ireland is involved in the adoption of Dr. Moriarty's views, to an extent which it would be difficult to overrate. And in so saying, we speak on behalf of England as well as Ireland. The religious ties between the two countries are such, that whatever benefits Maynooth will act powerfully upon English Catholics in many ways; and therefore we not only take in it the interest of a Catholic for every seminary in the United Kingdom, but we feel the question to be one that affects the interests of religion at our very doors.

As we hinted in a recent article, and as we shall presently show in remarking on Dr. Weise's *German Letters on English Education*, we are no advocates for training young men in such a way as to diminish the manliness, hardiness, and capacity for Christian self-reliance, which are essential to those who are to live in the world, whether as laity or secular priests. We want to bring up men, not milk-sops. We want persons who can go alone in life, endure its buffetings, enjoy its sunshine, respect and love others, and respect and restrain themselves. We want minds not crammed with this or that book, cut-and-dried after one precise model, prepared for life under one aspect alone, and familiar with humanity as it exists on printed paper, and not living and breathing in actual men and women, but with trained *faculties*, with feelings disciplined to love a superior as well as to obey him, to respect as well as to be at ease with an equal, to combine gentleness with strength, and self-possession with activity. Accordingly, we look upon any system as mistaken which depends upon a mere multiplication of safeguards. The system of the novitiate, so admirable, so absolutely necessary for those who are to spend their lives as members of a religious order, we regard as wholly

unfitted for men who are to mix freely with their fellows. And just in proportion as a secular priest is to live in the world more than a religious and less than a layman, so it appears to us that his period of education should be the same actual *commencement* of that life which he is hereafter to lead, which we hold to be desirable for young laymen. The ecclesiastical life of a young student, we may rest assured, actually begins with his college life; and the truest wisdom, and the only *safe* method, is to make that college life as far as possible a miniature world, just such as he is to enter upon and take his share in when his state of pupillage is completed.

In thus preparing a young man, there are two ends to be attained, each of first-rate importance: the mind has to be strengthened, and it has also to be softened. A mere military system does neither; its tendency is simply to *harden*; and if this tendency is to some extent counteracted in a Catholic institution, it is through the humanising and strengthening influence of Catholicism, which will make itself felt even in the most unfavourable circumstances. There is no means for accomplishing the work except by the personal contact of mind with mind. Books are the instruments for conveying information, and the materials upon which the young mind is to occupy itself. The character, moral and intellectual, is *formed* by personal intercourse. Example and conversation do the real work. The teacher is no better than an animated book, a lecture-machine, a grinder of formulas, unless he adds to his functions the office of a father and a friend. It is what he says as a father and as a friend; it is his chance-expressions in familiar intercourse, the unfolding of his own personal character, his very gestures, voice, and habitual manner, even in the simplest trifles, which tell upon the growing mind, and mould it accordingly. And all this no more prevents personal respect, and the most rigid observance of discipline in a college, than the private conversation and gentle affection of a father towards his children tends to destroy the honour and reverence they ought to pay him. No doubt it does so, if the superiors *forget themselves*; if their own habitual life is such that the more it is known, the less it is respected. An unbridled familiarity between professors and students is an abominable evil. Any thing like taking liberties with those above them is a thing not to be endured in the young. But there is nothing easier to check, if their elders are what they ought to be. A well-disposed young man is naturally inclined to honour and obey those whom he respects; and the more he is personally attached to them, the more, in fact, he loves them, the more easy does he find it to render them honour and obe-

dience. The power of a superior should be like the power of the physical laws of nature—gentle, scarcely felt, but irresistible.

On the policy of civilising and polishing all young ecclesiastics Dr. Moriarty's remarks seem to us to be based on the soundest views of human nature. The notion that by making a priest a polished gentleman you make him less useful as a priest, is, we are convinced, an entire mistake. If you make him a fop, a proud, conceited, effeminate cultivator of his own luxury and caprice, of course you ruin him as a priest. But that is a very different thing from making him the sort of man who is only fit for being hail-fellow-well-met with those who are his inferiors in position, or ought to be his inferiors. The position of a priest is essentially that of a gentleman. His life is essentially an educated, intellectual, and refined life. The common sense of the humblest classes tells them that whatever the ancestry of a clergyman, his own position is equal to that of the most cultivated and elevated in the social scale. We all know instinctively that ignorance, roughness, and a fondness for bearish amusements, is one of the unavoidable consequences of that poverty which deprives a man of the highest kind of education, and keeps him from the society of the higher classes. But the poorest know also, that the very highest kind of education is appropriate to the priesthood; they are prepared for the best positions in life; and it is expected of them, that neither in the hovel of the peasant, nor in the halls of nobles and kings, will they find themselves otherwise than perfectly at home, descending to the level of the poor through the fervency of their love, and rising to the level of the great by the force of their own self-respect and absolute intellectual equality. There are, we know, differences of opinion on this subject; but for ourselves, we entirely agree with Dr. Moriarty, and are convinced that the purely sacerdotal influence of a priest is materially increased among all classes, *the poor as well as the rich*, by his possessing the polish, the self-possession, and the high intellectual qualifications of an accomplished gentleman.

Of course, we cannot expect all men to turn out alike in this respect, even though in substantial qualifications they may make very good priests. But there is perhaps no country in the world where it is easier to turn men of the poorer classes into polished gentlemen than Ireland. We are no flatterers of Irishmen, any more than of Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Russians; and therefore we trust our words will not be mistaken for "blarney" when we say that there is a peculiar national aptitude in the Irish for receiving those particular qualifications which fit a man for the most refined and intel-

lectual society. Their impressible character, which leaves them perilously open to evil influences, makes them quite as open to good influences. And these good influences, of every kind, it is the work of a seminary to supply. Nor is there any danger that in thus refining the intellect, the taste, and the manners, it will render them effeminate and less devoted to their Master's work. Polish of mind is totally distinct from luxuriousness of body; and the most sensitive of gentlemen is quite as likely to make a Christian martyr as the rudest and roughest of uncultured peasants.

Another subject in which a change is strenuously recommended is pointed out by Dr. Russell. His evidence includes the following remarks :

“ There is another more striking defect in the present condition of the college—the total absence or exceedingly inadequate character of what I may be permitted to call the material appliances of spiritual training. The insufficiency of chapel accommodation, whether for the comfort of the students, or for the maintenance of the order and repose indispensable to recollection; the want of sufficient space for the becoming and effective observance of church ceremonial; the absence of those helps to spirituality, which are supplied by the externals of religious art, as correct and striking models of ecclesiastical architecture, costume, and decorations, suitable religious pictures, statues, and other sacred emblems, constitute, in my opinion, a defect in the system for the training of the students of our college, and for the formation of their character and spirit, the importance of which it is impossible to overrate; and which, in these particulars, not only lowers the prevailing habit and tone of the students' minds in college, but exercises a most pernicious influence upon their tastes in after-life. I think it most essential, not only for the due religious education of the minds of the students in college, but for their direction in what will be a most important part of their duty in the ministry—the formation of the religious character of the people, and the improvement of their religious tastes—that the very building in which they are trained, should, if it were possible, supply in its chapel and halls what they could carry with them through life as the ideal of propriety in every department of sacred ceremonial and sacred art; and that it should be made to serve, almost insensibly, and by its very atmosphere, as a school of all the most essential principles of ecclesiology.”

What may have been the origin of the practices thus condemned by Dr. Russell, we need not inquire. No doubt it was based on an excellent motive; but few will now hesitate to agree with Dr. Russell in his censure. To us it appears impossible that any thinking man should disagree with him, especially in a case like that of Ireland. If we were called on

to name a country in which the devout, orderly, and hearty carrying out of the external system of Catholicism was more loudly demanded than elsewhere, we should instantly name Ireland. The character of the Irish poor is of all others that which is most certain to appreciate, to participate in, and to be benefited by those manifold outward helps to devotion which the wisdom of the Church has provided for her children. And if they are peculiarly ready to be assisted by them, it is equally certain that they are peculiarly injured by being deprived of them. Various panaceas have been tried on the suffering Irish poor. In the name of common sense, let the one great Catholic remedy be tried at last. Give them well-ordered churches and chapels, if not rich and beautiful, at least ecclesiastical and well-tended; give them numerous functions, with abundant altars, pictures, images, candles, flowers; teach them to *share themselves* in the carrying out the plans of the Church for their advantage; make, in a word, every Catholic church and chapel *a home* for the poor man, adding of course a sufficiency of spiritual instruction, especially on that sacramental element in Christianity which is the proper and only effectual safeguard against superstition; and wait—it will only require a brief time—for the result.

We venture also to add another detail, which Dr. Russell has not distinctly mentioned, but which entirely falls in with the spirit of his remarks. A Catholic seminary ought to be a school of religious music. The young priest ought to start upon his parochial duties prepared to direct and employ this powerful engine for good among his people. Of course, every priest cannot be a good musician. Nature does not bestow the requisite gifts on us all. But every man may have right ideas on the subject, and an appreciation of the effect of music on faith and devotion. That effect it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. But it is notorious, that circumstances have hitherto denied the full use of this divine gift to the Irish people. With natural capacities for musical enjoyment of the most unquestionable kind; with ancient national melodies so beautiful that they command the admiration of the most fastidious of musicians, what is the present condition of Catholic music in Ireland? In how many tens and hundreds of thousands of her sons and daughters does not the gift lie wholly uncultivated? Surely Maynooth is the place where a new system ought to have its origin. We take the liberty of earnestly recommending the subject to its authorities, knowing that the more they study the subject, the more certain they are to agree with us in thinking that heresy and sin will fly before the sounds of Catholic singing, as surely as

the infernal spirit fled from king Saul at the notes of David's harp.

Before now passing on to Dr. Weise's educational speculations, we must briefly notice an opinion expressed by the Commissioners, that it would be better were text-books employed written by the College professors. Whether these latter could produce *every thing* thus required in a high degree of excellence, is a question which could not be determined till they made the attempt; but we entirely agree in the opinion that the text-books of moral theology written in one part of Christendom are not always the best adapted to other parts, where climate, character, and daily habits may be extremely different. In so saying, we only express the conviction of the immense majority of the Irish and English clergy; if not with respect to the compilation of new text-books, at least as regards the importation of all the rules of life from one people to another without discrimination. The principles of morals are the same every where; but there are various material acts, whether of word or otherwise, which may be permissible in one country and very perilous in another.

We now turn to another side of the question. It will have been observed, that Dr. Moriarty in his evidence pointedly disclaims any wish to introduce at Maynooth any plans which may interfere with self-education and the mutual influence of young men over one another. He wishes for the system which a wise father would employ in guiding and maturing the character of his children, and not for any such perpetual surveillance as shall secure a present freedom from temptation at the expense of real strength, intellectual and moral. He particularly names the influence of the late Dr. Arnold at Rugby as an instance of what may be done with boys and young men. And there is little doubt that had Dr. Arnold been a Catholic, he would have been a perfectly first-rate guide to youth. As it was, his personal dogmatism, his mixture of narrowness with liberality, and his dislike of the opposition of minds equal to his own,—faults which the Catholic faith would have directly tended to cure,—made him a less satisfactory instructor for young men above the age of nineteen or twenty than he was of those below it. With this qualification, then, we believe that Dr. Moriarty's estimate of Dr. Arnold's character is a just one; and we also cordially assent to the view which he, by implication, adopts all through his evidence, that the right method for a college or seminary is one which lies between the mere military system of hard, rigid discipline, and an elaborate system of safeguards, based on the

theory that the great secret of education is to keep the young out of harm's way.

The average number of English Protestant "public-schools" as they are termed,—*i. e.* Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, &c. (most of them of Catholic foundation),—afford valuable subjects of study for those who wish to master this branch of the entire subject. Their influence in forming the characters of the English aristocracy and gentry is very great indeed; and the means by which that influence is produced are not to be estimated by lists of books studied, or records of examinations passed. Dr. Weise's little book, *German Letters on English Education*, affords us an opportunity of pointing out what is the true nature of that power by which these singular establishments are so powerful both for evil and for good.

This power results from the recognition of the fact, that the majority of men, and especially of Englishmen, are intended for any thing but a contemplative life. Their work is not to speculate, but to live; and this not in isolation, but in the eddies of the great world; acting on it, and re-acted on by it in turn. Hence it is important to them that the rehearsal of their parts at school and at college should really represent what they will have to perform in the world. The school should be a preparation for life, not for the library; for life, as it will be and must be, not as we may think it should be. Bazaars of learning, where the amount of things learned is the sole end, are simple preparations for particular trades,—for the library or the counting-house; novitiates, admirable as their training is for the religious life, do not train men for active life; while English public-schools, with all their scandalous vices, do at bottom follow the right method, and train men for life as it will be.

The secret of their system appears to us to consist mainly in the freedom of the intercourse of the boys with one another, and in the existence of that "public opinion" amongst them which so powerfully influences every one of their number. The world is the free intercourse of man with man, of equal with equal; the preparation for it is the free communication of boy with boy; not the dependence of the boy on his master, nor a continual inspection and surveillance of a superior. In many respects boys are fitter companions for one another than men are for them; and the spontaneous education of the boys by one another appears to us as necessary an element of school-life as the learning which the boys gather from the master's lips. It is precisely this element which the over-

watchful system of education sacrifices; not altogether, indeed,—for it would be impossible to collect together a large number of boys, and to prevent some kind of intercourse among them,—but it fails to *make use* of this most powerful element of public education. It cannot trust boys together; it puts in practice that principle of monastic life, which, however necessary for the cloister, is impossible in the world,—the discouragement of particular friendships. We do not say that this treatment is absolutely bad; but we think it must spoil the openness of character which is so desirable in a boy. We do not wonder when we see the results which such a system sometimes turns out. We can admire their innocence and ignorance of evil in its proper forms; but we can see in the system no safeguard of morals, after the ignorance is once dissipated by a real contact with the world. The world is bad enough, and dangerous enough; but that is no reason why it should be better to disqualify a boy for entering it, than to allow him to get gradually initiated into its ways. The real safeguard of a man is religion, not “muffishness;” and the safeguard of religion is certainly not that ignorance which is simply astonished at every blasphemy, or heresy, or crime.

The boy who is formed by the society of boys, when he grows up feels himself competent to enter the society of men. Not that the intercourse of men with men is similar to that of boy with boy; but that the latter is the school of the former, or the germ from which it develops: it gradually drops its impudence and rudeness, and retains as its foundation its frankness and sincerity. But those educated on the nursery system must naturally be in a very disadvantageous state with regard to the acquisition of these qualities. How can a youth be frank and sincere to those whom he feels are exercising a continual surveillance over him? Or even if he is on the most intimate filial terms with his *masters*, can this ever teach him the true way of conducting himself towards his *equals*? The fact is, persons who have been so brought up are quite out of their element in the world—(we should add, that we speak of persons of ordinary calibre, not of the rarer and more exceptional cases, where native talent makes up for the want)—they stand too much on their personal dignity, because they have never known what equality is; they are subdued in character, but yet somehow they are most pugnacious; they do not understand why they do not get on in the world, and conclude that the whole world is in a conspiracy against them. And yet, when they come to deal with the world, their deficiencies are but too apparent; shielded by their education from the grosser forms of vice, they are no less liable than

their neighbours to faults of selfishness and of detraction. And they want that keen sense of the ridiculous which is so soon generated in young fellows in their rubs with one another, in which their wits are ground to so fine an edge.

Dr. Weise appears to have been very much struck with the results of English education in this order. Though the German schools beat the English in the amount of knowledge they impart, yet the English education is more effective, because it imparts a better preparation for life. Hence he thinks that what the English schools neglect is amply compensated by what they have done and are still doing. It will be worth while to collect some of the German schoolmaster's observations on the points with which he was most struck, in order that we may learn from the testimony of a foreigner what are the most salient characteristics of the education which has formed our national character, or rather in which our national character finds its only possible expression.

“The whole system of English education seems to me to rest upon the right use and management of self-respect. Those who are grown up have a sort of respect for the personal rights even of a boy—the more I trust him, the more likely he is to endeavour to deserve my trust. As I do not remember any where in England to have seen in these schools a boy of *subdued* and pietistic (methodist) character, so have I never known of a teacher in whose exercise of authority or system of education I could detect any thing likely to stifle the free development of character in a boy. They seem all to be justly conscious, that when a master makes his scholars fear him, he always incurs the risk of being imposed upon, and has himself to blame for having led those committed to him into crooked ways.

“Every thing narrowing and confining, still more, every thing like espionage and police-mongering, is forbidden; they desire to have a free development of power. They insist upon that which is great and essential, and are extremely indulgent in all else. They have no idea of a strict perpetual inspection; there is no master present to overlook the boys at meal-times, nor sleeping in the same room with them, nor near at hand to watch them in play-hours. The young people would regard this as an intolerable encroachment on their rights.”

In other words, the young fellows are left to form one another; and the result is thus stated by Dr. Weise: “Above all, there was a freedom, an openness, a sincerity of manner, a generosity and resoluteness about English boys that most agreeably surprised me.” The system is calculated “to suppress at the right age all little self-seeking, to train to manly and noble resolution; in a word, to endow the youth in the

best way with that high spirit without which there can be nothing done great or national."

"Among these high-spirited, unrestrained, I may say thoughtless and impudent schoolboys, there is no chance of absurdity passing for wit, or caprice for strength of mind; the conceited or presumptuous lad is either let alone, or gets his ears boxed. Thus the character becomes prepared to bear up against the storms of after-life."

Dr. Weise goes so far as to express his surprise at the early age at which boys are left to themselves to develop their own character:

"Boys are at a very early age left entirely to themselves in matters requiring cool observation and presence of mind. I have often seen a little boy riding on the outside of an omnibus or stage-coach, in so perilous a situation, that with us the papa would certainly have preferred taking him on his own lap or between his knees. In England the notion is, that the boy must learn by his own experience to know danger and to forget it; so that sports and contests which we consider dangerous (such as, for instance, aquatic amusements in their elegant little boats), are highly approved of, not only as the means of acquiring bodily skill, but also as fostering in the boys a fearless spirit."

The remaining extracts which we shall give from this interesting little book apply rather to the method of teaching than to the fundamental principle which we have been discussing. And the method of teaching itself may be made to have the greatest influence on the future character of the boy. A slovenly and an exact master will impress their characters on their respective pupils almost indelibly. "Limitation as to quantity" (in opposition to the would-be encyclopædic instruction of our modern knowledge-bazaars), "concentration, patient labour till the matter is fully mastered, the necessity of perseverance in wearisome and difficult tasks" (in opposition to all the modern methods of cramming with cribs, and aids to memory, and the like), "all this aims at forming the character,—while a feebly-regulated manner of proceeding, an arbitrary swaying hither and thither in the sea of knowledge, tends to deprive the character of all force and individuality." On this account Dr. Weise deprecates the abuse of modern aids to learning, and the facilities promised by modern systems:

"Rich stores of the most important results in almost every branch of science may be said to be at every body's command: and herein lies the danger,—that young men should be contented to accept results, without being capable of following out the process which led to their discovery, and so becoming really and truly possessed of them.

“The reason why we often lose, in the present day, the advantages of our better methods, is, that in proportion as they are better, so much the less scope do they afford for diligence, or rather, I should say, for persevering self-helping effort.”

For, after all, it cannot be too often repeated, the quantity of things known is not the end of school-discipline :

“The acquisition of knowledge is but the second object of education, and one for which the opportunity is continually offering through life ; but to enable a young man to seize upon this opportunity, and to avail himself of it, the first object of education, viz. the formation of character, must be obtained early ; for deficiency in this respect is not so easily supplied in after-life.

“*Non scholæ, sed vitæ.* All that a school can teach, beyond imparting a certain small stock of knowledge, is *the way to learn.* A liberal education can have no other end in view than to impart and exercise *power* to be used in after-life.”

And it is not alone the scientific part of the mind that must be developed by school-discipline ; it is not only a power of learning that we should acquire at the university, it is also the due subordination of the intellect to the judgment. The most knowing boy should have the conceit taken out of him by the consciousness of ignorance ; his accurate knowledge should be combined with the consciousness of what is not known. It argues a bad system when we find clever and well-informed boys too ready to answer, and with too great facility of speech expatiating away into space. “One object of questions,” says Dr. Weise, “should be to teach silence. . . . The young man should learn by his own reticence ; not let himself be blinded by high-sounding words or fine phrases, but maintain his judgment calm and undisturbed.”

And though the formation of this moral character is the chief object of scholastic discipline, yet Dr. Weise protests against making it the test of academic distinctions. And he is quite right. Giving prizes for virtuous or for gentlemanly conduct is offensive ; it is inconsistent not only with the English character, as he says, but with the reason of the thing, thus to distinguish the mere performance of one’s duty, and to make goodness only the first in the category of prizeable articles,—good conduct, Latin, spelling, and ciphering. “We do not mind,” he says, “a boy’s having a prize given him, if it were only for pen-mending ; but that a young girl should wear publicly a silver cross as a mark of general good behaviour seems incredible to us ; and yet it is done.” And done in many cases with good effect ; and yet there is a ludicrous inequality between the action and the reward, and a

degradation of the action, by classing it among things to be rewarded in that manner.

Such, in Dr. Weise's estimation, are the good points in those schools which form the vast majority of the English nobility and gentry. Their evil points, unhappily, are abundant and frightful; but in all fairness it must be admitted, that when they get into the hands of such men as Dr. Arnold, the ease and rapidity with which a higher tone of morals is introduced by the superiors, and then exacted by the boys themselves, is most remarkable.

Here, however, the length to which we have run obliges us to take leave of the subject, hoping to be able to return to it on another occasion.

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Third Article.)

KNOX did not make his appearance for upwards of a year and a half after his sending those ridiculous letters which he addressed to the lords who had invited him to return. Meanwhile the vineyard of the "Congregation of the Lord" was not left untilled. More courageous labourers worked in his absence. "Quhile the realme," writes Leslie, "was in this maner trubled with the warris, thay quha had invented of befoir, at Maxwell-heuch, to stir up sum commotione and seditione agains the Quene Regent and the Frenche men, begane to put thair practise to executione, and caused certane preachers cum within the realme,—principallie Paul Meffen, John Willox, Johne Douglas, and certaine utheris,—quha in divers partis of the realme preached privatlie, and maid sic tumult and uproir amangis the peple, that they culd not be conteaned within the boundis of lauchfull obedience."

At the meeting of the estates, 14th December 1558, in which the commissioners rendered an account of their proceedings in the marriage of their queen, the "Congregation

of the Lord" presented to the Regent the following document:

"The forme of the Letter gevin to the Parliament.

"Unto your grace, and unto yow richt honourabill lordis of this present Parliament, humble meinis and schawis your graces faythfull and obedient subjectis: That quhare we are daylie molested, sclandered, and injured be wicked and ignorant persones, placeholders of the ministeris of the Churche, who most untrewlie ceis not to infame us as heretykis; and under that name they have most cruellie persecuted divers of our brethrein, and farder intend to execute thair malice against us, unless be sum godlie ordour thair furie and raige be brydellit and stayit; and yit in us they ar abill to prove no cryme worthye of punischment, unless that to reid the holie Scriptures in our assemblies, to invoke the name of God^r in publict prayeris, with all sobrietie to interpret and oppin the places of Scripture that be red, to the farder edificatioun of the brethrein assembled, and trulie according to Christ Jesus his holie institutioun to minister the sacraments, be crymes worthie of punischment. Uther crymes, we say, in us they ar not abill to convict. And to the premisses are we compelled, for that the saidis plaiccholders dischaige no part of thair dewties rychtly to us, nether yit to the pepill subject to us; and tharefoir, unles we sould declair ourselfis altogether unmyndfull of our awin salvatioun, we ar compelled, of verry conscience, to seik how that we and our brethrein may be delivered from the thraldome of Sathan: for now it hath pleased God to oppen our eyes, that manifestlie we sie that, without extreame danger of our saullis, we may in no wayis communicate with the damnabill idolatrie and intollerable abuses of the papisticall Churche. And tharefoir most humble requyr we of your grace, and of your rycht honourabill lordis, baronis, and burgesses assembled in this present Parliament, prudentlie to wey, and, as it becumes just judges, to grant theas our most just and ressonabil petitionnis.

"First: Seeing that the controversie in religioun, which long had continewed betwix the Protestantis of Almanie, Helvetia, and uther provinces and the papisticall Churche, is not yit desyded by a lawfull and general counsall; and seing that our consciences ar lykewyes twicheit with the fear of God, as was thairs in the beginning of thair controversie, we most humbly desire, that all suche actes of Parliament as in the tyme of darknes gave power to the churchemen to execute thair tyranny against us, be ressoun that we to thame war delated as heretykis, may be suspended and abrogated, till a generall counsall lawfullie assembled have desyded all controversies in religioun.

"And least that this mutatioun sould seem to set all men at libertie to live as they list, we, secundarlie, requyre, that it be enacted by this present Parliament, That the prelattis and thair officiaris be removed from place of jugement, onlie granting unto thame, notwithstanding, the place of accusators in the presens of a temporall juge, be-

foir quhome the churchemen accusatours sall be boundin to call ony by thame accused of heresie, to quhome also they sall be bounden to deliver an attentick copie of all depositions, accusations, and proces led against the person accused; the juge likewyse delivering the same to the partie accused, assigning unto him a competent tearme to answer the sam, efter he had takin sufficient caution, *judicio sisti*.

“Thirdly: We requyre that all lawfull defences be granted to the persons accused; as if he be abill to prove that the witnesses be persons unbill by law to testifie against thame, that then thair accusations and depositions be null according to justice.

“Item, That place be granted to the parte accused to explain and interpret his awin mynd and meening; whiche confession we requyre to be inserted in publict actes, and be preferred to the depositions of anie witnesses, seing that nane aucht to suffer for religion that is not found obstinate in his damnable opinioun.

“Last: We requyre that our brethrein be not damned for heresykes, unles by the manifest Word of God they be convicted to have erred from that saythe which the Holie Spreit witnesseth to be necessary to salvatioun; and gif so they be, we refuse not that they be punished according to justice, unless by hailsome admonitioun they can be reduced to a better mynd.

“These things requyr we to be considered of yow, quho occupy the place of the eternall God, quho is God of ordour and treuthe, even in such sorte as ye will answer in the presens of His throne judiciall; requyring, farder, that favorably ye will have respect to the tendernes of our consciences, and to the truble whiche appeirethe to follow in this comounwelth if the tyrannie of the prelatiss and of thair adherentes be not brydelled by God and just lawis. God move your hairtes deiplie to consider your awin dewteis and our present trubillis.”—*Knox*, p. 122.

We gather from this document that it was not universal toleration these men aimed at, nor liberty of conscience. Far from it. They desired that there should still be the crime of “heresy,” and that it should be subject to trial and punishment. They sought no more than that the process should be transferred from one set of hands to another. This would have been,—as indeed they made it, so soon as it was in their power,—persecution with a vengeance. Heresy was no longer to be a spiritual offence, but a civil one, and amenable to the same tribunals as cases of burglary, assault, or petty larceny. The Regent mildly dissuaded the petitioners from carrying it further. Its contents, however, soon got noised abroad. “Our petetiounes,” writes Knox, “wer manifestlie knawin to the hail assemble, and also how for the queinis plesour we ceased to pursue to the uttermost.”

The Lords of the Congregation, however, appear to have

subsequently repented of their facility in obeying the Regent's suggestions; and before the Parliament separated, they submitted to it a document of a more ominous nature.

“Forme of the Protestatioun maid in Parliament.

“It is not unknowin to this honourabill Parliament what controversie is now laitlie ryssen betwix these that will be called the prelatiss and reullaris of the Church, and a grit number of us the nobilitie and comunaltie of this realme, for the trew worschipping of God, for the dewtie of ministers, for the rycht aministration of Christ Jesus holie sacrament; how that we have complained, by our public supplicatiouns to the Quein Regent, that our consciences are burdened with unprofitable ceremonies, and ar compelled to adhere to idolatrie; that suche as tak upoun thame the office ecclesiasticall discharge no parte thareof as becumeth trew ministers to do; and, finally, that we and our brethrene ar most unjustlie oppressed by thair usurped authoritie; and also we suppose it is a thing sufficiently knawin, that we war of mynd at this present Parliament to seik redress of sick enormities. But considering that the trubles of the tyme do not suffer suche reformatioun as we by Godis plane Word do requyre, we are enforced to delay that which most earnestly we desyre; and yit, least that our sylence sould give occasioun to our adversaries to think that we repent our former interpryis, we cannot ceas to protest for remedie against that most unjust tyranie whiche we heirtofoir most patientlie have sustained.

“And, first, we protest, that seing we cannot obtain ane just reformatioun according to Godis Worde, that it be lawful to us to use our selfis in matteris of religioun and conscience, as we muist answer unto God, unto suche tyme as our adversares be able to prove thameselfis the trew ministeris of Christis Church, and to purge thameselfis of suche crymes as we have alreddie laid to thair charge, offering our selfis to prove the sam whensoever the sacrat authoritie pleis to give us audience.

“Secundly: We protest that nether we, nor yet ony uther that godlie list to joyne with us in the trew fayth, whiche is grounded upon the invincibill Worde of God, sall incur ony danger in lyfe or landis, or uther politicall painis, for not observing suche actis as heirtofoir hav passed in favours of our adversares, nether yit for violatting of suche ryttes as man without Godis commandment or Word hes commandit.

“We, thridly, protest that, gif ony tumult or uproare sall aryse among the members of this realme for the diversitie of religioun, and if it sall chance that abusses be violentlie reformed, that the cryme thair of be not imput to us, who most humbly do now seik all thingis to be reformed by ane ordour; bot rather, quhatsoever inconvenience sall happen to follow for lack of ordour talking, that may be imputed to thois that do refus the samyn.

“And, last, we protest that these our requestis, proceeding from conscience, do tend to no uther end bot to the reformatioun of

abuisses in religioun onlie; most humble beseikand the sacrat authoritie to tak us faythfull and obedient subjects in protection agains our adversareis, and to schaw unto us suche indifferencie in our most just petitiounes as it becumethe Godis lewetenentis to do to thois that in His name do call for defence agains cruell oppressours and bludthirstie tyrantis."—*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 124.

Is it not in our time nearly incredible, that a number of persons in an elevated position of life, in the full possession of their senses, should have attempted formally to put upon their trial as impostors men who had been the ministers of the religion of the country for 1000 years; and should expect such a proposition to be seriously entertained? But we pass over minor fatuities, to come to the transparent and bold hypocrisy of the two last paragraphs of the protest. The last but one is a direct attempt to intimidate the Parliament by a threat, and it was no empty one, of insurrection. In the last they most "humbly beseech the sacred authority to take them—*faithful and obedient* subjects, in protection against their adversaries." Men who had been spending the preceding months in sending emissaries through the country to collect subscriptions, and enrol names for the "violent reformation" they hinted at as possible; who had just bound themselves in a furious covenant of conspiracy against the established order of things in their country; who had been for months proselytising to their cause by the instrumentality of low men whom they sent through the country as preachers, and most of whom were already amenable to the laws of their country as seditious; and who by these and other active measures had organised a rebellion throughout the country, which was only at this moment prevented from flaming forth by the gentle adroitness of the Regent. It is no wonder that the Parliament refused to allow such a document to be entered on its records.

The Regent, however, still essayed to assuage in the minds of the protesters the mortification occasioned by this refusal. Knox's account is, "Notthless the Quein Regent said, me will remember what is protestit, and me sall put gude ourdour after this to all thingis that now be in contraversie."

And she redeemed her promise faithfully and to the letter; and, moreover, in a manner the most considerate towards the "congregation."

First, she denuded the documents of all the ribald trash with which they abounded; next she extracted the seditious threats contained in them; and lastly, obliterating such of the propositions as were extravagant and nonsensical, she contrived

to make out of the propositions and the protest a tolerably respectable document.

It is as follows in its renovated form ; and we shall scarcely recognise in it the fierce and rambling original :

“ First, That the commone prayers shuld be permitted to be used publiclie in the parryshe kirkis, and the ministratiōne of the sacramentis in the Inglis toung.

“ Secoundlie, That all bishopprikes and uther benifices should be disponit to qualifeat men, to be chosin thairto be the electione of the temporall lordis, and people of thair dyoseis and parochynns.

“ Thirdlie, That all bishoppis and utheris benefest men suld make residence at thair kirkis, and preche be thame selves, conforme to thair calling ; or utheris to be placed, and quho culd best do the samyn.

“ Fourtlie, That none shuld be admittit in tymes cuming to any benefice, bot these qua war of sic lernit and utheris qualiteis, as thay culd be thame selves but helpe of utheris execut thair charge in precheing and ministratiōne of the sacramentis, with sindrie utheris articles to this effect.”—*Leslie*, p. 270, A.D. 1558.

What, then, is the Regent's next step? She does not certainly convene the barons nor the lairds to decide on such questions as these. Neither does she summon the sheriffs and the provosts and the judges ; for the questions in discussion were quite out of their province. Nor yet does she solicit the counsel of the tailors and peddlers and other handicraftsmen of Edinburgh upon these points. But she summons a convention of the most august ecclesiastical authorities in her kingdom to assemble at Edinburgh the 10th March. And she sent to them the above articles by the hands of the Earl of Huntly, her chancellor. With great dignity she immediately departed herself to Stirling, leaving Lord Seton the provost to wait upon the prelates, doubtless that it might not be possible to be said afterwards that she had influenced their deliberations. In that assembly were included the wisest, most learned, and holiest men Scotland could produce. And their deliberations corresponded with the dignity of their characters. Patient without prolixity, moderate without vacillation, conciliatory without timidity, their firmness, united with a zealous readiness to correspond with whatever seemed estimable in the objects of the applicants, showed them to be masters of their position. We meet with no offensive invective, no ribald denunciation here ; but after mature deliberation, they return a reply at once decisive, wise, and temperate.

Had the question been a merely political one, the mea-

asures pursued by the council of prelates would have been eminently wise. But if such a course is the only one a prudent statesman would adopt in political matters, it is the only one holy religion admits of. In it, innovation in dogmatic questions is infidelity; whilst disciplinary questions are often so involved with the former, that violent changes of church-government are never unaccompanied with heresy. It is from this arises that stately stability which distinguishes the Church of Christ. Abuses within her pale arise mostly from non-observance of the Church's law; whilst the most stringent of reformations would be a recurrence to her existing canons.

It was conspicuously so in the case before us. The fathers of the Scottish Church discovered nothing in the characters and proceedings of the ecclesiastical disturbers of their time to invite a departure on their behalf from the universal usage of the Church with respect to the language in which the sacred mysteries were celebrated. Perhaps they saw now more cogent reasons for its strict observance than they had ever done before. And instead of assenting to the least unveiling of that holy office, they would rather have more completely concealed it from the coarse irreverence of those puritan blasphemers. In this matter, therefore, they refused any alteration; permitting, of course, the faithful to say their private devotions in any language they thought fit.

“As to the first, they had no power to alter the ordour of publique prayers and administracione of the sacramentis, preseryved and observed so many yeris be the Catholique Kirke; and thairfor wald not agre that any prayers war used publicklye in the volgar tounge, leaving to everye manis discretione to use his private prayers in quhat tounge pleased him best.”

Their reply to the second article was distinguished by equal gravity and wisdom. The Church has a prescribed mode of her own of election of her bishops and other officers. But in her rapid spread over the world, the various and complicated relations into which she entered with different states in different localities demanded adaptions to these relationships in matters indifferent. Hence the manner of election of bishops was varied in separate countries. The fundamental point was retained in all,—the Church's veto on any election whatsoever. Accordingly, the answer returned by the prelates was, that the nomination of the prelates was by a custom of the realm of Scotland in the hands of the prince, and to her they referred the applicants for an answer.

“And as to the electione of bishoppis and utheris benifest men, they wald wishe that the same ordour quhilk is prescrivit be the

cannowne law in the electione of bishoppis and utheris ministers of the kirke war observed. Bot becaus the nominatione of the prelattis of the realme pertens principallie to the prince, thairfoir thay remit the ansuer thairof to be gevin be the prince her self with her counsaill."

But as to the last two articles, the vigour of their reformatory proceedings surpassed the expectations as much as it did the wishes of these people.

"As to the uther twa articles tueching the residence of benefest men in executione of their office in precheing and ministratioun of the sacramentis, and that none suld be promoved to benefices bot thay that are weill qualifeit thairfoir, thay affirmed that thair was no bettir ordour culd be devised nor was prescrivit alreddy be the cannone law and statutes of thair provinciall counsaill to that effect; and thairfoir thay promesed to caus the same be put to dew executione in all pointis."

Nor were these mere words, theoretical professions to appease a restless faction. But they immediately set about in right good earnest to carry out these truly reforming resolutions.

"And then presentlie," continues the historian we have been quoting from, "thay maid mony sharp statutes, and commandet all the bishoppis, abbottis, prioris, deanes, archedeanes, and all the rest thair presentlie assembled, and utheris throcke all the partis of the realme, to mak thame selfis able, and use thair awin offices according to thair fondationis and callingis, within the space of sax monethes, onder pane of deprivation."—(*Leslie*, p. 271. 1558.)

The newly-conceived zeal for reformation of the Anglican nobility now recoiled upon themselves after an unexpected fashion. Nothing could have been farther from their intention than a real, genuine, earnest reformation of this sort. They had been soliciting for all the ecclesiastical patronage in the country. In the second article they applied for the power of nominating the bishops to be transferred to themselves; this had been justly refused them. And now the rich preferments which, by unlawful means, and to the great corruption of the Scottish Church, they had, in many cases, violently procured for their relatives and dependents, were on the point, at their own solicitation, of being taken from them. There followed a complete routing out of these simoniacal intruders. The nests were left; but the cuckoos that had usurped them were chased out. Those aristocratical ecclesiastics utterly disagreed with the constitution of the Church; and now, at the first application of the stimulant inadvertently administered by their selfish patrons, she voided them forth from her in a moment.

This step sealed the fate of the Scottish province of the Church.

"Quhilk was the princepaul caus," writes the same author, "that a gret number of younge abbottis, priors, deanis, and benefest men assisted to the interprice and practise devysed for the ourthrow of the Catholicke religeon, and tumult aganis the quene and Frenche men, fearing them selffis to be put out according to the lawis and statutes."

The wisdom and gravity of this document, as well as its genuine earnestness, decided instantly the Regent's course of action. It completely exposed the insincerity of the "Congregation of the Lord." Her decision was speedily made; she determined to silence it at once. Keith, the Protestant historian, tells us that,

"The Queen perceiving what was the mind of the synod, did put on a resolution to assist the churchmen in every thing; upon account of which, and of some words that had dropt from her majesty, as if she intended by some eminent example to restore the royal authority; those of the congregation apprehending a storm to fall on them at that time, gave commission to Alexander Earl of Glencairn, and Sir Hugh Campbell of Loudon, sheriff of Air, to repair to the queen, and to beg her not to molest their ministers, unless they could be charged with preaching false doctrines, or behaving themselves disorderly." (Book i. chap. viii. p. 82.)

And Spottiswoode, also a Protestant historian, tells us further what these "words that had dropt from her were."

"She was often heard to say," he writes, "that being now freed of the vexations which most troubled her mind, she would labour to restore the authority by some notable example to that reverend esteem which in the late times it had lost." (Lib. iii. p. 120. 1558.)

Her reply to the Earl of Glencairn and Sir Hugh Campbell, who had been sent to her by the faction to interfere in behalf of the preachers, indicates the same object: "*That mangle their hearts, and all that wod take part with them, these ministers shod be banished Scotland, though they preached as soundly as ever S. Paul did:*" i. e. It is not a question of doctrine I am now meddling with; it is altogether a civil offence. I purpose to endeavour to maintain the dignity of my daughter's crown against all who may assail it. These men are sedition-mongers, and common disturbers of the realm; and, being such, it would be no apology to me that their preaching were altogether as orthodox as it is heretical. They are rebels and conspirators; and shall be banished their country, though they preached as soundly as ever St. Paul did.

According to another Protestant historian, her words were:

"These men, sith they have preached not verie sincerelie, shall be banished, though you and your ministers resist against it." (Holinshed, p. 289.)

Accordingly, summonses were issued against John Knox, John Willox, John Douglas, and Paul Meffane, to appear before the Supreme Court of Justice (not the Parliament, as Spottiswoode and Keith have it) at Stirling, on the 10th May 1559.

The preachers, however, were wise enough not to appear at Stirling without their body-guard. Neither their zeal nor their courage was fervent enough to endure a fair trial by the laws of their country. With an army at their heels, they always showed an edifying alacrity to appear. Without it, they were never forthcoming.

Followed by an army of dependents of a few petty lairds of the western shires, headed by the Laird of Dun, they came as far as Perth on their road to Stirling. Their proceedings had now reached so treasonable a length, that the personages of rank who were known favourers of their speculative tenets, in so far as they tended to enriching themselves with the Church's spoils, such as the Lord James, the Earl of Argyle, even the Earl of Glencairn, and others, held aloof from them for the present, watching the course of events, and appeared ready to act in defence of the crown. Erskine of Dun also now thought it time to attempt to mediate.

Such was the posture of affairs when Knox re-appeared to take his part on the scene. He arrived at Edinburgh on the 4th May 1559, six days before that on which the preachers were summoned to appear at Stirling. In the company that marched thence to Perth he proceeded to that city, or, as it was then called, St. Johnstoun.

Shortly after their arrival, the Laird of Dun proceeded on his mission in the preachers' behalf to Stirling. Here he lingered up to the very day of, or the day before, the expiration of the summons; evidently hoping to the last that he would be able to prevail on the Regent to yield her determination. Some expressions, however, which fell from her, and the arrest of the Master of Maxwell, threw him into apprehensions for his personal safety. Accordingly, on the 9th or 10th May, he disappeared from court, and returned to Perth. But he was in a very different position now to that in which he was when he last left it. He was no longer the respectable laird, bitten indeed with heresy, but reluctant to become a disturber of the peace. He was now Erskine the rebel. He was no longer permitted to serve two masters. His trimming policy was cut short by the Regent's vigour.

His policy changed with his altered circumstances. He now laboured to inflame the minds of the army of barons congregated at Perth, by his account of matters at court. Knox's coarse and furious vehemence was called into requisition. On the day after Erskine's return, he delivered a speech against idolatry from the pulpit of St. John's, in which he laboured to inflame the passions of his audience against their clergy, and to stimulate their cupidity by a prospect of the rich spoil within their reach. Such was his violence of gesture, that, in the words of one who was present, "*he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and flee forth.*" It does not, however, appear to have produced much effect. The audience dispersed *peaceably*, except a "*few of the godly,*" who, Knox tells us, remained in the church. Nor did the projected work of demolition begin before the officiating priest had commenced the service of the Church. The display of a costly tabernacle (so called), opened at that particular Mass, proved a more effective eloquence than Knox's. One of the "*godly*" who stood by gave the signal of hurling a stone at the relics.

Then began the work of reckless, wholesale, sacrilegious spoliation and destruction. And on the evening of that sad day, May 11, 1559, nine days only after Knox's return, Perth, that fair city, which in the morning was adorned with buildings in size and beauty surpassed by none in Scotland, and such as no subsequent age has been able to emulate, saw every one of them levelled with the ground, and nothing left to supply their void but the dingy shops and houses of the citizens. The following sequence of falsehood, in which Knox pretends to describe this event, affords a striking illustration of the character of the Scottish reformer:

"The Laird of Dun cuming to St. Johnestoun exponed the cais even as it was, and did conceill nothing of the Queenis craft and falshoode. Whiche understode, the multitude was so inflamed, that nether culd the exhortatioun of the preicheours, nor the comandment of the magistrate, stay thame from destroying the plaices of idolatrie. The maner quhairof was this. The preicheours had declaired afor, how odious was idolatrie in Godis presence; quhat comandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thairof, quhat idolatry, and quhat abhominacion was in the Mess. It chanceit, that the nixt day, which was the 11th of Maii, efter that the preicheours wer exylled, that efter the sermone, whiche was vehement against idolatrie, that a preist in contempt wald go to the Mess; and to declair his malapairte presumption, he wald oppin up ane glorious tabernacle, whiche stud upoun the hie alter; thair stud besyid certain godlie men, and amongis utheris a young boy, who cryed with a loud voice, This is intollerable, that quhen God by his Worde hath planelie damned

idolatrie, we sall stand and sie it used in despyte. The preist heirat offendit, gave the child a grit blowe; who in anger tuk up a stone, and casting at the preist, did hit the tabernacle, and brake down ane image; and immediatly the hail multitude that war about cast stanes, and put hands to the said tabernacle, and to all uther monuments of idolatrie, whiche they dispatched, befor the tenth man in the town ever advertis it, for the maist parte war gane to denner. Whiche noyssed abrode, the hail multitude conventit, not of the gentlemen, nouthor of thame that war earnest professours, bot of the rascall multitude, who finding nothing to do in that church, did rin without deliberation to the Gray and Black Freiris; and notwithstanding that they had within thame verray stark gairdis kept for thair defence, yet war thair gaittis incontinent brust up. The *first* invasioun was upoun the idolatrie; and thare efter the comoun pepill began to seik sum spoyll. The spoyle was permitted to the pure, for so had the preicheours befor threatned all men that for covetousnes saik none [sould put thair hand to suche a reformatioun, that no honest man was enriched thairby the vawle of a grotte. Thair conscience so moved thame, that they sufferit these hypocreitis to tak away quhat thay could, of that whiche was in thair plaices. The pryour of Charterhous wes permitted to tak with him evin so muche gold and silver as he was weill able to carie. So war menis consciences befor beatten with the Worde, that they had no respect to thair awin particular profeit, but onelie to abolische idolatrie, the places and monuments thair of, in whiche they war so bussie and so laborious that within two dayis these thrie grit place, monuments of idolatrie, to witt, the Blak and Grey Freiris, and the Charterhous monkis, a building of a wondrous cost and greitnes, was so destroyed, that the wallis onli did remane of all these grit edificatiounes.”

There are nearly as many falsehoods as there are paragraphs in this narration.

1. If this zealous boy were urged by a sudden impulse, how did he have a stone in his hand standing close to the high altar?

2. If the multitude were so inflamed by Erskine's account, that “neither culd the exhortation of the preicheours, nor the commandment of the magistrate, stay thame from destroying the places of idolatrie;” how could it also be true that the work of demolition took place “after” the preicheours had declared how “odious was idolatrie in Godes presence; quhat commandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thaire of; quhat idolatry, and quhat abomination was in the Mess?” “And immediatly eftir the sermone, which was vehement against idolatrie.” How could the preicheours exhort them not to destroy the plaices of idolatrie, and exhort them *to* destroy them at the same time?

3. After telling us that the exhortation of the prei-

cheours could not stay the multitude from destroying the plaices of idolatrie, he informs us further on, that the preicheours had "*befoir threatened all men, that for covetousness sake none sould put thair hande to suche a reformation.*"

4. In one place he asserts that "*the haill multitude conveinit, not of the gentilmen, nouthor of thame that war earnest professours, but of the rascall multitude;*" in another that, "*so war menes consciences befoir beatten with the Worde, that thay had no respect to their awin particular profeit, but onelie to abolische idolatrie, the places and monuments thereof.*" Pretty earnest professors those, one would think!

5. He informs us in one place that "*the first invasion was upoun the idolatrie; and thareeftir the comoun pepill began to seik sum spoil.*" Yet within the space of a few lines he deliberately asserts, that "*so war menis consciences befoir beatten with the Worde, that thay had no respect to thair awin particular profeit, bot onelie to abolische idolatrie.*"

6. Having declared that no gentleman nor any earnest professor had any hand in these demolitions, but only the rascally multitude, who, after a little breakage, turned to spoil, he quietly informs us that "*the spoile was permytted to the pure.*" And, at the same time, with a truly Puritan compliment to poverty, he declares that "*NO HONEST MAN was enriched thairby the valew of a grotte.*"

For a true account of this transaction, we must have recourse to more creditable historians. Leslie's is as follows:

"And thairfoir incontinent eftir the returning of the Lairde Dun with the Queen's ansuer to Perth, Johne Knox past to the parishe kirke of the toun and maid a publick sermound; declaring that it was most acceptable service to God to destroy and cast doune the altaris, burne the images, pull doune the religious places and destroy thame, cast out the monkis and freris, and to make siclik reformatione. And swa the multitude of the people and craftismen, being moved speciallie be the perswatione of the sermonde, and encouraged with the presence of the barronis, and one sicht of the Lord Ruthven, thair provoste of the toun, and bailycis thairof, than presentlie thay pulled doune the hoile altaris, images and tabernacles of the paroche kirke, and brint the samyn; and fre that passed strait way to the abbay of the Charter hous, and pullit all the hoill place doune, alsweill the kirk thairof as uther housses, places, and all the coastlie bigginis quhilkis was maid be King James the First, fundatour thairof, quhilk was the farest abbay and best biggit of any within the realme of Scotlande; and cuttit doune the hoill growing trees and all uther polices; and without any forder stay past to the Gray and Black freris, and to the Carmaleittis place callit the Tullielum, and thair pulled thame all three doune to the erd, with sic rage and furie of the people, that scarslie was thair

leste ane stone standing apone another ; and all the freris put furth of thame, and spulyeit of all that they had ; and fre that past to all parishe kirks and uther places thairabout, and maid the lyk reformatione. And thair first thay tuike to thame the name of the Congregatione, and set furth proclamationis, declaring the caus moving thame to proceide of zeill and conscience to remove idolatrie and superstitione, and to place sinceir and trew religione within the realme ; and wreit sindrie lettres throuch all the partis of the realme, to persuade the lordis and barronis to assist to thame in thair interprice, as sindrie did, quhilk maid shortlie a gret tumult in divers partis of the realme."

The "Congregation of the Lord" was now fairly in arms against the government. The Regent prepared to act with vigour. She summoned her officers and nobility, including the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle. Of these latter she demanded whether there was the smallest resemblance to a religious reformation in the proceedings at Perth, and whether or not the majesty of the law was violated, and an open rebellion commenced against their sovereign? But one answer could be found. They repudiated any connivance, and joined her with all their forces.

For some reason or other, she was not able to proceed to Perth so quickly as she saw to be desirable. It was the 18th day of the month before the forces were in readiness to advance. The "Congregation of the Lord" had employed themselves in the interval in the carnal employment of strengthening the fortifications of the town. Hearing of the Regent's advance, their first step was to despatch Knox, who had doubtless had enough of being caught in a fortified town in the company of rebels, and was eager for such a mission, to beat up recruits in the infected localities.

But so long as the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle remained on the side of the crown, they thought it safer to adopt an expedient of another description. Knox's pen, whose epistolary persuasiveness had already (strange to say!) proved so successful, was put busily in requisition. Addresses were concocted and issued, of one kind, to the Regent; of another, to the nobility; of other kinds, to the chief French officers; and of another (and this was the strangest of all), to the believers in the ancient faith. There is no possible mistaking the authorship of these productions. One specimen will suffice:

"To the Generation of Antichrist, the pestilent Prelates and their Shavelinges within Scotlande, the Congregation of Christ Jesus within the same sayeth:

"To the end that ye shall not be abused, thinking to escape

just punishment, after ye, in your blind furie, have caused the bloud of manie to be shedde, this we notifie and declare unto you, that if ye proceede in this your malitiose crueltie, ye shall be entreated, wheresoever ye shall be apprehended, as murtherers and open enemies to God and unto mankinde: and therefore betimes cease from this blind rage. Remove first from your selves your bands of bloudie men of warre, and reforme your selves to a more quiet life; and thereafter mitigate ye the authoritie, which, without crime committed upon our part, ye have enflamed against us; or else be ye assured, that with the same measure that ye have measured against us, and yet intend to measure to others, it shall be measured unto you; that is, as ye by tyrannie intend not onely to destroy our bodies, but also, by the same to hold our soules in bondage of the devill, subject to idolatrie; so shall we, with all force and power which God shall graunt unto us, execute just vengeance and punishment upon you: yea, we shall begin that same warre which God commaundeth Israell to execute against the Cananites; that is, contract of peace shall never be made, til that ye desist from your open idolatrie, and cruell persecution of God's children; and this we signifie unto you, in the name of the eternall God, and of His Soune Christ Jesus, whose veritie we professe, and gospell we have preached, and holy sacraments rightly ministred, so long as God will assist us to gainstand your idolatrie. Take this for advertisement, and be not deceived."

The remark of the Protestant historian (Keith), from whom we quote this document, is as follows:

"As the reader will observe the pestilent spirit, and unmanerly stile of this last paper, far indeed from the meekness that would have become the reformers of abuses in Christianity, so by the tenor thereof, and of their other letters to the Queen Regent, &c. 'tis pretty evident, they had a moral certainty of victory arising from the numbers that joined them; otherwise 'tis much to be doubted if they would have writ in such a strain."

After these characteristic productions had been prepared, Knox and Willock took their departure, carrying with them copies for circulation; and not, doubtless, intending to return unless with a sufficient reinforcement to make Perth a more secure lurking-place than he had before found St. Andrew's. Meanwhile the Regent encamped at Auchterarder; and thence despatched the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle and Lord Sempil to the rebel forces, to inquire if it was their intention to attempt to hold the town against her, the Regent, and the legal authority? It is a remarkable evidence of the Regent's moderation, even in such circumstances, that she despatched on such an errand men who were notorious favourers of the alleged motive of the insurgents; no less than it does her confidence in the justness of her cause, and the iniquity of that of

her enemies. Of the latter she evidently designed to make them eye-witnesses. The answer was of the usual description; and Lion-herald was in consequence despatched to Perth, who proclaimed, on Sunday the 28th, that all persons not inhabitants were commanded to leave the town under pain of treason.

By this time, however, the two missionary rebels, whose success had exceeded their expectations, had returned with such an accession of strength as quite changed the aspect of affairs. Knox and Willock arrived from Fife and Mearns, with the Earl of Glencairn, and 1200 cavalry and 1300 foot-soldiers, besides the Lords Ochiltree and Boyd, the Lairds of Loudon, Craigie, Wallace, Cessnock, and other gentlemen of the West (Keith), and their followers. The Regent, receiving intelligence of this ominous defection, endeavoured to intercept their march; but they contrived to escape the forces sent against them, and threw themselves into Perth.

They arrived about the time that the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle were there, in pursuance of pending negotiations. The open adherence, however, of the Earl of Glencairn and western barons to the cause of the insurgents effected a great change in the sentiments and behaviour of those two noble personages. Articles of agreement had already been accepted by the Regent through them; so that they could find no tolerable pretext at present for abandoning her. But in an interview which Knox sought and obtained with them at their lodging, in the course of which he seems to have upbraided them in his usual unmannerly, but, at the same time, guarded and crafty style, for their desertion of the brethren, they apologised for their having stood aloof, declared that their hearts were still with them, and promised openly to join them, if the Regent did not fulfil to the letter the articles of agreement which had just been ratified on both sides.

It was clearly Knox's interest to keep matters embroiled. He was a rebel, twice convicted since his pardon; and a real adjustment of differences would have been fatal to him.

The articles of agreement were:

1. That both armies should be disbanded.
2. That none of the inhabitants should be molested on account of the late proceedings.
3. That no French garrison should be left in the town.
4. That further differences should be adjusted in the next parliament.

There is but one hypothesis upon which we can conceive the Regent to have assented to such conditions; and it is, that

she had discovered that the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle were now casting about for some decent pretence for deserting to the Congregation, and was resolved to deprive them of one. Accordingly, no sooner were the stipulations subscribed, than "the Congregation of the Lord," including the Lord James and Argyle, began to break them. First, Knox bustled about the town, preaching that the regent had consented to the conditions without any intention of observing them. Secondly, a second covenant was drawn up, and subscribed by all the "godly barons" and their followers, whose purport was as follows :

"The Bond.

"At Perth, the last day of May, the year of God 1559 years, the Congregations of the West Country, with the Congregations of Fyfe, Perth, Dundee, Angus, Mearns, and Montrose, being convened in the town of Perth, in the name of Jesus Christ, for forth setting of His glory, understanding nothing more necessary for the same than to keep a constant amity, unity, and fellowship together, according as they are commaunded by God, are confederat, and become bounden and oblist, in the presence of God, to concur and assist together in doing all things required of God in His Scripture that may be to His glory; and at their whole powers to destroy and away put all things that doth dishonour to His Name; so that God may be trewly and purely worshipped. And in case that any trouble be intended against the said Congregations, or any part or member thereof, the whole Congregation shall concur, assist, and convene together, to the defence of the same congregation or person troubled; and shall not spare labours, goods, substance, bodies and lives, in maintaining the liberty of the whole Congregation, and every member thereof, against whatsoever power that shall intend the said trouble, for cause of religion, or any other cause depending thereupon, or lay to their charge under pretence thereof, although it happen to be coloured with any other outward cause. In witnessing and testimony of the which, the whole Congregations aforesaid have ordained and appointed the noblemen and persons under written to subscribe their presents. Arch. Argyle, James Stewart, Glencarne, R. Lord Boid, Wchiltree, Matthew Campbell of Tarm-gannarr."—*Keith*, chap. viii. p. 89.

This was in itself an overt act of rebellion, and would have justified the Regent in bringing every man who subscribed it to the scaffold. The fidelity, however, with which she adhered to her part of the contract disconcerted these men more than such a retribution of justice would have done.

The Lord James and the Earl of Argyle, after having subscribed their names to such a document as the preceding, must either find a pretext for openly joining the insurgents, or make one. And to this extremity they were, in fact, driven.

On the 30th May, "the Congregation" having relieved Perth of their "godly presence," the Regent entered the town, where she remained three days; after which she returned to Stirling, leaving a small garrison of Scotch soldiers. It is an amusing predicament, that of two hypocrites foiled by the sincerity of their antagonist. Such was the position of the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle. It would have been fatal to the schemes of the former to have kept aloof from his party at this crisis of affairs. The Regent's proceedings afforded not the semblance of a pretext for abandoning her; and nothing could afford a stronger evidence of the strait they were in for some tolerable reason to allege for doing so, than the one they at length produced.

They said, that although the Regent had adhered to the letter of the articles of agreement, in not leaving any French soldiers in garrison in Perth, yet she had violated the spirit of it, because the Scottish garrison she had left was receiving French pay. This, too, wonderful to relate, has been handed down from historian to historian, on the authority of such truthless beings as Buchanan and Knox, as one of the settled incidents of history; and the poor Regent has accordingly received an abundant share of grave historical censure for her duplicity. Yet it is strange how any writers of ordinary capacity could accept and reiterate a statement so inconsistent with the facts of the case without careful investigation. It is clear to any one, that it would have been more reasonable in those personages to have urged the placing of any garrison at all in the town as a breach of the agreement. If the objection was to the foreign soldiers, who else *could* she employ but Scotchmen? And, indeed, in a letter subsequently addressed to the Regent by those two noblemen from St. Andrew's, they actually allege the placing "of a garrison in Perth" as the grievance. But, first, that is inconsistent with their other charge of the garrison being in French pay; and, besides, the stipulation of the agreement was expressly against a *French* garrison. The pretext, however, gross as it was, served them for the time; and, on the strength of it, they abandoned the royal lady to whom they owed allegiance, and, betaking themselves to St. Andrew's, openly espoused the cause of the rebels. Hither they immediately summoned the armed forces of the "Congregation." And hither, of course, as to a place of safety, betook himself with all speed John Knox; who amused himself, whilst the barons were concerting their warlike operations, in persuading the ragamuffins of the neighbouring towns, in the direction *away* from the Regent's forces, to demolish and spoil all the churches and religious buildings

within their reach. After training his hand, as it were, by this little success, he next directed his operations upon St. Andrew's. Presuming, and not too much, on human credulity, he tells us, that the archbishop, who had heard of his intention, gave him to understand that, "*on his first presenting himself in the pulpit, he would be saluted with a dozen culverins, the more part of which should light upon his nose.*" And he makes out a fine case for himself, of his being persuaded not to persevere in his intention, and of the evangelical zeal which led him to disregard these representations. Never, on one single occasion in his life, did Knox willingly subject himself to the smallest personal risk or hazard. And there is in this, as in most of his other mendacities, a ridiculous improbability, which one would have supposed would have been its own antidote. Granting, then, an archbishop would ever have directed a man to be shot in the pulpit of his own cathedral church, where is the probability of his making such an attempt with only one hundred soldiers in his retinue in a city occupied with the whole forces of the Congregation? The truth is, the Regent lay with her forces at Falkland, twelve miles distant. The "Congregation of the Lord," at St. Andrew's, were concerting operations for the recovery of Perth from the Queen's garrison. It was most probable that any such flagrant breach of the articles of agreement, almost in her very presence, would draw the Regent immediately upon St. Andrew's, and so disturb their projected operations against Perth.

And such, indeed, actually fell out. Knox persisted in inciting the St. Andrew's mob to his favourite pastime; which ended in the spoliation of all the churches, and demolition as well as robbing of the houses of the Franciscan and Dominican friars. The Regent, informed of these fresh outrages, immediately moved upon St. Andrew's. The "Congregation of the Lord," 3000 strong, went out against her as far as Cupar. They did not, however, purpose risking a battle; but checked the progress of the Regent by fresh proposals of accommodation. The terms they submitted could not be immediately assented to, and a truce of eight days was concluded. During this interval, the Regent was yielding to the advice of the Duke of Chastelherault and the Earl Marischal to convene a parliament in Edinburgh, as the best manner of allaying the disturbances of the kingdom, when she was told that the Congregation were in full march on Perth. That city capitulated on the 25th June; a success which inspired them with such excellent spirits, that they must needs proceed to burn and spoil the abbey and palace of Scone.

Who can withhold their sympathy from the gentle and virtuous lady whose misfortune it was in these terrible times to be the regent of her daughter's kingdom? Deserted by her husband's son, upon whom she herself, as well as the Queen her daughter and the Dauphin, had lavished favours; by the young Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Glencairn, and a powerful body of her nobility, and unable to depend certainly upon more than some half-dozen of those who still adhered to her; tormented and perplexed by the unscrupulous mendacity and cunning of a crew of beings, whom no favours could conciliate, nor forbearance appease, she had no other direction in which to look for support, except to the ecclesiastics against whom the whole war was nominally directed, and an army whose leaders, except the few Frenchmen amongst them, were for the most part already rebels. In her perplexity, she withdrew to the capital, having sent forward some forces to Stirling to break down the bridge and occupy the passes and garrisons of the Forth, and thus obstruct, as far as lay in her power, the sudden march of the insurgents against Edinburgh. But she had now experienced generals to contend against: they anticipated her movements; reached Stirling by a forced march, before her; and plundered and destroyed there: thence they proceeded to Linlithgow, where they repeated the same outrages; and thence to Edinburgh, which they entered on the 29th of June (1559).

Here, besides, in addition to their usual deeds of sacrilegious plunder and demolition, they seized the coining-irons of the mint, to rescue them, doubtless, from superstitious uses, and transfer them to the use of "the godly."

The Regent, who had retired to Dunbar, nothing daunted by the rapid success of these daring criminals, adopted the paternal expedient of making an appeal to the loyalty of her people; and with this view, she issued the following proclamation:

"For sa mekill as we understand, that certane seditious personis hes of malice invented, and blawin abrode divers rumours, and evill brutes, tending thairby to steir up the hairtis of the pepill, and sa to stoppe all reconciliatiounis betwix us and our subjectis, being of the number of the Congregatioun, and consequentie to kendill and nurische a continewall stryfe and devisioun in this realme, to the manifest subversioun of the hail estaits thair of. And among uther purposis, hes maliciouslie devysit for that effect, and hes persuadit too many, that we have violated the apointment laitlie tane, in so far as ony ma Frenche men ar since cumed in, and that we are myndit to draw in grit forces of men of weir furthe of France, to suppressche the libertie of this realme, oppres the inhabitantis thair of,

and mak up strangearis, with thair landis and gudis ; quhilk reportis (God knawis) ar maist vane, feinyeit, and untrew : for it is of treuthe, that nathing hes bein done one our parte sen the said apointment, quhairby it may be allegit that ony point thair of hes bein contravenit, nether yit war at that tyme any thing comouned or concluded, to stope the sending in of Frenche men ; as may cleirly appeir by inspectioun of the said apointment, quhilk the beirar heir of hes present to schaw. Quhatevir number of men of weir be arryved, we have sick regaird to our honour and quietnes of this realme, that in cais, in the roum of everie ane Frenche man that is in Scotland thare war ane hundreth at our comand, yit sould not for that anie jote of quhat is promeisit be brokin, or ony alteratioun be maid be our provocatioun ; bot the said apointment treulie and surelie observed in everie point, if the said Congregatioun will in lyk maner saythfullie keip thair parte thareof. Nor yit meine we to trubill ony man in the peciable possessioun of thair gudis and roumis, nor yit to inriche the croun, and far les ony stranger, with your substances ; for our dearest son and dauchter, the king and quein, ar, by God's provisioun, placed in the roum quhair all men of judgement may weill consider they have na neid of ony manis gudis ; and for ourself, we seik nothing bot detfull obediance unto thame, sick as gude subjectis aucht to give to thair soveranes, without diminutioun of our liberties and privilegis, or alteratioun of our laws. Thairfor, we have thocht gude to notifie unto yow our gude mynd foirsaid, and desyre yow not to gif eir nor credite to such vane imaginatiouns, quhair of (befoir God) no parte evir entrit in our conceate, nor suffer not yourselfis to be thairby led from your dew obediance, assuring yow ye sall evir find with us treuthe in promeis, and a motherlie love towardis all yow, behaveand yourselfis as obedient subjectis. Bot of ane thing we gif yow wairning, that quhairas sum preicheours of the Congregatioun in their publick sermones speickis irreverentlie and sclanderouslie alsweill of princes in general, as of ourselfis in particular, and of the obediance to the hier poweris, inducing the pepill, be that parte of the doctrine, to defectioun from thair dewtie, quhilk pertainis nothing to religioun, bot rather to seditioun and tumult, thingis direct contrair to religioun : thairfor we desyre you to tak ourdour in your tounis and boundis, that quhen the preicheours repaires thare, they use thamselvis mair modestlie in thay behalfis, and in thair preiching, not to mell so mekill with civill policie and publick government, nor yit name us, nor uther princes, bot with honour and reverence, utherways it will not be sufferit. And seing ye have presently the declaratioun of our intentioun, we desyre lykways to know quhat sall be your parte to us, that we may understand quhat to lippin for at your handis ; quhair of we desyre ane plane declaratioun in writ, with this beirer, without excuis or delay. At Edinburghe, the 28th of April 1559.—*Keith*, book i. chap. 9, p. 945.

RECENT GERMAN CATHOLIC POETRY.

1. *Amaranth*. By Oscar von Redowitz.
2. *Veronica*. By Emma Ringseiss.

SUCH are the titles of two very remarkable productions of the Catholic Muse which have appeared of late in Germany. The first is a lengthy effusion of some 300 pages, founded on the following story. Walter, a young German knight, sets out for Italy to marry Ghismonda, the daughter of a nobleman, in fulfilment of an engagement entered into by the parents when, in former years, they met as crusaders in Palestine and became fast friends. In the course of his journey Walter passes through a forest, where he stops to rest himself at an old solitary castle. The lord of this castle has an only child, a daughter, who has never yet strayed beyond the precincts of her secluded home. Her name is Amaranth; and her native charms of body and mind make a deep impression on Walter, as they in every respect seem to correspond to his youthful ideal of woman. Of course, he has no thoughts of playing false to Ghismonda, and so proceeds on his way. On reaching his journey's end, and making for the first time acquaintance with his betrothed, he finds her as clever as she is beautiful; but, unluckily, in a style the very reverse of Amaranth. For Ghismonda proves to be a town belle of the most *prononcée* description; and what is perfectly horrifying to an enthusiastic Catholic like Walter, she is a pantheistic freethinking blue-stocking into the bargain. In vain he disputes and reasons with her,—she is incorrigible. Still, he declares he will marry her if she will only confess Christ to be God. This, however, she refuses to do, even at the very steps of the altar, when the marriage-ceremony is actually on the point of being celebrated. The consequence is, that Walter declares off at the last moment, with the entire concurrence of the officiating bishop. He then departs, renews his acquaintance with Amaranth, makes proposals to her, is accepted, and marries her.

The whole poem is divided into four cycles, each comprising a series of lyrical descriptions in every style of ballad, song, and sonnet, interspersed in the main narrative. The object of the author is chiefly to celebrate in Amaranth what he conceives to be the ineffable superiority of a perfectly unsophisticated domestic female character, guided by Catholic principles of religion alone, over all the education and artificial refinement of a young lady like Ghismonda, who has become a pantheist, and lost her faith as the fruit of her learning. This

he does in such a way as to imply that he thinks, and wants the world to think so too, that education and knowledge in a woman are *necessarily* dangerous to religious faith, and their absence *necessarily* favourable to it. His one-sided tone on this subject may be gathered from the fact that he attributes to Ghismonda very unamiable traits of private character, in order, as it would seem, to deepen the odium he is at pains to raise in the reader's mind against her pantheistic views. On this account she tells with much less effect as an exposure of the abuses of female education in Germany than she otherwise would have done. Amaranth, on the other hand, as the poet's *beau idéal* of feminine excellence, is painted with all the freshness and delicacy his tender pencil is capable of, and, apart from the theory she is intended to establish, is truly a beautiful creation. Her devotion to her domestic duties, her care of her old father, her stolen visits of charity to the poor, such incidents as her slipping out unobserved to visit a sick destitute widow, to whom she brings all sorts of good things, and among the rest a new Sunday coat for the widow's little boy, on condition that he first of all repeats to his benefactress the legend of the angel that brought down from heaven the little infant Jesus,—such traits as these, including the songs Amaranth is accustomed to sing at different seasons of the year, give occasion for some of the most exquisite passages the poem contains.

Of course, love plays a prominent part in the whole. We have, for example, a piece several pages long, headed "The first kiss," in which is described how Walter administered it to Amaranth by surprise on the banks of a brook under a tree, and how Amaranth received it with the most charming confusion, though nothing loth; the whole account concluding with the song she sings in honour of the event. Then we have another and much longer description of Walter and Ghismonda sailing out together in a gondola by moonlight, when a similar tender transaction took place with equal zest on both sides, in spite of all theological differences. It must be owned, that these passages of the poem, as, indeed, is the case more or less with all the rest that touches on the subject of love, are written in a very free and sensuous vein, and stamp the whole work as a strange medley of religion and sensualism. It was the task of Goethe, and has been so of his school of poets in Germany ever since, to paint sensual love as an impulse of so generous a kind as to render it equally creditable and pleasant for all the world to indulge in it as much as possible, without let or hindrance of any sort. Oscar von Redowitz is assuredly not one of the disciples of such a school as this. And yet he

would appear to be so far infected by the poisonous atmosphere which it has so widely diffused, as ostensibly to be of opinion that in regard of the tender passion, at least faith, like charity, may claim to cover a multitude of sins. In this respect, we deeply regret to own that he by no means stands alone among the living Catholic poets of Germany. In other respects this book, which in a very short time has run through very many editions, like all German poems of any length, is very tedious from its poverty of incident. It is a long-winded "minnesong;" a monotonous succession of sentimental outpourings, religious and amatory, which are apt to pall as a whole, but which, taken by passages culled here and there, afford many exquisite beauties to repay perusal. As an illustration of the state of feeling among many of the Catholics of Germany, it is the very reverse of satisfactory.

A far different work is *Veronica*, a poem which excels as much in masculine energy of thought and style as *Amaranth* does in features of a totally opposite kind. Yet *Veronica* is the production of a woman, Emma Ringseiss, a daughter of Professor Ringseiss of Munich, the author of a well-known work on the reformation of the theory and practice of medicine. *Veronica* is a religious play in three acts, in blank verse. Its subject is, the struggle of faith and doubt in the breast of the heroine, occasioned by the events of our Saviour's Passion. Though the piece is called *Veronica*, the character designated by that name speaks and acts under the name of Seraphia. Seraphia is an avowed believer in Jesus of Nazareth, as the promised Messiah of her nation. Her faith is the effect of his divine character, precepts, and miracles. Her husband Sirach, who is a Pharisee and member of the synedrium at Jerusalem, does not at first share in the faith of his wife, but looks upon her as the victim of delusion and imposture. It is the feast of the Passover when the play opens. Jesus has been apprehended by order of the high-priests, bent on putting Him to death; and Sirach is called up in the middle of the night to attend a special meeting of the synedrium relative to the affair. Seraphia in the meanwhile, enjoined by her husband not to stir from the house during his absence, waits in breathless anxiety on the terrace for his return. That something has befallen her divine Master she is aware; but does not know what. She likewise sends her sister Dina, and Josua a servant, to gather intelligence of what is passing in Jerusalem. While she is thus waiting alone, and scrutinising the behaviour of the groups passing before her house on their way to the city to celebrate the feast, Abias, her husband's friend and fellow-pharisee, a mortal enemy of our Saviour, rides up to the house

in search of Sirach, whom he describes as having suddenly disappeared from the synedrium in an unaccountable manner. From this man Seraphia learns for the first time the fact of our Lord's apprehension and impeachment. Soon after his departure, Dina returns with further and more dreadful details of our Lord's Passion; for she has seen Him brought out on Pilate's balcony crowned with thorns, and rejected for Barabbas by the people. Her account of what she has thus seen is one of the most powerfully wrought-up passages of the whole play. Seraphia is thrown by what she hears into the greatest dismay and consternation of mind. Still, she feels confident that Jesus will not fail to confound the designs of His enemies, and assert His real character by an exertion of His divine omnipotence. Dina is shortly followed by Reuben, another friend of Sirach, who confirms all that Dina has related, and endeavours in gentle persuasive words to convince Seraphia that such sufferings and indignities as Jesus suffers are an invincible proof that He is not the Messiah she takes Him for. His arguments so far prevail as to rouse a terrible struggle in Seraphia's soul, in which her faith seems more than once on the point of perishing. In the midst of this dreadful agitation of mind, Abias again makes his appearance in search of Sirach, and announces to his distracted wife that Jesus is actually condemned to death. He wants Sirach, he says, to form part of the escort to accompany our Saviour to His crucifixion. At this overwhelming news Seraphia swoons away. While Abias is brutally triumphing over her, Sirach suddenly enters and declares himself a believer in Jesus. The behaviour of the latter under His sufferings and before His judges, contrasted with the spirit manifested by them against Him, are the causes of Sirach's conversion. In vain Abias conjures and threatens by turns. Sirach stands firm; while Seraphia derives new courage from such an event at such a crisis.

At length the sad procession to Calvary is seen from the house bearing down the road. Seraphia, full of faith, but utterly perplexed at the mysterious ways of God, rushes forth to speak a word of comfort to her divine Master, and offer Him wine and refreshment in His dreadful situation. She unties her veil, and presents it Him to wipe His face with. He passes it over His features, and returns it to her impressed with His divine image. Without at first observing it, she returns to her house, and with Sirach and Dina views the events of the crucifixion from the roof. Then she discovers for the first time the miraculous likeness in her veil. She shows it to the others, and all three are confirmed anew in their faith. From that moment, too, she assumes the name of Veronica (from *vera*

icon,—true image). Moreover, she suddenly becomes illuminated, as it were, with a supernatural knowledge of the true import of the mystery of our Lord's Passion, and pours forth the revelation vouchsafed to her in a sort of inspired rhapsody, the whole concluding with the words, which are also the last of the play: *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*

From this sketch of *Veronica*, it will be seen that its main interest is in its powerful delineation of the impassioned struggle between faith and reason in the breast of the heroine, who enlists the sympathies of the reader all the more that he cannot help associating her in his mind with many kindred souls in our own day, engaged in a similar struggle, and carrying it out to a like prosperous issue. There is little or no action, nor any drawing of character, in the piece, which is only dramatic in the form. The versification and diction are in the purest classical style, with an economy of ornament quite parsimonious. Some of the speeches, however, need shortening by one half; and as regards Dina and Sirach, especially in the third act, they should be left out altogether. But on this system of retrenchment every German play that has ever yet been written would be equally open to improvement.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Reply to the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce's Principles of Church Authority. By Henry Drummond. (Bosworth.) Mr. Henry Drummond is an illustration of the incongruity of the characters which may be united in a single individual. What limit is there to human eccentricity, when the same man can be jester to the House of Commons, Pontifex Maximus to the Irvingites, the ribald assailant of Catholic nuns, and the fertile writer of theological pamphlets? Here we have the member for West Surrey in full polemical force. In its overweening self-esteem, extreme indelicacy, and entire blindness to facts, it fully sustains the reputation of its author. Mr. Drummond is said to be at least a respectable man in his own life. Nevertheless he looks at the whole subject of Christian morals, and the life of men in general, with that very same distorted and diseased vision which belongs to persons themselves defiled with every impurity. We regret to have to speak in such terms of a person of his age, position, and character; but the fact is, that men of the world, whose knowledge of sin is *experimental* only, are totally unable to comprehend the character of mind of those who study sin *theoretically* in order that they may lead others to avoid it. The condition of mind of a man who could write as Mr. Drummond does is simply shocking.

Christian Politics; an Essay on the Text of Paley. By the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. (London, Hope.) In spite

of the long list of learned titles which this reverend gentleman appends to his name, we have found his book one of the most flimsy and feeble productions, on a most important but most difficult subject, that we have ever come across. He tells us in the preface that he intends to do the same for Paley's work on Politics as Lord Brougham has done for his Natural Theology, namely, enlarge it, correct it, and adapt it to the changed circumstances of the present period. He begins by defining what is a Christian state. England, Russia, and the United States, are allowed to be such. The first principle of Christian politics (*i.e.* government) is that "All men are by nature equal in the sight of God." Now this, as a truth in religion, is undeniable; but it is not transferred into a truth of politics by those states which admit of slavery, such as the United States and Russia. Therefore we have in the very first chapter states allowed to be Christian, which do not admit Mr. Christmas's "very first principle." Fancy a Christian polity which rejects the foundation of Christian politics!

What would Mr. Christmas say to the following fact, which is related by Father Theiner, in the sixth chapter of his book on the "Schismatic Church of Russia?" "A Russian writer of considerable eminence printed, a few years ago, a book of instructions for young ecclesiastics. Among other things, he said, 'Before the tribunal of Penance there is no difference between the purple of the prince and the rags of the beggar.' The Holy Synod, however, found this maxim too rash; and thereupon submitted the book to the metropolitans of Petersburg and Moscow, in order that they might give their opinions upon it. Both these eminent divines thought with the good Procurator of the Synod; and the author was obliged to retract his opinion, under the pain of being considered heretical on the point."

Now here is a Christian government eliminating from religion as well as from politics the fundamental principle of Christian government. Either, then, Mr. Christmas has chosen a wrong principle to start from, or he has wrongly admitted Russia and the United States into the list of Christian states. So much for his first chapter. In his fourth he lays down that the people is "the alone source of power;" and says of Queen Victoria, that "to be enthroned in the hearts of a mighty people, to be, in fact, the embodied expression of a magnificent national WILL, is to be, in the highest sense, *ordained* OF GOD." If this is true, the converse is also true; and when the people says "We will not have this man to rule over us," it must in all circumstances express, not the permission, but the Will of God, which the people are right in executing, or rather, would be wrong were they not to execute. We will not proceed to examine this foolish book any further; only expressing our astonishment that the owner of so many diplomas of learned societies should express himself in such slipshod English (*e.g.* "the whole passage would gladly have been omitted"), and concluding by recommending to any of our readers who may wish to study a really profound treatise on political science, Rosmini's "*Filosofia della Politica*," which to us appears the best of all his works, and one which, on all possible considerations, we would have our readers consult instead of such a book as Mr. Christmas's.

The Eighth of December 1854. (T. Jones.) The Dogmatic Bull on the Immaculate Conception, both in Latin and English; with an introduction by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster, sketching the subject historically and dogmatically. It is neatly got up, and will be welcome to every one who wishes to preserve the Bull in a convenient form for future reference.

The Daily Manual of the Third Order of St. Dominic, in Latin and English. Arranged and newly translated by James Dominick Aylward, Priest of the Order of St. Dominic, Prior of the Annunciation, Woodchester. (Dublin, Duffy.) The Offices here collected and translated are intended for use among the members of the Third Order of St. Dominic, of whom there are many in Ireland, and an increasing number in England, living in the world. They are intended, consequently, for use both in private devotion and in public, where the Tertiaries are sufficiently numerous to form a kind of local body or congregation. The present volume (to be followed by another) contains, the Office of our Blessed Lady, with the numerous Commemorations of the Saints of the Order throughout the year; the Office for the Dead; the Little Offices of the Holy Name and of the Immaculate Conception; with various Psalms, Prayers, &c.

The literary feature of the book is the unusual excellence of the metrical translations of the Hymns. Some of these are quite unequalled by any versions that have ever, to our knowledge, before appeared; uniting a perfect fidelity to the original, to an ease and flow of phraseology rarely attained by translators. Those who may doubt the justice of our praise should turn to the *Ave Maris Stella*, and the *Dies Iræ*, and compare them with any other version to which they can refer.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Ten Weeks in Natal: a Journal of a First Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu-Kafirs of Natal. By J. W. Colenso, D.D., (Anglican) Bishop of the Diocese. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) As a traveller's journal, this book is decidedly slow; but as the notes of an Anglican Bishop, it contains much matter for reflection. It shows the advantages which these labourers enjoy, who go to the savages in the name of Queen Victoria, accompanied by the officers of government, and with the whole prestige of the temporal authority; how they can appeal to the soul through the body, and make Christianity pleasant to the old man before the new sees any thing in it. It shows, too, the strange use which these gentlemen make of their advantages, and how little reason they have to talk about the Jesuit missionaries in China, and the concessions which they made to heathen prejudice. We will not insist on the feast of first-fruits, which, though a "purely heathen ceremony," Bishop Colenso determined, very wisely we think, to impress with a Christian character; but what will our readers say to the actual permission of polygamy? We give the Bishop's own words:

"I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands upon their conversion to Christianity is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. . . . Suppose a Kafir-man, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them,—who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous), have lived with him thirty years or more, have borne him children, and have served him faithfully and affectionately,—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them in the eyes of all their people to commit adultery, because he becomes a Christian? What is to become of their children?"

. . . And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? . . . The whole body of American missionaries in Burmah, in 1853, at a Convocation, where two delegates attended from America, and where this point was specially debated, came to a unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to communion, but not to offices in the Church. I must say, this appears to me the only right and reasonable course."

We well remember the indignation that exploded at Oxford when Dr. Newman declared from the University pulpit that Protestantism had occasionally unexpectedly developed into polygamy. We do not know that Bishop Colenso was not himself one of the protesting party against this "insult," little expecting at that time to be one of the next instances of the principle enunciated. The good Bishop will be rather in a fix, if he should succeed in converting his friend Langalibalele with his eighty wives; though more probably he is ready to allow any thing; and should he make the king of the Cannibal Islands a Christian, would have no difficulty in allowing him two babies a week for breakfast during his life.

Nature and Human Nature. By the Author of "Sam Slick." 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) Judge Haliburton's writings extend over so long a period, that in his new books he may be said to address a new generation of readers, who, not knowing his first works, will not feel the sameness of his later ones pall upon their taste. For ourselves, we confess that the eternal yankeisms, which were very amusing at first, have grown vapid and insipid. But this is no reason why those who have not read the earlier volumes should not find in these all the freshness that older persons found in their predecessors. Perhaps the learned judge is a little too didactic now to be as brilliant as he used to be; but we can with truth say one good word for him; that throughout his books we have never met with any thing offensive to Catholic ears, as such; but we warn our Irish readers that they will every now and then stumble on a sentence which will shock their feelings.

Constance Herbert, by Miss Jewsbury. 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) A clever and interesting novel, dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, and intended to insinuate the transcendental philosophy of which he is the great master in England. This philosophy is a kind of hypertrophy of the heart, which it enlarges at the expense of the head, in making all the powers of man subservient to his feelings. The authoress is a strong-minded lady, and deals in madness and heart-aches as liberally as Mr. Warren himself. Her novel is forcibly written, and is civil to Catholics, with the civility peculiar to the transcendentalists, who contemplate with satisfaction the blundering bigots beneath their fighting for modes of faith, while they sit secure in the citadel of right feeling. So far as ours is a more poetical and gentlemanly religion than Quakerism or Methodism, it is preferred to them, though its professors are regarded with pity, as under the influence of a fatal mistake. In this whole class of novels we are sure to have the infancy of the heroine largely developed, and most wonderful things recounted of the sensibility of the child; for it is one of the practices of the school to look for wisdom in the eyes of babies; at least such is their teaching. Whether they try their theory on living infants, this deponent sayeth not. Miss Jewsbury also makes all her ladies heroines, and all her men rascals; for the female is the representative of heart, and the male of head. It is a novel with a purpose, which it successfully carries out.

The Dublin Review for April has an article entitled "Bad Popes," but really on Savonarola and Alexander VI., which should be read by every one interested in the truth of ecclesiastical history. Every body, of course, thinks his own view on any subject the true one, or else he would not hold it. Accordingly, we regard the estimate of Savonarola which appeared in the *Rambler* for November and December 1853 as more impartial than that which is adopted by the writer before us, who, we think, does scant justice to the extraordinary Dominican. At the same time the article is acute, learned, and hearty in tone; and every good Catholic must sympathise with the writer's indignation against the miserable perversion of truth which abounds in too many nominal Catholic historians.

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. By Sarah S. Farmer. (Hamilton.) Mrs. (or Miss?) Farmer is a Methodist lady. Her history of the islands of the Pacific is written in the style which prevails in that "persuasion," and on the principles of the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock's Map, as set forth in page 423. "Have you ever seen Mr. Curnock's large map of the world, coloured so as to show at a glance the comparative spread of true and false religions? The Pagan countries are as black as ink; those where Popery prevails, red; and so forth. Wherever a purer faith prevails, the spot is distinguished by a bright gold colour." The Friendly Islanders, it seems, are a reading people; but want books. "Will no one," asks Sarah S. Farmer, "do for Tonga what Sarah Boardman, the second Mrs. Judson, did for Burmah? Her justly admiring husband" (which of the two does not appear) "says: 'Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress into Burmese is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published.'" We repeat the inquiry, Will no one do old Bunyan into Tonguese? Our authoress professes that her book was written for young people; if she considered it necessary to that end to be dull and silly, she has perfectly succeeded.

The Art of Travel. By Francis Galton. (Murray.) A handbook unsuited to him who, taking his ease in his inn, washes down his fri-candeau with Steinberg-cabinet. Mr. Galton is the well-known traveller, and has made use of his hard-earned experience in tropical Southern Africa to compose a most useful manual for "all who have to rough it." Under the several heads of water, fire, clothes, and so forth, he gives clear and distinct directions and advice for the organisation and successful prosecution of journeys of exploration in wild and savage countries. As a proof of his good sense, we quote the following, which occurs under the title "Bivouac:" "The oldest travellers will ever be found to be those who go the most systematically and carefully to work in making their sleeping-places dry and warm. Unless a traveller makes himself at home and comfortable in the bush, he will never be contented with his lot; but will fall into the bad habit of looking forward to the end of his journey, when he shall return home to civilisation, instead of complacently interesting himself in its progress. This is a frame of mind in which few great journeys have been successfully accomplished; and an explorer who cannot divest himself of it may be sure he has mistaken his vocation."

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, abroad and at home. By Mrs. Jameson. (London, Longmans.) When Mrs. Jameson descends from the chair of the teacher of philosophy, she is a very agreeable and kindly writer. In the present lecture, which is designed to induce English Protestants to make as much use of the feminine element

of society as Catholics have always done, she rather unfairly overlooks all that our good Catholic nuns in England are doing; the work of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and of the Little Sisters of the Poor, of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and of the nuns who manage our poor-schools;—a strange omission for a work which professes to glance at all active orders, both abroad and at home. She ought to know that Protestant “Sisters of Charity” have not the monopoly of good works within these realms; but, nevertheless, she makes some strong admissions. For instance, “The truth seems to me to amount to this, that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our nature,—a law of life, which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate.” This principle is, that woman in general is the purifying motherly element of society, as the sister or mother is in the house. The words “Behold thy mother; behold thy son,” were spoken “to the wide universe, to all humanity, to all time.” And women feel their vocation, and follow it. “Why is it,” she asks, “that we see so many women, carefully educated, going over to the Roman Catholic Church? For no other reason but for the power it gives them to throw their energies into a sphere of definite utility under the control of a high religious responsibility.”

Our readers must not suppose that Mrs. Jameson recognises any thing supernatural in Catholicity. If she adopts its terms, it is because for her its doctrines are the narrow and childish types which represent the great and broad truths of universalism and transcendentalism. She seems to consider the Catholic Church as a wily despotism, knowing how to make use of certain natural and powerful feelings, which Protestants, in their headlong spirit of opposition, have unduly disparaged. What has been established among us by the spirit of obedience, she hopes to see done in her communion by the spirit of liberty and liberalism. The spirit of rivalry may perhaps do something; but we do not expect much from Mrs. Jameson’s peculiar motives. However, we cannot and will not speak a word, except of praise and honour, of those who, on any motive, are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of their suffering neighbours. Such deeds must bring their own rewards, which may sometimes turn out far different from what was hoped or expected.

History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854. By J. G. Shea. With portraits. (New York, Edward Dunigan.) An excellent volume, in which the very edifying accounts of missionary labour, sufferings, and martyrdoms, are collected together, in many cases from original documents, and related in a compressed narrative, remarkable for simple good sense and the absence of all exaggeration and affectation. It is a really valuable addition to ecclesiastical history; while its small size will be a further recommendation to purchasers and readers.

The Mouse and her Friends, with other Stories, translated and adapted for Children. By John Edward Taylor. (Chapman and Hall.) *The Mouse and her Friends*, and its companion stories, will dismay those seniors who insist upon some weighty “moral” in every child’s book, and are never satisfied unless virtue is invariably rewarded to a tremendous extent, and vice as tremendously punished. The animals who figure in these fables (which are of Oriental origin) are, many of them, no better than they should be; and the rogues quite as often get the better of the worthier brutes as the reverse. We cannot say that we

think this a fault, and are pretty sure that children in general will be of the same opinion. The stories are certainly clever, amusing, and original.

The Moor of Venice: Cinthio's Tale and Shakspeare's Tragedy. By John Edward Taylor. (Chapman and Hall.) The original story on which Shakspeare grounded the most tragic of all his tragedies. It is curious and interesting, both as a favourable specimen of the Italian tales so common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and as showing how the genius of the great poet refined and elevated the materials that came into his hands. Mr. Taylor prefixes some judicious criticisms of his own.

Hardwicke's Shilling Peerage for 1855, compiled by E. Walford, Esq. (Hardwicke.) Honestly we may use of this compilation the exceedingly stale and generally untrue assertion, that it is the cheapest shilling's worth we know of. It is well turned out in all respects.

The Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Dolman.) We wish we could believe that many such records as that which is here at last printed, lay hidden in the houses of our old Catholic ancestors. Unhappily, time and the world's enmity have destroyed all such to an extent little known. Mrs. Dorothy Lawson was born in 1580, and died in 1632. The present memoir was written by Father W. Palmers, a Jesuit, and her spiritual director. It is a sweet and touching narrative of faith and good works in a day of sorrow and blasphemy.

The Parlour Library. (Hodgson.) Three of the last reprints in the Parlour Library are, *Sir Jasper Carew*, by the Author of "Maurice Tiernay," James's *Stepmother*, and Mrs. Marsh's *Castle Avon*.

The author of *Maurice Tiernay* is a clever, rattling, lively writer, well up in the history of Irish society of the last two or three generations, when the Irish gentry were closely linked with France, and themselves were going to the dogs as fast as they could run. With such a novelist we do not look for any thing very refined or very profound; and those who simply want to be amused may turn to the writer before us without being disappointed. His books are better worth reprinting than many which make up the endless cheap "Libraries" of the day.

The *Stepmother* contains nothing objectionable in a moral or religious point of view. It is a fashionable novel, neither very new nor striking, and certainly not to be compared to the historical romances by the same author.

Castle Avon has a good opening. The plot is tame, and badly worked out. Added to this, it is a religious novel, half-Puseyite, half-Ranter; expatiating on the improved state of the Church of England, and making a hero of a man who goes about preaching the Gospel, and detailing to every one the particulars of an atrocious murder and one or two felonious actions that he has perpetrated. He is nevertheless "called to convert others," though the reader cannot but wonder what the police are about in the meantime.

Russia and her Czars. By E. J. Brabazon. (London, Robert Theobald.) The very absurd dedication prefixed to this book does not predispose one in its favour. It is, nevertheless, a very readable narrative, compiled from obvious sources, but digested into a whole with considerable pains. The account of the Czars is full of horrible details; but in our feelings against Russia, we must not forget that the personal

history of any series of rulers, of any country or time, would generally furnish a terrible picture of debauchery and crime. We question whether the Czars of Russia have been much worse than the rulers of other semi-civilised countries; or whether the petty princes of Italy, during the middle ages, would not furnish parallels to their cruelty. The size of the book is in its favour. The authoress is of the Evangelical school, and gives vent to the usual offensive matter when the conduct of Popes is in question.

St. Louis and Henri IV. By J. H. Gurney, M.A. (London, Longmans.) Two historical sketches, written for Protestant young people with the usual bias; but with some improvement in tone, and some appearance of candour. The author is an Anglican minister.

The Miner's Daughter: A Catholic Tale. By Cecilia Mary Caddell, authoress of "Blind Agnese," &c. Most persons who care to see that their servants and dependents are well instructed in all that concerns, at least, the essentials of their religion, must have felt the want of some little work on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which they could put into their hands with a fair prospect of its being read and understood. There are numbers of ill-informed Catholics in various states of life to whom a formal book of instructions is practically useless, as being uninteresting and even unintelligible; numbers who, in fact, require to be taught orally and categorically, yet to whom, for one reason or another, it would be positively affronting, and therefore impolitic, to propose any thing in the shape of catechetical teaching, whether by word of mouth or by book. For both these classes this unpretending little work will be found extremely useful; more so, perhaps, than for the young and those who generally rank as the ignorant. For the young are apt to skip the didactic portions of what professes to be an amusing story; indeed, if it be clearly amusing, they are impatient to get to the end of it, and hurry on with a half-intention, but rarely fulfilled, of returning to the instructions when their curiosity is satisfied; and for the ignorant, as the word is commonly understood, nothing short of repeated oral teaching is really of any use. At the same time, we are very far from intending to deny that the young who are already acquainted with the principal points in the action of the Mass, will certainly derive much important information, in a pleasant way, from this attractive little volume; and certain we are, that for the ignorant, whether Catholics or Protestants, who are not too ignorant to learn any thing from a book, we know of no existing work which can be put in comparison with the one before us. It supplies what has hitherto been a desideratum,—an easy and familiar explanation of the doctrine and ritual of the Mass; and being professedly a tale, it will be acceptable to many who would not open, or at least would not be at the trouble of studying, a catechism, and yet would be really glad to obtain information in such an indirect way. There is sufficient story to carry the reader on; more, indeed, than is found in the two admirable volumes of *Cottage Conversations*, by another authoress, of which the present publication reminds us, and to which it forms a very suitable companion.

1. *The Witch of Melton Hill.* By the Author of "Mount St. Lawrence." 2. *Pictures of Christian Heroism.* (Burns and Lambert.) As in the case of the former volumes of the "Popular Library," we can but announce the publication of these two volumes, with our best wishes for their success.

What I know of the late Emperor Nicholas and his Family. By E. T. Turnerelli, sixteen years resident in Russia. (Churton.) While

the scribes of the general English press are busy with the blacking-pot, daubing the late Czar's effigy to a demoniacal darkness, here comes Mr. Turnerelli with the hues of the rainbow, and paints him a kind of Apollo-Jupiter-Aristides-Paterfamilias. He has one advantage over many of the book-makers of the day: he lived long under the Czar, and so writes from his experiences. At any rate he writes heartily, and with that courage which deserves a hearing; and we recommend his book to every one who wishes to hear both sides. It is gossiping and anecdotal, and not too long. Probably the truth about the late Czar lies between the two extremes. For a despot, he might pass very creditably in a general muster. His *personal* qualifications for ruling a race like the Russians were undeniable; and those very qualifications were at once his snare and the source of his power.

The Massacre at the Carmes in 1792. By Robert Belaney, M.A. (Lumley.) This is not only an historical sketch of the celebrated martyrdom at the Monastery of the "Carmes" in Paris, when one archbishop, two bishops, and about two hundred priests suffered for their faith, but a clever and telling exposition of the argument in favour of Catholicity which the sufferings of the faithful supply. Mr. Belaney has been for some time resident in Paris, and writes with his mind full of the *religio loci*. His work is not merely valuable for the general reader, but may be advantageously added to the libraries of our rising Catholic Institutes, Clubs, and Societies, frequented by young men who ought to be well informed on all such subjects, and cannot fail to have their faith and courage strengthened by knowing what has been done and suffered by their fellow-Catholics in the cause of Jesus Christ.

Oxford Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. (London, J. W. Parker.) As a whole, this volume does no particular credit to Oxford genius; nor have the separate essays, for the most part, much to do with the individuality of that University. The first, on Lucretius, is a specimen of the pretty but somewhat fiddle-faddle scholastic dilettantism that used to be so much encouraged there. That on the Plurality of Worlds holds the balance very equitably in the controversy between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster. That on Persian Literature is interesting, as showing how Dr. Pusey, and people whom he influences, are at once taken with any thing resembling quietism, though even in the pantheistic and immoral poetry of Hafiz and the Sufi sect. Incomparably the best and most pertinent essay in the volume is that on Oxford Studies, by the Rev. M. Pattison, who shows himself an intelligent and able disciple of Dr. Newman's school in his views on university education. We cannot resist the temptation of giving some extracts:

"The higher education differs from the primary in this important respect, that the higher education is communicated from the teacher to the taught by influence, by sympathy, by contact of mind with mind. In teaching the elements of grammar or geometry, as in teaching an art, the teacher lays down rules, and sees that the pupil remembers or conforms to them. The process is mechanical. The memory only and the lower faculties of the understanding are called into play on both sides, pupil and teacher alike. But it is otherwise in the higher spheres of mind. There the teacher must act with his whole mind on the pupil's whole mind. He does not lay down principles, he initiates into methods; he is himself an investigator, and he is inviting the pupil to accompany him on his road; he does not go down to the pupil's level, but he assumes the pupil to his."

Here we think the true reason why Catholics cannot allow their sons to be educated at Protestant or non-religious universities is implied. If the university is not a mere grammar-school or art-studio, the thing gained there is not grammar or art, but method and direction of mind; an assimilation of the pupil's mind to that of the teacher, in the highest subjects of human research, namely, universal philosophy. Now when we consider that in this subject, which includes the bearings and mutual relations of all sciences, the questions are generally of a kind in which, as F. Schlegel says, the will, not the reason, decides,—questions on the origin of things, their final purpose, and the deepest social and moral philosophy,—and that each religious system has its own definite way of viewing these things, as the atheistical system has *its* way of denying them or disparaging them altogether; it is evident that if the university is so in truth and not merely in name, it must for Catholics be conducted on the Catholic system, unless we wish our young men to view all things from a Protestant stand-point, and to investigate in a Protestant method. It is very well to say that religion will not be touched, when the whole religious method is controverted or ignored.

The value of a university is in its activity. There must be interest not only on the part of the pupil, but on that of the teacher, who must not have stored his mind with a certain number of "dodges," or a certain amount of information, and then gradually dispense what he has by the dozen or by the ounce. "We can only usefully teach, where our interest is fresh and our knowledge enlarging." "The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, *i. e.* when it has lost its connection with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching. . . . This is why we cannot teach from our recollections, however trustworthy they may be. The higher education can be no more committed to memory and learned by rote or by books, than religion can be transmitted by tradition or by a document."

In the controversy about Oxford studies the author admits that the classicists, though right in principle, were wrong in their facts; while their opponents were right in their facts, but absurdly wrong in their principles. "The whole body of sciences (not only classical studies) forms the indispensable groundwork of a liberal education." In this the moderns are right; but wrong when they *will* stake the issue on the comparative *utility* (for general purposes, not for expansion of mind) of the classics and of science. The proper object of university education is what Lord Bacon calls "universality."

Even for the positive sciences themselves, Comte (who admits no metaphysical or theological science) declares that such a universality is necessary to preserve them from ruin. "Let us have," he says, "a new class of students, whose business it shall be to take the respective sciences as they are, determine the spirit of each, ascertain their relations and mutual connection, &c.; then we may dismiss all fear of the great whole being lost sight of in the pursuit of the details of knowledge." Until a university education effects something of this sort, we shall continue to enjoy the spectacle so familiar to England, of every empiric setting up his own idol as the one true God.

Throughout the book there is more or less a tone of Germanising mysticism. All the essays seem to emanate from the *liberal* school of Oxford. One of the longest in the volume advocates Hegel's system of right, apparently because his ideal polity turns out to be no fanciful Utopia or New Atlantis, but a study drawn from the British constitu-

tion. The Anglo-Saxon naturally believes any principle to be true which logically explains his own peculiar institutions.

Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie. By Cecilia L. Brightwell. (Norwich, Fletcher and Alexander.) A sort of corollary to the memoirs of J. J. Gurney. It contains the same kind of cant. Some people may reap a little amusement from the phraseology of Mrs. Opie's journal: "Meeting very still and refreshing; L. B. much favoured; rose low and self-abased; a sweet, favoured meeting; the ministry lively and touching; grieved I could not go to meeting; my own sitting a favoured and comforting one." Another meeting, we are told, was "evidently owned." The author of *Hudibras* likens Quakers to lanterns, because they carry their lights within. The light may be there; but this queer phraseology is hardly clear enough to transmit any of its rays. They are simply dark lanterns to us.

Edward Irving; an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilkes. (London, Freeman.) Dedicated to Thos. Carlyle, "the most trusted of philosophers," and to Mr. Maurice, "the eminent religious reformer." This volume, characterised by its author as "Catholic and Independent, fervent though free," will be found to be an additional field for our " gleanings from the Broad Church," which we regret not having seen before. Mr. Irving, as most of our readers know, was the half-crazy founder of the new "Catholic and Apostolic Church," and was the introducer of the "speaking with tongues," which was almost as rife twenty years ago as the table-turning and spirit-rapping of to-day. He was terribly long-winded, and much annoyed when any one questioned his inspiration. He perhaps meant well, made sundry approaches to Catholicity, and beyond all question was a wonderful orator; but certainly Dr. Brownson would pronounce him to have been possessed by the devil.

Detached Thoughts and Apothegms, extracted from the writings of Archbishop Whately. 1st Series. (London, Blackader.) Some admirer of the eccentric archbishop has culled out of his writings many stupid, and many racy and good sayings, at the same time warning us that the beauty of the building is not to be disparaged because fault may be found with these specimen bricks; and assuring us that the archbishop's great merit is the harmony and totality of his writings. We, on the contrary, are of those who prefer his bricks to his walls. This first series is "On the Love of Truth in Religious Inquiry," a subject on which the author reasons well, but on which certain late works issuing from "the Palace, Dublin," afford a curious commentary.

Velazquez and his Works. By William Stirling. (London, J. W. Parker.) Mr. Stirling has rewritten the article on Velazquez in his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," and has produced an admirable little biography. Contrary to the usual lot of Spanish artists, whose "true patron was unquestionably the supreme and munificent Church," the subject of the present memoir was during almost his whole career employed in the court of King Philip IV., and his pictures are therefore more secular than the generality of those of the Spanish school. Supreme in portraits, whether busts, heads, full-length, or equestrian, "he has been compared as a painter of landscapes to Claude; as a painter of low life to Teniers; his fruit-pieces equal those of Van Kessel; his poultry might contest the prize with the fowls of Hondekoeter on their own dunghill; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Sneyders." The life of an artist rarely presents such a picture of unchequered good fortune and happiness as that of Velasquez.

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PART XVIII.

CATHOLIC POLITICS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THERE is no greater mistake than that which identifies the political advancement of Catholics with the advancement of Catholicism itself. No doubt it would be pleasant enough to believe that the advancement of the one was necessarily the advancement of the other. It would spare the anxious observer many a fear, if he could persuade himself that whenever a Catholic prospers as a citizen, Catholicism itself is prospering in an equal degree. But, unhappily, the political prosperity of Catholics is scarcely any index at all of the spiritual progress of the true faith. One might almost as reasonably look upon the dainties of a good dinner as a proof of the healthy appetite and correct morals of the guests who sit down to eat it.

Still more unhappily, there are too many of us who are unconscious of the true state of the case as regards the Church and the world. In every part of Great Britain and Ireland there are to be found Catholics—good ones, too, in their way—who are in ecstasies when they hear of any decent civilities being shown to their fellow-Catholics by respectable or powerful Protestants. The smile of a minister they regard almost as an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the hour of the abrogation of a penal law as a sort of repetition of the day of Pentecost.

If these notions led to nothing else but the utterance of a few delighted drawing-room exclamations, or the raising of a few hopes to be prematurely blighted, no great harm would be done. We could afford to laugh in peace at such remarks as, "Would you believe it? The Duke of Blank went to hear Cardinal Wiseman preach;"—or, "Lord So-and-so says he does not think Catholics are really idolaters, after all;"—or "Mr. Supple is just appointed to a valuable commissioner-ship; there really are hopes of the conversion of England."

In the memory of many of us there never was a time when a certain class of pious gossips were not all agog with the conviction that some duchess or other was going to be converted. All this, no doubt, would be harmless, amusing, and simple enough, if it stopped here. The mischief follows when these hopes tend to blind us to the real nature of the contest which must ever be going on beneath the surface between the Church of Christ and the world, which is His enemy; and when they turn our attention away from that practical course of purely Catholic action which is the only means by which the spiritual advancement of our religion can be secured. In the Church there are at all times a large number of persons; highly respectable and worthy in their way; good and religious in reality, and who would shrink instinctively from any thing palpably worldly or heretical; but who are yet unable to realise with habitual vividness of apprehension the essentially *spiritual* character of the relationship between Catholicism and its foes. They stand at the opposite extreme from the race of genuine religious fanatics. These latter would ignore the very existence of every thing not purely spiritual or supernatural; they allow nothing for mixed motives in human actions, and want to see the affairs of the Church managed on "millennial" principles. The class of minds we now speak of are equally in error, though their error is the very reverse in kind. They are so much occupied with the political and social position of Catholics, as to overlook the grand truth, that temporal prosperity is not in the slightest degree *in itself* a token that religion is advancing and prosperous.

The real truth we take to be this:—that temporal prosperity is advantageous by its allowing the Church to develop her own resources, and to bring into action the weapons of her purely spiritual armory. The moment it tempts us to overlook the deadly hostility which must ever exist, however latent, between the world and the Church, it becomes so far not a gain, but an evil. We may rest assured that when the world smiles upon us, it smiles upon us for its own purposes and not for ours. Those purposes may be innocent, conscientiously contemplated, and, when viewed in the natural order of things, even good; but they are not our purposes. The end the world thus seeks is not the destruction of sin and the glory of Jesus Christ, which are our ends as Catholics. Nay, more, there may be individual Protestants whose honourable conduct towards Catholicism and Catholics may be partially influenced by some such spiritual motives as those which guide us. Divine grace may be operating upon their minds,

and making them its instruments in a work of whose nature they have but an imperfect conception. Still, these are the exceptions; and their conduct cannot be permanently reckoned on as thoroughly trustworthy, however much we may applaud it and rejoice in it.

Entertaining a deep conviction of the importance of the opinions thus stated, we have never ceased to be grateful for the change in popular English feeling which took place upon the establishment of the hierarchy. Pitying most heartily those among the Catholic poor who suffered, as many did, from the relentless harshness of Protestant masters and employers, we have felt all along that the rebuff which the world then gave us was a most wholesome correction, and very much needed. We were beginning to think a great deal too much of the improved tone of our relationships with the world. Captivated by the amiability of the press, and of men of "liberal" sentiments in general, we were forgetting the immense necessities of our own poor, and the paramount claims of our own brothers in Christ. The results of Catholic "emancipation" were fast growing not a little questionable as to their influence on religion; and the fierce wordy onslaught of Lord John Russell, and the multitude who barked at his heels, was just the very thing to recal us to our sober senses. If, indeed, it had gone much further, it might have proved a serious obstacle to the development of our spiritual resources. But the mercy of God restrained the teeth of the enemy, while it allowed him to bark himself to exhaustion; and for ourselves, we cannot but regard that national outburst of wrath both as a providential interference in our behalf, and as a sign that, in some mysterious way, the minds of our countrymen are preparing for a great and glorious change;—not, perhaps, in our day, but before the end of all things.

Placed thus, as we now are, in a peculiar and apparently transition state, it is curious to look back, and recal the condition of "Catholic interests" as they were understood in a generation now rapidly passing away. With so many things to encourage, and many also to dishearten us, it is with a singular and almost melancholy interest that memory summons back the scenes and personages that absorbed public Catholic attention five-and-twenty or thirty years ago. The days of the old "Catholic association" are already so completely gone by, that we seem almost to be reading a book of past history when we recollect how we Catholics then stood in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. The events of the last twenty years have rushed on so rapidly, each fresh one almost obliterating the memory of its predecessor, that it is difficult to realise the

condition of popular Catholic feeling which less than a generation ago seemed part and parcel of the condition of Irish and English Catholicism.

Some such thoughts as these will perhaps have occurred to those of our readers who have taken up two very recent publications—the *Legal and Political Sketches of the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil*, and *Sheil's Life*, by Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh. The former is a republication of papers originally contributed by Sheil to the *New Monthly Magazine*; but so long a time has elapsed since their first appearance, that to most readers they wear the guise of an altogether new book. The latter is, if we may so say, too new a book. Mr. M'Cullagh has written Sheil's life before its time. There are too many men alive, either personally or by relationship connected with the leaders in the Catholic emancipation and repeal movements, to allow of a complete telling of all things desirable to be told. Very justly, therefore, respecting the feelings of living persons, Mr. M'Cullagh has avoided some subjects on which curiosity would be most alive.

It is to Sheil's own writings that we are more disposed to refer for a few pictures of men and events in the agitated period during which our fathers struggled and won their victory. Whether or not they will tend to raise or diminish our estimate of the character of some of the foremost personages of the day, will depend upon the nature of the estimate we have already formed. At any rate, it can do us no harm to recal the character of men so distinguished as Sheil, as drawn or displayed by himself; and to observe how he viewed and painted the times in which he was so conspicuous an actor.

In thus looking back, it is but natural to ask ourselves whether the results of the immense labour devoted to the work of emancipation by such men as O'Connell, and the energetic activity of so many of the Catholic clergy, has been repaid by the practical results of the Emancipation Act. Considering that millions of British and Irish Catholics of all ranks believed that the progress and almost existence of Catholicism depended upon the admittance of Catholics to the legislature, it is impossible to help saying to ourselves, "Have the expectations thus raised been fulfilled? or was it all a splendid delusion?" What, then, *in fact*, have we gained by emancipation?

The natural reply to the question is other questions. "What was the exact nature of the advantages which Catholics *expected* from emancipation? What were the precise and tangible results which it was held would be accomplished by Catholic Peers in the Upper House, and by M.Ps. in the

Lower? What were they to do *for religion?*" What they were to do *for themselves* is of course quite another consideration; and we do not exactly imagine that the United Kingdom was shaken to its foundations in order to enable some very questionable nobleman, or still more questionable gentleman, to use his legislative position to his own private advantage.

These second queries, however, it is not easy to answer; nor is it necessary. The fact is, that *whatever* were the anticipations of the past generation of Catholics, *hitherto* they have not been fulfilled. When we look back, and sum up the gains to our religion which have been won to us by our Catholic legislators, the total is simply nothing. There is not one single advantage that has accrued to us, of the little that has really accrued to us, which is traceable to the parliamentary influence of Catholic peers and representatives. Whether it is that they have mistaken their line, or been deficient in capacity or sincerity, or that they have contrived by their divisions and manœuvring to neutralise whatever power they might have wielded, the practical result of their presence in Parliament is precisely *nil*.

A year or two ago, indeed, an improvement began; and we heartily trust it may continue. But this improvement was merely in the position of Catholicism before the Houses of Parliament; nothing yet has *resulted* from the change. Until quite recently, the one man who stood before his brother-legislators as *the* representative of Catholic interests, as such, and as the lever by which the weight of the penal law was to be finally removed from the faith, was—Mr. Chisholm Anstey! Could there be a more bitter satire on the Parliamentary influence of Catholics in favour of their religion?

Have we, then, gained nothing by the Emancipation Act? Far from it. Whether those who won emancipation were correct or not in their anticipations of the manner in which religion would gain by the victory, there can be no doubt that we are in a far healthier and better condition for promoting the true spiritual interests of Catholicism than we were while the time of political bondage remained. The effects of the *irritation* produced by our social subordination were of a kind little short of disastrous. The consciousness of an intense wrong inflicted upon us tended to produce a susceptibility on all kindred subjects, and an exaggerated value for political privileges, which distracted our minds, and kept us from turning our whole energies to our own internal advancement. The government that yielded emancipation, with the view of "tranquillising" Ireland, was little aware that this very "tranquillising" would have an effect upon Catholics very different from

that which their Protestant persecutors expected. So far from making Catholics more worldly, more time-serving, more eager as a class for the prizes of this life, the consequence of the political tranquillising has been the increase of spiritual activity. Having won seats in Parliament for a handful of representatives—good, bad, and indifferent, we have betaken ourselves to thinking more earnestly than before of something far nobler than a ministerial or opposition bench, namely, the souls of our fellow-Catholics, and their education and our own. Irish and English Catholicism has indeed been tranquillised; but the tranquillity has tended more powerfully to the spiritual advance of our religion than all the political agitation that ever was got up in defence of the outworks of the faith.

This view of our past and present condition is not, perhaps, that which has been most generally acquiesced in. But the question is, whether or not it is the fact. And we repeat, that whatever may be the gains to Catholicism *hereafter* to result from the labours of Catholic peers and members of the Commons, as yet we owe them little or nothing. The immense strides that religion has made in Ireland and England have been wholly irrespective of the position of our Catholic legislators. The original endowment and subsequent enlargement of Maynooth were Protestant in their origin. In the recent report on Maynooth, beneficial as it must be to Catholicism, Catholic legislators have had no share. The rescuing of the Irish National Education System from the hands of the proselytisers was the work of no politician in either house: Dr. Cullen, the Papal Legate, did it single-handed. The improved tone of feeling with respect to our nuns and clergy is owing to the presence of our fellow-Catholics in the army, and still more to the piety and heroism of our clergy and religious women at the seat of war and in the crowded hospital. The new Catholic University in Dublin is entirely the work of the Pope, the Catholic prelates, and the general devotion of the faithful; our political notorieties having been, with very few exceptions, little better than mere lookers-on, while some have been scarcely disguised opponents or insidious friends. As to staying the progress of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill during the anti-hierarchy frenzy, we verily believe that, taking our Catholic representatives and peers as a body, their character and mode of acting was such as rather to provoke persecution than to allay it. Not that we expect that this incompetence for good is always to continue. We hope for the very reverse, and trust that the day may soon come, when the struggles for emancipation will have their appropriate reward, in the existence of a body of powerful Catholic peers and representa-

tives, whose distinguishing mark will not be their disunion and quarrels with each other, but their high personal character, and their entire and enlightened devotion to the interests, not of themselves, but of the Catholic Church and her children. Whether, however, this be soon the case or not, we still are most thankful to those who fought and won the battle of emancipation; and it is in no spirit of ingratitude for their services that we rejoice to find our lot cast in a day when Catholic energies are more exclusively devoted to other and nobler aims.

It is, therefore, with tolerably calm, though deeply interested feelings, that we turn to the sketches of those old exciting days, as supplied by one of the chief actors in the drama of the time. Next to O'Connell, Sheil was the most distinguished Catholic speaker in the Lower House; and in the popular eye, especially when he became one of the government, was regarded as holding a position at least approaching that of O'Connell himself. Here, then, we have him before us, in the record of his own views and of the leading scenes of the day; and we have no hesitation whatever in saying, that it is well for the Church that every day such "representatives" of Catholicism are, we trust, growing more scarce. As a book, his *Legal and Political Sketches* are entertaining and instructive, especially the second of the two volumes. Though artificial and laboured in style, they are extremely clever and even brilliant; and more than that, they are sincere, as expressions of the opinions, feelings, and general character of their accomplished author, and as trustworthy reminiscences of men and deeds now past away, and in danger of being too soon forgotten.

Sheil's intellectual calibre was not great. He was essentially a rhetorician, a man of words. O'Connell called him "an iambic rhapsodist." This was hardly fair; but we can well imagine that a man of O'Connell's intellectual bone and sinew, and of his practical turn of mind, must have been impatient of the excessive taste for sentence-turning of an orator like Sheil. Of O'Connell's capacity for ruling men and conducting affairs, Sheil had little or none. Indeed, striking as was the superiority of O'Connell as a speaker to all his fellow-countrymen, his pre-eminence as a man of practical sagacity and untiring energy was quite as remarkable.* Sheil, however, was undeniably a rhetorician of a high order; caustic, witty, pungent, overwhelming, and happy in his allusions. Still it was all done in cold blood, however apparently fiery

* Lord Jeffrey, no incompetent critic, accounted O'Connell the first orator not only of Ireland, but of the United Kingdom.

was his delivery. He had the habit all through life of writing out beforehand all that he meant to speak. Mr. M'Cullagh thus describes his proceedings in the great O'Connell case in 1843, when he actually recited his speech to the reporters beforehand. It really makes the whole thing look exceedingly like stage thunder-and-lightning :

“ With his hands wrapped in flannel, he kept moving slowly up and down the room, repeating with great rapidity, and occasionally with his wonted vehemence of intonation, passage after passage, and paragraph after paragraph ; then, wearied with the strange and irksome effort, he would lay himself down upon a sofa, and after a short pause recommence his expostulation with the jury, his allusions to the Bench, and his sarcastic apostrophes to the counsel for the Crown. On he went, with but brief interruptions, and a few pauses to correct or alter, until the whole was finished, and had been accurately noted down. Written out with care, it was sent to the printer ; and at the moment when he rose to speak in court, printed copies were in the hands of those who had faithfully rendered his ideas previously. As he proceeded, they were thus enabled to mark easily and rapidly any slight variations of phraseology ; but these for the most part were so few and trivial as to cause little delay in the correction of the proofs.”

With a homage to Sheil's oratorical powers, and his activity and literary brilliancy, our praise must end. The book before us does him little credit either as an Irishman or a Catholic. We all know that the profession of patriotism costs nothing, and that it is put off quite as easily as it is put on. But really Sheil's coolness on the subject is too bad. He tells us that “ the love of Ireland appears to have been a *family disease*” with the Fitzgeralds, and “ a *malady of the heart!*” And thus he writes on the family character : “ The Fitzgeralds gradually became attached to the country, and were designated as the ultra-Irish, from the barbarous nationality, of which, in the course of that series of rebellions dignified by the name of Irish history, they gave repeated proof. They were of that class of insurgents who earned the ignominious (!) appellation of ‘ *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 67.)

His description of his emotions on visiting England with the Catholic deputation in 1825 is to our taste any thing but honourable to him. He is overpowered with a sense of England's superiority to Ireland ; and why ? Because England was rich, and Ireland was poor ! Of course, he had as good a right as any one else to institute a comparison between Ireland and England, or between any other countries on the face of the globe ; and we have little sympathy with that blinded nationalism, whether English, Irish, French, Italian, or Ameri-

can, which can see no faults at home and no merits abroad. But it is only a debased state of mind which can look down upon its own country because it is poor; and toady another, and that (like England) a persecuting country, because it is wealthy. Here is the description of O'Connell on the same occasion. Sheil was not the man to understand O'Connell:

“A man like Mr. O'Connell, who, by the force of his natural eloquence, produces a great emotion in the midst of an enthusiastic assembly of ardent and high-blooded men; who is hailed by the community of which he is the leading member as their chief and champion; who is greeted with popular benedictions as he passes; whose name resounds in every alley, and ‘stands rubric’ on every wall,—can with difficulty resist the intoxicating influence of so many exciting causes, and becomes a sort of political opium-eater, who must be torn from these seductive indulgences, in order to reduce him into perfect soundness and soberness of thought.

“His deputation to England produced an almost immediate effect upon him. As we advanced, the din of popular assemblies became more faint; the voice of the multitude was scarcely heard in the distance, and at last died away. He seemed half-English at Shrewsbury, and was nearly saxonised when we entered the murky magnificence of Warwickshire. As we surveyed the volcanic region of manufactures, and saw a thousand Etnas vomiting their eternal fires, the recollections of Erin passed away from his mind, and the smoky glories of Wolverhampton took possession of his soul. The feeling which attended our progress through England was not a little increased by our approach to its huge metropolis.”

Nor does Sheil appear to more advantage as a Catholic. There is little or nothing in these volumes distinctly irreligious or anti-Catholic; but the tone of many parts is extremely offensive; and there is no concealment of the writer's distaste for any thing which made religious considerations absolutely paramount to worldly advantages. The paper called “The Exorcism of a Divine” is about as scoffing a production, under the guise of an anti-Protestant squib, as can well be conceived. The manner in which Sheil here treats the entire subject of miracles, and of Prince Hohenlohe's in particular, is quite intolerable. The two curious sketches called “Recollections of the Jesuits” have much that is objectionable in the same way; but at the same time, this very feature in Sheil's character confers a peculiar trustworthiness on certain statements which he makes in reference to men whom he plainly regards as little better than fanatics. One paragraph on the Stonyhurst Jesuits we must quote, as bearing on the common notion that a Jesuit is necessarily destitute of patriotism:

“I can safely appeal to every person who has been educated at

Stonyhurst, when I assert, as I most emphatically do, that a base political sentiment was never made a matter of either immediate or indirect inculcation. The Jesuits there were strongly attached to the constitution and liberties of their country. For the glory of England, notwithstanding political disqualifications which affected the Roman Catholics, they felt a deep and enthusiastic interest: of this I recollect a remarkable instance.

“The students were assembled in order to witness some experiments in galvanism, which a gentleman, who brought to the college a philosophical apparatus, had been employed to perform. In the midst of profound attention, a person rushed in, and exclaimed that Nelson had won a great victory. There was an immediate cheer given by the Jesuits, and echoed by the boys. Presently a newspaper was received, and the whole college gathered round the reader with avidity; and when the details of the battle of Trafalgar were heard, there were repeated acclamations at almost every sentence; and when the narrative had been concluded, continued shouts for ‘old England’ were sent up, and every cap was thrown into the air, in celebration of the great event, by which the navy of France was annihilated and our masterdom of the ocean was confirmed. Several days for rejoicing were given to the students; and a poem, which I then, at least, considered a fine one, in honour of the battle, was composed by one of the Jesuits, and admirably recited in the great hall, which was appropriated to such exhibitions.”

Of these same Jesuits he also says, that they “took care to make no distinction between the children of tradesmen and the descendants of the oldest aristocracy of the island;” and that in their school “blasphemy and indecency of expression were wholly unknown;” adding, “I think I may state, with perfect truth, that during the whole time I continued in the college I never heard a syllable at which the modesty of a girl could have been startled.”

Perhaps the most entertaining and characteristic of the sketches are those on “the Clare Election.” The portraits of the chief labourers in the emancipation cause are drawn with great spirit and power, but by no means in too complimentary a strain. Some of them make us rejoice that our best advocates of the present day are men of a different stamp. Conceive a gentleman now-a-days defending the cause of Catholicism, as Steele did, by “intimating his readiness to fight any landlord who should conceive himself to be aggrieved by an interference with his tenants;” or a priest, like “Father Tom” Maguire, taking a prominent part as a political leader, who was “noted for his conviviality, and as celebrated for his punch as for his polemics.” Sheil’s portraiture of “Jack Lawless” may be taken as a specimen either of his theory on oratorical excellence, or of his caustic habit of “damning with

faint praise" his coadjutors and competitors in agitation. Certainly his notions of what constitutes "exceedingly graceful and appropriate action" are, to say the least, somewhat peculiar :

"Lawless has many distinguished qualifications as a public speaker. His voice is deep, round, and mellow, and is diversified by a great variety of rich and harmonious intonation. His action is exceedingly graceful and appropriate: he has a good figure, which, by a purposed swell and dilation of the shoulders, and an elaborate erectness, he turns to good account; and by dint of an easy fluency of good diction, a solemn visage, an aquiline nose of no vulgar dimension, eyes glaring underneath a shaggy brow with a certain fierceness of emotion, a quizzing-glass, which is gracefully dangled in any pauses of thought or suspensions of utterance, and, above all, by a certain attitude of dignity, which he assumes in the crisis of eloquence, accompanied with a flinging back of his coat, which sets his periods beautifully off, 'Honest Jack' has become one of the most popular and efficient speakers at the Association."

Another of our prominent supporters, Lord French, he thus describes :

"He was a very tall, brawny, pallid, and ghastly-looking man, with a peculiarly revolutionary aspect; and realised the ideal notions which one forms of the men who are most likely to become formidable and conspicuous in the midst of a political convulsion. He had a long and oval visage, of which the eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and whose aquiline nose stood out in peculiar prominence; while a fierce smile sat upon cheeks as white as parchment, and his eyes glared with the spirit that sat within them. His manners were characterised by a sort of drawling urbanity, which is observable among the ancient Catholic gentry of Connaught; and he was studiously and sometimes painfully polite. He was not a scholar, and must have received an imperfect education. But his mind was originally a powerful one; and his deep voice, which rolled out in a peculiarly melancholy modification of the Irish brogue, had a dismal and appalling sound. He spoke with fluency a diction which belonged exclusively to him. It was pregnant with vigorous but strange expression, which was illustrated by gesture as bold, but as wild. *He was an ostentatious duellist, and had frequent recourse to gladiatorial intimations.* Pride was his leading trait of character, and he fell a victim to it."

Sheil, of course, was no friend to those who opposed the veto. Accordingly, he takes no pains to conceal his dislike for those who resisted it. Here is his sketch of Dr. Drumgoole. Observe, we pray, his "*I believe*," when speaking of the Doctor's religious sincerity :

"An individual, who is now dead, about this time made a great

sensation, not only in the Catholic Association, but through the empire. This was the once famous Doctor Drumgoole, whom Lord Kenyon seems determined not to allow to remain in peace. He was the grand anti-vetoist; and was, I believe, a most sincere and unaffected sentinel of religion.

“The Doctor’s speech may be considered as a kind of epoch in Catholic politics; for he was the first who ventured to employ against the opponents of emancipation the weapons which are habitually used against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion. Men who swear that the creed of the great majority of Christians is idolatrous and superstitious should not be very sensitive when their controversial virulence is turned upon them. The moment Doctor Drumgoole’s philippic on the Reformation appeared, a great outcry took place, and Roman Catholics were not wanting to modify and explain away the Doctor’s scholastic vituperation. He himself, however, was fixed and stubborn as the rock on which he believed that his doctrines were built. No kind of apology could be extorted from him. He was, indeed, a man of a peculiarly stubborn and inflexible cast of mind. It must, however, be admitted, that for every position which he advanced, he was able to adduce very strong and cogent reasoning. He was a physician by profession; but in practice and in predilection he was a theologian of the most uncompromising sort. He had a small fortune, which rendered him independent of patients; and he addicted himself, strenuously and exclusively, to the study of the scholastic arts.

“He was beyond doubt a very well-informed and a clever man. He had a great command of speech, and yet was not a pleasing speaker. He was slow, monotonous, and invariable. His countenance was full of medical and theological solemnity, and he was wont to carry a huge stick with a golden head, on which he used to press both his hands in speaking; and indeed, from the manner in which he swayed his body, and knocked his stick at the end of every period to the ground, which he accompanied with a species of strange and guttural ‘hem!’ he seemed to me a kind of rhetorical pavior, who was busily engaged in making the great road of liberty, and paving the way to emancipation. The Doctor was in private life a very good and gentle-natured man. You could not stir the placidity of his temper unless you touched upon the veto; and upon that point he was scarcely master of himself.”

With this characteristic specimen of the brilliant orator’s style we take our leave of him, repeating what has been already said, that the book will supply a few hours’ lively and amusing reading, but that it kindles no sentiments of regard for its author either as an Irishman or as a Catholic.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER XII.

DISCOVERIES.

WHAT followed upon the abduction of the terrified Louise, on the night of the ball at Compton Hall, I need not relate, as the events of the day to which I now carry on my recollections will tell all.

On this day I appeared at the assizes of the county-town of ——shire, subpœnaed as a witness on the trial of one “Edward Seymour,” on a whole host of counts; the said Edward Seymour having contrived, within the space of one year, to commit as large and as varied a number of enormities as would furnish subjects for half-a-dozen trials. Sir Charles ——, one of the most distinguished barristers of the day, was retained to lead for the prosecution. I need hardly add, that he was a Tory of the purest water, or he would not have been employed in a case in which Miss Compton was especially interested. On the side of the defence, Mr. Sergeant Wimpole led; and the junior counsel on each side were not unworthy of the abilities of their seniors. The crowd in the court was immense; for the interest of the trial was one which extended to almost all classes, and the gossip which had got abroad since the apprehension of Seymour had stimulated curiosity to the utmost. The array of witnesses was large; and the audience were in expectation of hearing the revelation of certain curious family secrets, which they anticipated with the utmost relish.

Silence being with some difficulty established, and the preliminaries gone through, Sir Charles ——, twisting his wig —(a most villanous-looking and dilapidated thing it was)—into what was meant for a proper position, and hitching-up his trowsers, which appeared to be fastened on in the approved Jack-Tar fashion, thus opened his case. Never did a man’s slovenly appearance more completely belie the order and method of his mind, or give less promise of the charms of voice, elocution, and evident sincerity, which rivetted the listener before three sentences were finished:

“ My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “ it is my painful duty to call your attention to one of the most unhappy histories of perverted abilities, abused opportunities, and reckless attacks on the property and happiness of others, which it has ever been my lot to witness in the course of a long professional career. Born in the station of a gentleman, and gifted with talents of no common order, the prisoner, Edward Seymour, has for years past been gradually sinking to the level of the worst classes of society, and now stands arraigned at the bar of justice, accused, at the very least, of participating in crimes for which the heaviest penalty of the law is due. He stands, moreover, an instance of the retribution which almost inevitably follows upon a prolonged course of reckless conduct, when the crimes whose detection has at first seemed impossible are at length brought suddenly to light by some unexpected turn of events, and the discoveries of a single day resolve the enigmas perhaps of an entire life. Still further, the prisoner at the bar is an example of that terrible influence which seems almost to drive the guilty to be their own accusers; when their own uncontrolled passions literally place them in the hands of justice, and when even the less reprehensible parts of their character become the stimulants which urge them on to their final ruin.”

Thus continued Sir Charles ——— through all the usual stages of a speech for the prosecution, sketching the whole case; and powerfully, but without exaggeration, darkening the picture of the prisoner's guilt by incidentally introducing the misery he had caused to others in following out his schemes. I need not give his speech in detail, as the examination of the witnesses was more absorbingly interesting; and on their testimony the value of Sir Charles's oratory entirely depended. He showed, I thought, his great tact by calling his witnesses in just such order as would enable him to present their evidence to the jury as so many links in one chain; and still more, in only extracting from each of them just so much of their knowledge as bore upon one particular event in the series which he was elucidating, reserving the rest for a fresh examination at a later period of the day. Instead, also, of beginning with the commencement of the offences with which Seymour was charged, he began with the last, gradually working his way upwards to the first occasion when he appeared on the scene.

The first witness examined was Mademoiselle Fanchette herself. She deposed to the fact of Seymour's having carried her off on horseback, assisted by his companions, on the night of the yeomanry ball at Compton Hall; when she was pursued

and rescued by some of the men present, and Seymour himself was captured. The testimony was too clear to be shaken; and the only thing that remained for Mr. Sergeant Wimpole, on the part of Seymour, was to try to damage Louise in the eyes of the jury.

"And so, Mademoiselle Fanchette," began the sergeant, with an air of perfect friendliness, "I suppose you have been receiving the addresses of my client, Mr. Seymour, for some time past?"

"Yes, certainly," said the unconscious Louise.

"Then, after the encouragement you had given him, you were not surprised at his sudden appearance at the ball, and the urgency of his request that you would marry him?" continued the crafty Wimpole.

"My lord!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "I object to that question. The witness, though she speaks English well, may easily be entrapped by the acuteness of my learned friend. I object to his assuming that she *encouraged* the prisoner's addresses."

"I encourage them!" interposed Louise, amazed; "I never could bear the man."

"Will you swear that you never asked any person's advice as to what you should do with respect to Mr. Seymour's addresses?" asked Wimpole.

"No, I will not," replied Louise.

"Whom did you consult?" asked the sergeant.

"M. de Villeul," said Louise.

"And, pray, who is M. de Villeul?" inquired Wimpole, though he knew perfectly well.

"My spiritual director," replied she, with unsuspecting simplicity.

"I thought so," cried Wimpole, turning round to the jury with a cunning look, that seemed to say to them, "Here's a girl under the power of one of those designing Popish priests!"

"And no doubt you have many interesting conversations with this M. de Villeul?" continued Wimpole, again addressing Louise.

"Sometimes," said she; upon which the sergeant again glanced knowingly at the jury.

"No doubt he asks you a good many questions, this *spiritual* director of yours?" said Wimpole, with a special emphasis on the word "spiritual."

"Not very many," said she.

"Oh!" exclaimed the sergeant, with an air of incredulity. "What sort of questions does he ask you?"

“What sort?” rejoined Louise; “why, the sort of questions as unlike as can be to those you are asking me.”

“I submit, my lord,” again interposed Sir Charles, “that these questions are altogether irrelevant; but lest it should seem to prejudice the witness in the judgment of the jury, I consent to the learned sergeant’s proceeding with them.”

The learned sergeant, however, could make nothing of the little Frenchwoman; and at last exclaimed, in chagrin:

“I have no doubt this spiritual friend of yours would tell a different story if he were here.”

“He is here,” cried Louise; while a conference began between the Abbé (who was in court) and the counsel for the prosecution, which resulted in M. de Villeul’s appearing as the next witness. Sir Charles put two or three trifling questions to him, for form’s sake, and he then handed him over to cross-examination by Wimpole. After a little preliminary bullying and impertinence, the sergeant said:

“Will you swear that you never advised this young lady, against her own inclinations, to refuse the addresses of the prisoner?”

“That I will swear,” said De Villeul.

“Did she ever give you to understand that she was disposed to admit his addresses, and, in fact, would have been glad to marry him?”

“No.”

“Did she ever on *any* occasion consult you, in your spiritual capacity, and you gave her advice contrary to her inclinations?”

The Abbé paused and reflected; then replied:

“I cannot answer that question.”

“Do I understand that you refuse to answer the question?”

“I do.”

“You refuse to say whether or not Mademoiselle Fauchette told you she should like to marry the prisoner?”

The Abbé looked intensely disgusted and miserable, but again said:

“I do refuse it. I cannot help it, whatever the consequences.”

Any one who had been watching the countenances of the jury at this moment would have seen that Wimpole’s cunning was producing a most decided impression upon them, unfavourable to Louise. Again and again he put the question, slightly varied, to the unhappy Abbé, and received invariably the same reply.

Meanwhile a whispering was taking place between Louise

and Sir Charles; and the latter suddenly stood up, and exclaimed:

“My lord, I am, I fear, irregular; but the circumstances are peculiar. The last witness (Mademoiselle Fanchette) authorises the witness under examination to tell every thing that has passed between him and herself on the present subject.”

The Abbé’s countenance brightened, and Wimpole resumed:

“Do you still refuse to answer my previous question?”

“No, I do not.”

“Then why have you hitherto refused?”

“Because it was under the seal of confession.”

“Then, under that seal, you did advise her on the subject of the prisoner’s addresses?”

“I am not sure.”

“Cannot you remember it distinctly?”

“I can remember it most distinctly; but I am not sure.”

“What do you mean, sir? Are you trifling with justice? If you remember it distinctly, why are you not sure?”

“Because Mademoiselle Fanchette never mentioned the name of the person about whom she consulted me; and I only guessed it was the prisoner at the bar after he was apprehended.”

“You may go down,” replied Wimpole, perceiving that he should get nothing by further teasing the old priest, whose venerable and polished appearance only made the sergent’s rudeness the more apparent.

The next witnesses were two of the yeomanry corps, who testified to the identity of the prisoner with the person who had carried off Louise on the night of the ball.

To them succeeded Miss Compton herself. Her evidence chiefly related to the memorable interview and chase on horseback, when she had seized the lost packet that was held out to her, and had dropped it in making her final leap over the stream. The difficulty, at this point, was to establish the identity of Seymour with her antagonist on that occasion. He had been so muffled up, and his face was so deeply shaded by his hat, that Miss Compton could not positively swear that he was the man. All who had witnessed the tremendous blow which she had given him on the face with her hunting-whip had supposed that he must have been recognisable by the scar; but no such mark was visible. Whether from any knowledge of what was likely to occur, I know not; but as soon as Sir Charles failed in inducing Miss Compton to swear to the identity of the prisoner, he asked her what kind of a person was the man who had met her in the field.

“Was he a gentleman, now, should you say?” asked he.

“No gentleman would conduct himself to a lady as that fellow did,” replied she, with a tone of utter scorn.

Hearing this, the prisoner's face flushed with indignation, and the mark of the stripe across his countenance appeared strikingly visible, a livid red in colour. Sir Charles instantly drew universal attention to its appearance; and the eyes of every one being fixed on the man, his agitation increased, and the scar showed more decidedly than ever. At this point Sir Charles proceeded to the finding of the ring in the library drawer; and here, again, he displayed a singular acuteness in leading on the prisoner to assist in his own condemnation. The whole history of the finding of the ring was given; though there was, as yet, no proof advanced that it had ever been in Seymour's possession. The rest of Miss Compton's evidence turned on the discoveries in the closet in the library. The piece of paper which it will be remembered I had noticed that she picked up from the closet floor was produced, and proved, to my extreme surprise, to be the identical note of invitation which had been written to me, on the day previous to the attack on the Hall, by Miss Compton herself, and which I had never received. In those days, when there was no penny post, people only used envelopes when they had franks, or were reckless of postage; and thus it happened that the address was on the same sheet as the note itself. It was, however, in a different handwriting from the note itself, and was not my address, but was directed to the Reverend Obed Gathercole, Post Office, Arkworth. All this was carefully drawn out in the examination by Sir Charles; though how it was to bear on the questions at issue did not yet appear.

Next came the marks of fresh clay discovered on the floor of the same closet, of which it appeared that more had been made than I was aware of. The spots of dirt had been found to bear the distinct impression of hob-nailed shoes, and which, though a good deal trampled about in the middle of the closet floor, were perfectly unbroken towards the sides. A pair of clumsy shoes was produced, which Miss Compton, and two witnesses who followed her, but whose evidence I need not more particularly recall, swore had exactly fitted the marks as found on the day of the discovery. The closet had been kept locked and sealed; and it was given in evidence that the prints still remained on the floor untouched and distinct.

In cross-examining Miss Compton, Wimpole fell into the very trap which Sir Charles, for a purpose of his own, had laid for him. Instructed, no doubt, by the prisoner himself, he attempted to throw discredit on her evidence in general,

by making her confess that she had implied that the ring had dropped off the prisoner's hand into the drawer where it had been found, while she had no means (as far as appeared) of knowing that the ring ever belonged to him.

"You say," said he, "that the ring must have dropped off the prisoner's finger."

"I say," replied Miss Compton, "that I believe it fell off the hand of the person who stole the missing packet."

"Permit me to examine the ring more closely," continued Wimpole.

The ring was handed to him.

"I request, my lord," he went on, "that this ring be tried upon the fingers of the prisoner, that we may see whether it is physically possible that he can ever have worn it."

The trial was immediately made, several persons crowding round the prisoner while it was going on. He held out his hand boldly, and the ring was tried, but it was too large by far for his smallest finger, and would not go on any of the others.

"My learned brother is going a little too fast," here interposed Sir Charles, as Wimpole was about to return the ring, with an air of triumph at the result. "I ask that the ring be tried on the prisoner's right hand, as well as on his left."

Wimpole seemed to think this quite straightforward; but the prisoner betrayed the extremest reluctance to submit. Seeing this, the sergeant exclaimed: "My lord, I have no wish to press this point further. Even if the ring had fitted, this would have proved nothing against the prisoner."

"On the contrary," responded Sir Charles, "a very material portion of the evidence depends on the trial of the ring on the prisoner's right hand. If my learned brother objects to its being tried on, the jury will fully understand that he is anxious to conceal from them something of the highest importance."

Wimpole, well aware of the effect of such an insinuation on a jury already by no means prepossessed in the prisoner's favour, unwillingly consented. I had been told by Sir Charles to be close to the prisoner, so as to be able to observe his hand most accurately; and I was prepared accordingly. When the right hand was shown, it appeared that the upper joint of the smallest finger was gone, and on the back of the hand was a large dark mole. The fingers, generally, were a little shrivelled; and no one who had once seen the hand could easily forget its appearance. The ring was found to fit the third finger perfectly.

Two men next corroborated Miss Compton's statements in certain respects; and were followed by a heavy-looking la-

bouring man, who swore to the fact that the shoes which had been found in the closet were his, and that he had lent them, with a whole suit of his working-day clothes, to the prisoner at the bar, who had paid him handsomely for the loan. Wimpole strove hard to confuse this witness, and attempted to make him incriminate himself; but his testimony was too clear to be shaken; and he was followed by two more, who swore to his having been in their company, sitting up the whole night of the attack upon the Hall.

I myself was next examined. I first gave a minute description of the appearance of the prisoner's hand, as I had just seen it; and then related the history of the inexplicable note I had received on the morning of the attack, which was directed to myself, but of the meaning of which I had not been able to form the faintest idea. I also gave evidence of the identity of a letter now produced with that which I had received.

After me came the postmaster of Arkworth. The two letters, that which I had received, and that which was found in the closet, were handed to him; and he swore to the postmarks and other like particulars. He also stated that the letter addressed to me had been properly delivered as directed, and that the prisoner at the bar had called for the other, giving his name as the Rev. Obed Gathercole, and had received it.

"You are perfectly certain," asked Sir Charles, "that the prisoner was the person who received the letter, and called himself by this name."

"Perfectly," said the postmaster.

"Can you say how it was that, having so many persons constantly calling for letters, you can recollect the facts in the present instance?"

"I can," replied the postmaster. "In sorting the letters I had observed that there were two letters in Miss Vernon's handwriting, with which I was acquainted, directed to strangers in the town, one of them being a dissenting preacher who had just arrived and was making a great stir in the place; and I was wondering to myself what so grand a lady could have to do with chaps of that sort, when the prisoner comes and gives his name, and asks for his letters. When he put out his hand to take his letter,—for there was only one,—I could not help seeing what a strange sort of a hand it was, with one finger partly cut off, and a big mark on the back besides."

"Was the ring in question upon the hand?" asked Sir Charles.

"I can't swear to that ring," said the man; "but I am sure that he had a ring on."

All the sergeant's cross-examination failed to damage this testimony; and he only succeeded in increasing the astonishment with which the crowded audience had heard Miss Vernon's name introduced, and had recognised her as holding correspondence with a person like the prisoner at the bar.

She was next summoned herself. The brilliancy of her complexion had faded into a marble pallor, through the intensity of her emotion, and the acute pain she must have suffered at being compelled to stand up in a court of justice and make the avowal she was about to commence. She stood the trial, nevertheless, with unflinching courage, and a candour and humility of manner which made every one feel the sincerest sympathy for her in the annoying situation in which she was placed.

"Will you state to the court whatever you know respecting the two letters which have been already produced," said Sir Charles to her.

"The directions of both of them were written by myself, and they were sent in the usual way from Compton Hall to be posted at Arkworth. The letter which was addressed to the Rev. Obed Gathercole was written by Miss Compton, and was given to me by her to be directed. In the hurry of the moment I wrote the addresses on the wrong letters, as I have since learnt. The letter which was received by Mr. Walker was written by myself, and was intended for the person calling himself Gathercole, but who is really the prisoner at the bar."

"How was it that you came to be in communication with the prisoner at all?" asked Sir Charles.

"I first became acquainted with him at a meeting of some religious society in London; and I was induced, by his profession of religion, to accompany him in his visits to certain persons who I supposed were benefited by his conversation."

"What was your object in writing to him the letter now before the court?"

"It was to answer his request that I would see a certain poor person and her husband, whom the prisoner informed me were under serious impressions, and whom I hoped to be of service to."

"Did you see the persons you speak of?"

"Yes. That is, I saw two persons who came with a letter of recommendation from the person calling himself Gathercole."

"When and where did you see them?"

"I saw them late in the evening at Compton Hall, a few hours before the attack by the mob."

"Was any one else present?"

"No one."

"Did you see the persons leave the house and premises?"

"I did not. I left them in the room in which I received them, believing that they would leave the moment I had gone."

"Did you converse with both of them?"

"Only with the woman."

"Did you observe the man closely?"

"No."

"Do you think it was the prisoner at the bar?"

"I cannot say. He is the same height and size; but the room was not very light, and he hung down his head the whole time of the interview."

"Can you say whether these clothes (producing a suit of labouring-men's garments) were those worn by the man in question?"

"They are very like them; but, of course, I cannot swear to them."

"Have you ever seen the ring which has been produced in possession of the prisoner?"

"Yes, on one occasion."

"When was that?"

"It was the day before Mr. Compton, my uncle, received the threatening letter in London. I had been with the prisoner to the lodgings of Mademoiselle Fanchette; and in coming away he stopped at the first post-office we came to, and requested me to allow him to go into the shop, which was a stationer's, to seal a letter which he wished to put into the letter-box. I assented, and he sealed a letter; and knowing my dislike of any thing Catholic, he showed me the ring he used, which he said was an old heir-loom in his family, and had been brought over from France by one of his ancestors at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who had been converted to Protestantism, and kept the ring as a specimen of Popish superstition."

"Will you swear that the ring before the court is the ring you then saw?"

"I will swear it."

"Was the street specified in the post-mark on the letter I now hand to you, the street in which this occurrence took place, and where the letter was posted?"

She examined the letter now produced, and assented.

"Is the seal of the letter much broken? Be so good as to inform the jury," continued Sir Charles.

"Not at all."

"Does it fit the stone of the ring?"

"Exactly. The cracks in the stone of the ring have precisely corresponding marks in the sealing-wax."

The letter, which was addressed to the Rev. W. Compton, and proved to be the incendiary letter described in my fourth chapter, was here handed, with the ring, to the jury. Mr. Compton, on receiving it, had imagined that it had been sent him direct from the country; but, in fact, it had been written and posted in London. The agreement between the cracks on the stone in the ring, and the impression left on the sealing-wax, was such, that it was morally certain that this very ring had been used to seal the letter. Miss Vernon's examination, however, was not concluded. Sir Charles went upon the plan of himself eliciting from the witnesses every point which might, at first sight, have seemed to tell against their evidence, well knowing how much more serious such points would become if first brought out by the prisoner's counsel.

"How was it," he continued, "that you did not mention your knowledge of these circumstances at the time the ring was found?"

"I was called suddenly from home a few hours after the attack on Compton Hall, and before the discovery of the ring. And as soon as I did return, which was not for some time afterwards, I communicated every thing that I knew about it to Miss Compton."

"Had you any previous suspicions of the real character of the person whom you had known as the Rev. Obed Gathercole?"

"None, until the day before the burglary at Compton Parva."

"What was it that caused your suspicions on that day?"

In answer to this question, Miss Vernon described the visit of the sham converted Jew; and related that a certain religious tract which she herself had given to the *soi-disant* Gathercole, and which had her own initials on it, had fallen from the impostor's pocket, and been picked up by her. She also said that she was struck at the time by his voice, which she fancied she had heard before, notwithstanding the assumption of a foreign accent made use of for the occasion.

"Can you swear," asked Sir Charles in conclusion, "that the prisoner at the bar is the person who represented himself to you as the Rev. Obed Gathercole?"

"I can," replied Miss Vernon; "and if I had any doubt, it would be solved by the appearance of his right hand, which I have particularly observed on former occasions."

Mr. Compton was now examined, and gave evidence as to the reception of the threatening letter, the burglary, and the loss of his bank-notes and microscope. The microscope itself was produced, having been hunted out among the London

pawnbrokers' shops by the Bow-Street officers. It was so unusual a thing to be offered for pawn, that no great difficulty had been experienced in discovering it. It had been pledged by the prisoner in his own name to a respectable pawnbroker, who had advanced a considerable sum upon the security, and who was himself examined among the rest of the witnesses, whom I need not specify in detail. I must, however, except Roger Walton's mother, who gave evidence to show that the prisoner in all probability knew of the particular place in the library at the Hall where the stolen packet was kept. Seymour, it appeared, was in some way distantly connected both with her and with the Comptons; and during the lifetime of old Mr. Compton, when she was living in the house, he had formed one of a party of visitors who had come to see the place, with a letter of introduction from some friend of the family. Mr. Compton, who was extremely proud of his library, had shown them all its contents, and in particular had displayed to them the construction of the lock of the drawer in question, as something quite peculiar, and difficult to pick. And Mrs. Walton distinctly remembered that in the course of the conversation he had alluded to that drawer as containing very valuable papers. Finally, Mademoiselle Fanchette was examined again, to depose to the manner in which the ring had passed from Roger's possession to that of Seymour. She stated that Roger had undoubtedly left it with her previously to the day on which Miss Vernon had seen it in Seymour's possession; and that on that very day, while Miss Vernon and Seymour together had been visiting her at her lodgings, she had observed the latter fingering the ring, as it lay with one or two trifles in her inkstand on her table. This explained to *me* the unaccountable pantomime which had been carried on between Louise and Miss Vernon one afternoon when I had gone to her lodgings in Roger's stead. She had been arranging every thing in such a way as to assist her memory in recalling the exact incidents of the theft. At the time she was baffled; but afterwards memory did its work, and she was perfectly certain that on the occasion in question she had seen the ring in Seymour's hand.

The remainder of the trial was occupied in the usual way. Wimpole and his junior did all they could to shake the evidence, and brought forward a good deal of evidence of their own, which proved nothing at all to the real point. The ordinary speeches were made, the judge summed up, and before the day was over Edward Seymour was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. When the convict-dress was put upon him, the stolen packet of papers was found in a

pocket of the coat he had hitherto worn. He had not destroyed it, hoping that if by any chance he was acquitted on his trial, he might still make some terms with the Comptons for its restoration.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROGER WALTON AT HOME.—CONCLUSION.

Two years after the discoveries related in the preceding chapter, I was sitting one morning in meditation over a review I had undertaken for a literary journal with which I had some little connection, when the following letter reached me from Roger:

“Benjamin, my boy, I’m the happiest fellow alive. Such a baby was never seen; at least so the women say, for *I* can see nothing by any means attractive in the little imp. However, it—or rather he—is not given to squalling, which is a consolation in a small cottage like this; which, by the way, you have never seen. I assure you it—not the baby, but the cottage—is as picturesque as it is small. Honeysuckles, as the cockney traveller says in the farce, like any thing, and roses like nothing at all. Rooms rather low, but big enough; furniture pretty, though not splendid; view really beautiful; and for cabbages—why, my dear fellow, I’ve just produced a specimen of the Waterloo Cæsarian cow-cabbage big enough for six people to sit down upon!

“However, to return to Louise, who is now, as always (as I have before told you), a brick; and the baby, who at least is as red as a brick;—the upshot of it all is, that you are to come to the christening, and immediately too. Louise, who does just what she pleases in these sort of things, won’t wait even a week, so it is to be next Thursday. I am writing to our old friend De Villeul, who is mighty fond of Louise—as, indeed, every body is—to come and baptise the youngster; and I’ve no doubt he’ll come with the greatest pleasure. And where do you think he’s to stay? Actually at the Hall. I could not help saying to the ‘squire,’ when she told me to ask him, ‘Is not this rather misprision of Popery on your part?’ ‘Roger,’ said she—she always calls me Roger now—‘don’t be impertinent.’ But she knew I was only in joke. The fact is, she actually likes the charming old Abbé, for they agree in politics; and then he’s of the old school of polished French gentlemen, and that goes straight to the squire’s heart, John Bull as she is. As for the parson, her brother, he and the Abbé got hobnobbing together over the microscope at the time of the trial;

for it turns out that the Abbé himself has a weakness for dead beetles, and such-like rubbish; and ever since the parson has taken mightily to Louise, and never will allow her to be teased about her religion.

“But all this you’ll see when you come down. There’s a snug little room here for you to sleep in. If you had come when I asked you a few months ago, you would have had the room that now is to be the nursery! O Jupiter, king of gods and men! to think of my having *a nursery!* And you, miserable creature, toiling day and night over your politics and news! Well, as you like it! I don’t say, write by return of post; for of course you’ll come.

“Yours affectionately,

“ROGER WALTON.”

“Poor Roger!” said I to myself. “How like him! Content, no doubt, with a couple of hundred a year, and a furnished cottage rent and taxes free!”

However, I thought I would accept the invitation; not that christening-parties are exactly in my line, but I had a fancy for seeing what sort of a state of life it was that seemed to satisfy all the aspirations of a clever warm-hearted fellow like Roger. Such a life, I knew well, would never suit me, even setting aside the fact that it would put an end to all chance of rising in the world. But it does suit some people. They like to be domestic, religious, and all that sort of thing; and their desires being thus humble, no doubt they are satisfied.

I found Roger situated just as he had described himself. He had taken heart and hand to agriculture, and rented a small farm from Miss Compton; while to his bucolic labours he added the almost nominal duties of librarian to Compton Hall. Miss Compton considered that Roger had been so ill-used by fortune in the matter of the packet and the ring, and that his troubles arose so entirely from his having been in her service, that she invented a new office in her establishment for his sake, attaching to it the very pretty salary of a hundred a year. He lived on his farm,—the farm-house having been beautified for his special use by Miss Compton, with the co-operation in all matters of taste of Miss Vernon. The latter lady had been so extremely taken with Louise, and her conscience so sorely smote her for the annoyance she had formerly caused her in conjunction with Seymour, that she seemed never weary of showering her favours on her. Indeed, Clementina had a noble and generous heart; and the devotedness with which she had flung herself into all the extravagances of

religious fanaticism sprung from the fact that she must have some object to love heartily, and on which to expend her thoughts and energies. She was now perfectly cured of her sectarian mania, and enjoyed not a little playing the part of a protecting goddess over the small household of Roger and Louise, where, in many matters, she undoubtedly ruled supreme.

Indoors, in truth, Roger was actually nobody, so far as household affairs were involved, save only that he was autocratic among his books, and forced an amount of home-fed bacon into the domestic consumption; against which Louise vainly remonstrated, and on which Miss Vernon sometimes seriously lectured him.

In two things only was Louise herself perfectly mistress; religion and dress. On the former subject Miss Vernon usually kept a rigid silence; though an occasionally brief conversation showed that she respected Louise and her creed quite as much as she had formerly scorned them. In dress, Louise's word ruled despotic, even as to the habiliments of the magnificent Clementina herself. Roger himself would as soon have thought of turning Mahometan as of interfering with his wife in matters of religion. In such subjects he looked upon her as a sort of inspired sibyl; mysterious and incomprehensible to ordinary mortals, but wonderfully learned if only she could be understood. To my infinite surprise, I discovered that she had made Roger adopt the custom of family prayer; and that she always read the prayers herself! I never witnessed the ceremony, as it was laid aside until Louise should be recovered; but I certainly should have been present at it, if I could, at least once, from mere curiosity; though those sort of things are not much in my way.

The baptism was administered by the old Abbé, who was quite blooming on the occasion. There was no chapel near enough, so the ceremony took place in the little drawing-room. Miss Compton and her niece came as lookers-on, and vented an astonishing quantity of pity on the poor infant for having to undergo the various ceremonies that were used, and the meaning of which puzzled me considerably. The parson himself had once talked of being present also; but a feeling of professional dignity kept him away; I believe, mightily to his personal regret. In the evening I dined at the Hall, where he was himself staying, to assist in entertaining M. de Villeul. After dinner the ladies could not refrain from attacking the Abbé about the aforesaid baptismal ceremonies.

"Really, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Miss Compton, "your Church is positively cruel to these poor little infants. Why

cannot you content yourselves without actually thrusting salt into the unhappy little creatures' mouths?"

"Eh? what? what?" cried her brother; "I never heard of this before. Pray tell me all about it, M. de Villeul. I am greatly interested in all matters of antiquarian ecclesiastical interest. In an antiquarian light, you know; not in the least controversially, or as finding fault either with your communion, or with our own pure and Apostolic Reformed Branch. Of course I prefer the beautiful simplicity of our ritual; but I am fond of hearing of the practices of other churches."

The old Abbé smiled good-humouredly, and explained the ceremonies and their meaning at full length.

"Well," said Miss Compton, "with all the interpretations, my dear M. l'Abbé, you must allow me to say that I think them rather cruel."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear Mary," interposed her brother: "what harm does it do the child? The ceremonies are venerable and symbolical; though, as I said before, I *prefer* the beautiful simplicity which is the characteristic of our own pure and Apostolic Reformed Branch."

"You are a barbarous old bachelor, uncle," exclaimed Clementina, laughing; "and you know nothing about the matter."

After this the conversation fell upon the sufferings of the French *émigrés*; and De Villeul gave a history of what many of them had endured, both clergy and laity, so touching and so simply told, that every one's attention was riveted; and I saw the tears running down Miss Vernon's cheeks.

"What wretched beings," said Miss Compton, relieving herself with a sigh when all was told, "must those revolutionists have been, to drive from their country such models of loyalty and chivalrous honour!"

"I honour them for their fidelity to their Church," observed her brother.

"They were Christian martyrs, indeed," said Miss Vernon.

The next day the Abbé took his leave while I happened to be calling to pay my respects. Miss Compton presented him with an envelope, expressing a hope that he would allow her and her brother to make him a small offering, to be employed in any way he thought best for the benefit of his suffering countrymen who were still alive; and with many expressions of good-will on both sides, the Abbé took his leave. We learnt afterwards that the envelope contained a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Roger would have kept me for a long visit at his cottage,

if I could have stayed; and he tried hard to make me share his enjoyments, by sympathising with him more cordially than it was in my nature to do. But it was the kind of life that would not suit me; and when, one lovely morning before breakfast, I sauntered into the garden, and found my host reading Thomas à Kempis, and watching his gardener digging potatoes, I could stand it no longer. I felt that out of London I could not live; and the very notion of settling down amidst wife, babies, cabbages, and classics, gave me a cold shudder. And so I returned without delay to my own pursuits, delighted with a consciousness of power, looking back with gratification to the success I had already achieved, and confidently expecting to win the best rewards my profession could bestow.

Still,—for the truth may as well be told,—there are times when I could almost envy poor Roger; and still more his wife. I have succeeded beyond expectation; but I feel that I am alone in life, and there is a sort of emptiness of heart which I at times experience which is exquisitely painful. Alas, that one cannot always remain young! What should I do if my strength and spirits really failed me?

Reviews.

POMBAL, AND THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM PORTUGAL.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal, with Extracts from his Writings, and from Despatches in the State-Paper Office, never before published. By John Smith, Esq., Private Secretary to the Marshal Marquis de Saldanha. London: Longmans.

THE Jewish Rabbins have a tradition, that when a miserly and opulent Hebrew departs this life, there are certain angels who carry down his soul to the gates of hell, and sing, as they thrust him through those fiery portals, *Ecce homo qui non posuit Deum adiutorem suum, sed speravit in multitudine divitiarum suarum, et prævaluit in vanitate suâ.* The great Portuguese marquis had a touch of Israelitish extraction about him, as is well known: and whatever may have proved his eternal destiny, his whole conduct and idiosyncrasy, with regard to the affairs of heaven and earth, may at least remind a thoughtful Catholic of that tremendous versicle, to which an

allusion is thus ventured; describing as it does the wretchedness of mere material prosperity achieved at the cost of spiritual and religious disaster. With the memory of this celebrated minister are connected some remarkable reminiscences of the eighteenth century, pregnant with serious matter for our politicians and statesmen of the present day to take into their consideration. In the eyes of Protestantism and infidelity, the twenty-seven years during which Pombal governed Portugal form an oasis of liberalism and enlightenment. That the most important consequences resulted from his administration cannot be for a moment doubted.

Magnificent was once the glory attached to that strip of territory, on the western part of the Spanish peninsula, extending for about 350 miles from Galicia to Cape St. Vincent. It has been justly called the Phœnicia of the Atlantic, associated with the modern triumphs of commerce, geographical discovery, and religion. Its six small provinces, containing only two cities possessing a population above twenty thousand, have witnessed achievements performed by a race of illustrious men not unworthy to be compared with the heroes of Greece and Rome. After the great victory of Ourique, the Burgundian coronet was transformed into a regal crown, of which the most heroic wearer was Emanuel the First, from whom the line of Braganza derives its regular descent. Lisbon became a cradle for maritime science and enterprise, whilst our own wars of York and Lancaster were depopulating and impoverishing England and Wales. Madeira, the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, the coast of Africa, down to Sierra Leone, were explored and colonised with an energy which led to the still more important voyages of Bartolomeo Diaz and Vasco da Gama. Not only was a road opened to India, which transferred Oriental commerce from Venice to the banks of the Tagus, but the Portuguese dominions in Asia soon reached from Ormuz to Malacca. Friendly relations were established with Persia; a settlement was obtained in China; and a free-trade sanctioned in Japan. In A.D. 1520, Magelhaens discovered the straits which still bear his name; and although slain himself in a fray with the natives before his views were developed, large portions from that era of the vast continent of South America became subject to Portugal, and her national prosperity tended to its climax.

Then ensued a period of corruption, consequent on the possession of enormous wealth, followed up by feebleness, declension, and decay. Other countries entered with ardour into competition with a state which, from its original smallness and palpable present opulence, excited at once their

envy and admiration. Her colonial empire in the Brazils is also supposed to have exhausted the mother country; since, instead of having such treasures as those of Peru and Mexico already accumulated for the hands of the spoiler, Portugal had to transplant her own native capital and population across the ocean before any basis could be formed upon which her energies might successfully work the mines of gold and silver, or gather into her lap the topazes and diamonds of the new transatlantic Eldorado. Under John the Third, although the Lusitanian galleons were still like floating cathedrals, when they ploughed the seas, and witnessed the celebration of High Mass amidst the sultry calms of the tropics with a pomp and splendour rarely to be equalled out of Italy or Spain, the premonitory symptoms of an approaching change were visible. The laurels of such heroes as Albuquerque withered almost as soon as they had been acknowledged. Don Sebastian, through his fatal and romantic expedition into Africa, not merely disappeared himself under clouds of mystery and superstition, but left behind him no less than seven competitors for his crown, with Philip the Second at the head of them. His kingdom became an appendage to that of Spain in A.D. 1580, after an expense of human life such as harrows into positive horror all the humanities of history. So numerous were the corpses thrown into the sea, that the people refused to eat fish until its water had been solemnly purified by religious rites. From the towers of St. Julien alone, at the mouth of the Tagus, two thousand ecclesiastics had been precipitated into the waves for their patriotic resistance to the usurper. Of course the Jesuits came to be accused as the instigators of so sanguinary a proscription, with the view, as the admirers of Pombal stated, of increasing their wealth and consolidating their power. The Society of St. Ignatius might well revel in the last of the Beatitudes; for whilst its members arrested the plague of Lutheranism in Europe, or shed the lustre of the Cross upon the shores of Yedsoe and China, or changed Paraguay into a paradise, revilement and calumny met them at every point, to remind them that *Sic persecuti sunt prophetas, qui fuerunt ante ipsos*.

Philip, however, in seizing upon his prize, played the part of a boy when he catches a butterfly. Beneath the rude grasp of a tyrannical government, administered by foreign officials, the importance and position of Portugal perished. Her influence vanished in Asia; her navy disappeared from the seas; her commerce diminished; all native prosperity dwindled; and the haughty Castilians appropriated what remained for Spanish purposes. The Dutch, being now excluded from Lisbon, be-

gan to trade largely with India upon their own account. Their factories in the Orient soon bristled with fortifications. The famous Sea-Beggars, as their men-of-war were called, beat the Spanish, and captured those rich argosies and galleons which were bearing home to Cadiz or Barcelona the products of Hindostan, or the treasures of Vera Cruz and Acapulco. A golden harvest passed away from the mouths of the Tagus to the sandbanks of Holland. The merchants of Amsterdam supplanted their Portuguese competitors in Ceylon, Malacca, and, for a time, even in the Brazils. A colonial empire must always rest more or less upon opinion; and for sixty years the sister kingdoms of the Peninsula withered and waned together. Their population is proved to have fallen off one-half from its numbers as they flourished during the age of Ferdinand, Isabella, and Emanuel; nor was it until A.D. 1640, when the stupid court of Madrid had grown drunk with pride, and from Catalonia to Biscay every province was stung into insurrection, that a comparatively bloodless revolution restored Lusitanian independence, and placed the Duke of Braganza upon the throne of his ancestors. Ecclesiastical influences at least assuaged the passions of civil war, favoured the promotion and development of something like free-trade, and covered the country with no less than eight hundred religious establishments. Many intervals of protracted peace allowed agriculture to flourish, and a love of perhaps luxurious leisure to become habitual to the higher and middle classes. Unhappily, however, those principles of Erastianism, which have been the bane of Christendom for centuries, found their way from France and Spain into Portugal. Jealousy of the Holy See overshadowed that realm which had once rejoiced in producing or venerating some of the greatest saints of the calendar. Its tone of religion began to manifest tendencies more national and local than profoundly and absolutely Catholic. King John V. sanctioned the project of his clergy for founding the Patriarchate of Lisbon,—a measure which, whilst it cost the treasury no less than 80,000*l.* sterling per annum, and secured for the sovereign a new title (that of the “Most Faithful”), at the same time familiarised the public mind with the notion of the needlessness of too intimate and respectful a submission to the sacred centre of unity. In fact, the Portuguese almost fancied their grand metropolitan, with his college of twenty-four prelates and one hundred subsidiary dignitaries, on an equal footing with the Roman Court itself. The vestures of the Patriarch, on days of solemnity, were similar to those of the Pope; the higher suffragans, moreover, assuming the scarlet and costume of the cardinalate. Pretensions begat pretensions; such

as the colossal edifices at Mafra, or the lavish expenditure of a quarter of a million sterling, in the church of St. Roque, on one little chapel only twelve feet by seventeen in dimensions. The object of these or similar extravagances was to rival or surpass the ecclesiastical marvels of Italy; but they served merely to mislead the people with false notions. Eternal splendour formed a poor substitute for practical piety. Religious indifference quickened its stealthy advances; and a path was paved with decent though delusive appearances for the administration of the Marquis of Pombal.

This remarkable man came into the world on the 13th of May 1699, at Soure, a small village not far from the town whence subsequently he took his title. His father seems to have been a worthy rural fidalgo, or country gentleman, with a distinguished consort and a moderate fortune. The names of the future statesman, recorded in the register of his university when he went to matriculate at Coimbra, were Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello,—to include the maternal as well as the paternal patronymics. The eldest of three children, all of them sons, he entered the army as a private; rose to the rank of corporal; and finding his duties in the field rather nominal than real, confined himself exclusively to the study of history, politics, and legislation. Through literary pursuits he attracted the notice, and soon got into the good graces, of Cardinal Motta, who, as prime minister, appointed him a member of the Royal Academy in 1733. He then married; and four years afterwards came to London as Portuguese ambassador. French being the language spoken at the court of George the Second, he never learnt English, much to his regret, as he often subsequently avowed; but deriving his financial knowledge from the plans and papers of Sully, Richelieu, and Colbert, he requested to be recalled in 1745, partly on the grounds of ill-health, and partly from the troubles which he thought likely to arise out of the schemes of the Pretender Charles Edward. Repose did not long await him at home, for his diplomatic talents were again solicited in a most delicate and difficult negotiation. Maria Theresa had suppressed the Patriarchate of Aquileia, somewhat in the prevalent spirit of an age by no means generally congenial with her own personal predilections. Benedict XIV. complained, as he might well have been expected to do, upon the occasion; but both the Pontiff and the empress agreed to submit the secular point at issue to the arbitration of the Queen Regent of Portugal, who nominated Pombal as her minister and representative. At Vienna his arrangements soothed the contention; for mutual concessions were the order of the day, when philosophy,

literature, and governments scoffed at the supposed importance of either doctrine or discipline. It was about the same period that he lost his wife; and, in due time, married again into the family of Count Daun, under the imperial auspices of Maria Theresa herself, which afforded him fresh avenues to promotion in his own country. The Portuguese regent happened to be of Austrian origin: her husband had been long in a state of imbecility, arising from hereditary disease, aggravated by unbounded profligacy. Pombal, during the five years of his residence at Vienna, 1745-50, perfected his political novitiate; and was finally summoned home to take charge of the portfolio of foreign affairs. Soon after his arrival, the weak monarch expired, and was succeeded by his son, Don Joseph, the duration of whose reign, and whose constancy to the new minister, established the latter as the real governor of the kingdom for more than a quarter of a century.

In person, Pombal was tall, well-made, and generally handsome; with full yet intelligent features, engaging manners, a mellifluous voice, and the most flowing persuasive style of conversation. His patents of nobility later on in life conferred on him the rank, first of Count d'Oeyras, and ultimately that of his well-known marquissate. The state of Portugal, on his accession to power, appeared miserable in the extreme. A court revelling in licentiousness had lowered, by its vile example, the universal morals of its subjects. They had become indolent, luxurious, and reckless; without refinement, energy, or patriotism. The public finances presented an inextricable labyrinth of confusion. The army and navy had little existence but upon paper; although nominally every gentleman, with few exceptions, had to enter the former at a certain age, and serve in the ranks, as Pombal himself had already done. The government was an absolutism devoured by leprosy; and surrounded with the skeletons of what had been once forces and defences,—vain muster-rolls of imaginary soldiers, dismantled fortresses, abandoned castles, rotten ships, rusty cannon, and ordnance consisting of nothing but officials, ruined harbours, neglected magazines, and empty arsenals. The highest classes disgraced themselves by savage and sanguinary excesses, while the middle and lower ones brooded over the depression of industry and the torpor of enterprise. Lisbon, after nightfall, became a Sodom of iniquity, something like a hell upon earth,—a city of palaces beset with brawls, riots, violence, wantonness, and assassinations. It is well known that the convent of Odivellas was to John the Fifth what the Parc-aux-cerfs was to Louis the Fifteenth; and yet such potentates, with their ministers, successors, and agents, were to

beard and insult the Church of Almighty God, because she roused their consciences, interfered with their guilty pleasures, rebuked their irreligious policy, and dared to predict its consequences. Now Pombal was the very man to act successfully on such an arena the part of a popular Mephistopheles. In the names of morality and catholicity, of order and propriety, of royal dignity and national independence, his object was to re-establish material prosperity upon the ruins of right principles. In the secret chambers of his soul he evidently coincided with the genius and spirit of infidelity. He thought its philosophers the real sages and reformers who were to regenerate society; he conceived religion to be a cunning system of priestcraft, from the point where its resistance began against mere secular policy; but if it would only pause in its various operations and processes *short of that*, he had no objection to patronise it, and mould it to his own purposes, and convince the world how far wiser statesmen are than churchmen, how important it is that the crozier should subserve the sceptre, and how truly this transitory scene is the genuine substance, of which the future is an interesting phantom, to be speculated upon by the enthusiastic and the learned. Hence he anticipated a hundred years ago the dreamy delusions of the present day,—education for all classes upon a basis of religious, or rather irreligious, liberalism; a total subjugation of the spiritual to the temporal power; the substitution of reason for revelation; in other words, the exaltation of man, and the dethronement of his Maker. There can be no objection to admit that a veil was rather gracefully worn over many of these horrors; that much of their subtle atheism might be concealed even from himself; and that so ambiguous often were his language and measures, that he could preserve appearances, or kiss hands to heaven and earth, to the successor of St. Peter and the forerunner of Antichrist, at the same time. But the great fact remains, that he helped to move forward and work out the grand designs of Satan; and that during the seven-and-twenty years of his administration, which restored for an interval the secular wealth and prosperity of Portugal, he waged war with those spiritual fountains of living water, which can alone make the wilderness rejoice and flourish with the lily of salvation.

The consolidation of his influence met with assistance from various circumstances. Cardinal Motta was still alive, and nominally holding the helm of government; but with such a trembling hand, that he was too happy to be relieved from trouble, whilst his ecclesiastical rank and position covered the advances of his colleague towards that settled supremacy over

the king and kingdom which he soon acquired. The first five years sufficed for preliminary measures, laying trains for financial reforms, the regulation of the Holy Inquisition, so as to bring its jurisdiction within useful limits, and for protecting the seaboard from at least external aggression. It will scarcely be credited, that almost immediately after the assumption of office by Pombal, some Algerine corsairs actually anchored off Cape Spichel, a few miles from Lisbon,—the forts being unable to offer any effectual resistance, and much less avenge the insult. Our present Lords of the Admiralty would smile at the amount of money appropriated, amidst some clamours, for mending matters,—twenty-seven contos of reis, or about 7000*l.* sterling. He corrected also the abuses which had crept into the diamond-contract with the Brazilian merchants, improved the whale-fisheries, established a national manufactory of gunpowder, set on foot an enormous sugar-refinery, promoted silk-mills as well as the cultivation of mulberries for the native worms, suppressed brigandage, extended the revenues of the state, defined and simplified certain laws relating to successions, introduced an invaluable police, forced economy upon even the civil-list, and ameliorated the restrictions which had hitherto pressed so heavily upon trade, commerce, and industry. He was resolved, moreover, to disenfranchise his country from what he felt to be the too domineering pretensions of Great Britain; when an unparalleled natural catastrophe threw upon his shoulders a weight of responsibility and authority which scarcely any one besides himself, at that particular crisis, in Portugal, could have so efficiently sustained.

It was on the festival of All Saints, in the year 1755, and the various classes in Lisbon were flocking joyously to the churches, amidst the brilliancy of an autumnal morning, in that balmy of southern climes. Never had a November sun risen with greater promise. Nature seemed at rest in the calm beauty of the serene and deep-blue sky, which, like a firmament of azure, overhung the proud palaces of the capital glassed in the clear broad bosom of the Tagus. Peace, pleasure, and security might have appeared to fix their residence on its banks, and to gambol upon its waters. Various altars were gorgeously illuminated before myriads of prostrate worshippers; when, about four minutes after the clocks had struck nine, one of the tallest steeples of the city was seen to quiver like a reed in the wind. The ground heaved, and rolled, and groaned: down came the temples of the living God, the mansions of the wealthy, the houses of the traders and artisans, the theatres and public edifices,—whole streets at a time crumbling

into heaps of ruin. Thousands were crushed to death in the first convulsive shocks of this most terrible earthquake; thousands disappeared in yawning chasms, which closed over their heads for ever; multitudes fled to the quays and piers for safety, just as the river, suddenly swollen and agitated into more than oceanic power and fury, absorbed the horrified crowds, with all the vessels at their moorings, amidst the vortices of an unfathomable whirlpool; whilst, as an awful contrast, enormous fires broke forth in various places at one and the same moment, raging with incredible fierceness, and threatening to consume what the other elements had spared. Husbands now hurried to and fro in frenzied search after their wives; mothers shrieked for their children: every tie dear to the heart snapped asunder in misery; every affection, which enables man to submit to the trials of life, loosened into madness, or found itself buried in one wide grave. It was felt, as if the fiends of darkness had come out of their caverns to rage up and down the devoted metropolis; for, in the confusion and uproar, the prisons gave up their flagitious inmates, exulting in the misfortune which had emancipated them from their chains, and abandoning themselves to the gratification of their foulest appetites, as well as to the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Infuriated with wine, and greedy after gold, they roamed about for an interval undisputed masters of the chaos, revelling in violence, murder, rapine, and sacrilege. The royal family happened to be at Belem, when, as Pombal reached them in the depths of their consternation, "What is to be done," exclaimed Don Joseph, "to meet this infliction of Divine justice?" His calm and characteristic answer was: "Bury the dead, sire, and feed the living;" and it was from this instant that the king looked upon his minister as a mortal of superior mould. Pombal, having received full verbal powers, threw himself into his carriage,—in which he literally lived for eight days,—and hurried back to Lisbon. Wherever his presence was required, there was he found, with a demeanour as collected as if the entire affair had been merely a public spectacle. Probably these hours of almost superhuman energy were the greatest of his whole career.

Two hundred decrees, written upon his knees with a pencil, and issued from his chariot, as it solemnly moved about from one quarter of the ruins to another throughout the Octave of All Saints, had reference to the maintenance of order; the interment of corpses; the lodgment of the survivors in temporary habitations; the distribution of provisions; the formation of extemporary hospitals; the prohibitions against persons leaving the city without being able to

account for their object in doing so, or the property they were carrying off with them; the restoration of general confidence; and the repression of outrage. Idlers and vagabonds were set to work for the clearance of those mountains of rubbish which choked up the streets and lanes in every conceivable direction. Martial law was proclaimed, and summary justice executed, after the third or fourth day, upon numerous robbers taken *in flagrante delicto*; so that their gibbets overawed evil-doers, and served as signals for the soldiers in patrolling the different districts. Much treasure was in this way recovered, and many lives were preserved. A cross, valued at 30,000*l.* sterling, was dug out from what remained of the palace of the Patriarchate, besides 48,000 lbs. weight of silver-plate from other dilapidated residences of noble or opulent proprietors; but the entire damage inflicted by the earthquake seems to have amounted to far more than seven millions of our money. Pombal had thus the largest scope afforded him for the development of his peculiar abilities. That part of the city suffered most which lay in the valley, on a portion of which the Rocio Square now stands; but under his superintendence it was entirely rebuilt with great strength and regularity. The catastrophe only seemed to afford him an opportunity for acquiring fame somewhat analogous to that which the great fire of London opened to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. The capital of Portugal in former times is said not to have possessed a single regular street for above the length of one hundred yards: but now eminences were levelled, handsome squares were constructed, a public garden was laid out, sewers were arranged, regular pavements were introduced; and he had designed a magnificent promenade from Santa Apollonia to Belem, which would have rendered Lisbon one of the most attractive and beautiful cities in Europe. Meanwhile, however, there had to elapse a long season of general distress and suffering. Slight shocks occurred again and again. The Algerine corsairs hovered about the coast, and landed wherever and whenever a possibility of plunder presented itself. Fresh panics, arising from comparatively trifling causes, and often from no apparent causes at all, shattered every basis of credit. It is really difficult to imagine what might have been the result of such manifold misfortunes, had not a single pervading genius, like that of the Portuguese premier, collected the elements of hope and confidence in his own person. He never flinched from exertion, or quailed in courage for an instant; but perhaps the satisfaction with which he secretly contemplated a long lease of power, as likely to arise from his services in mitigating the national calamity, blinded him to the folly

and wickedness of persecuting the Jesuits. Their boldness in rebuking the profligacy of their countrymen was no doubt unpopular; but their success in reforming public morals, had they only been allowed to continue unmolested, would have been a boon outbalancing ten thousandfold in importance the achievements of a transitory economy, or the fallacious anticipations of semi-Catholic calculators and statesmen.

These good fathers had been established in Portugal during the reign of John III., 1540, by the holy Simon Rodriguez, a friend of St. Francis Xavier. The sanctity of the former was rewarded by his obtaining the management of the University of Coimbra; and though, at first, the Papal bull limited the numbers of the society to sixty for the Lusitanian province, leave was subsequently obtained for an indefinite enlargement, which led to some of the most brilliant results in the way of modern missionary enterprise. The annals of India, China, Japan, and Paraguay enshrined the names of an army of confessors of whom the world was not worthy, and whose labours of love, with their victories over the prince of darkness, only excited either a sneer or a smile among the philosophers and potentates of Europe. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the howl of infidelity against the Jesuits had attained, perhaps, its highest pitch. As the janizaries of the Church, their earlier fathers had rushed to the rescue of her standard when Lutheranism threatened to contradict the evangelical prophecy, that the gates of hell were never to prevail against her. Their efforts, under God, had won a thousand triumphs, and rolled back upon the heads of the assailants the consequences of human malice, with its varied and inveterate devices. Wealth, fame, and influence, in almost every court of Europe, awaited the children of St. Ignatius, and, it may be, somewhat relaxed their zeal; so that even not a few among the saints and prelates of later ages exclaimed, *Quomodo obscuratum est aurum et mutatus est color optimus!* Yet they still manned and maintained, as a body, the bulwarks and battlements and garrisons of the Christian citadel; each form and follower of heresy, from the systems of Chillingworth and Cudworth to those of Voltaire and Diderot, being instinctively aware that their suppression must precede any real millennium of latitudinarianism. The struggles of Jansenism in France accelerated the crisis; but Portugal, with her now popular minister, enjoyed the infamy of openly attacking the Society with fatal measures, carried out upon an extended scale. On the banks of the Uruguay, in South America, it had founded a religious republic, consisting of thirty-one towns, with a population of many myriads, won from paganism, be-

sides being also connected with an extensive and lucrative commerce both in the West and East Indies. The courts at Madrid and Lisbon had agreed upon an exchange of territories involving the seven missions of Paraguay; but utterly overlooking their spiritual interests, which were to be sacrificed to secular circumstances, under the auspices of Valdelirios, a Spanish general, and Andrade, the rapacious governor of Rio Janeiro. Some successful resistance was made, to a certain extent, by the Christian Indians against their oppressors; so that Pombal had to send one of his brothers, in A.D. 1754, to co-operate in putting an end to the dominion of the Jesuits, and terminating disgraceful transactions not a little costly and troublesome to his government.

The task thus undertaken by the Portuguese premier was a difficult one; for members of the order were confessors to the sovereign and royal family, and possessed immense influence with all classes. Moreover, they had not merely opposed the colonial policy of the minister, but they had also dared to interfere with a darling measure, which had been dear to him as the apple of his eye; and that was, the monopoly which he had constituted under the denomination of the Oporto Wine Company. The annual products of his own estates were more or less affected by exclusive privileges, attached to particular districts, of purchasing all the wines grown in them at fixed and favourable prices for a particular period after the vintage. Insurrections ensued amongst the peasantry and tavern-keepers aggrieved by these fiscal innovations; whilst the point which chiefly concerned and interested the priests of the Jesuit College at Oporto was, whether the wines of this new company were suitable or not for the celebration of Mass. It was perfectly proper that they should express an opinion in such matters, wherever they saw, or even conceived they saw, a reason for doing so: yet never had the acrimony of their enemies seemed more excited; and the entire blame was laid upon them of stirring up the tumults which occurred in February, A.D. 1757, on the Douro, and in which the residences of the chancellor and other officials were attacked by the populace. Don Joseph, also, was as great a voluptuary as his father; and he had already been personally offended by the just denunciations of Moreira, his director, against the floods of impurity which deluged the kingdom from the palace to the cottage, whereby, as many a zealous preacher declared, another earthquake, if it happened, was only too well deserved. His majesty felt, therefore, not a little piqued by such imagined meddlings with his royal monopolies in the provinces, and the morals of his court and capital. Pombal well knew how to

enlist the pride of a Sardanapalus for the accomplishment of his own sinister designs. An order was obtained banishing the obnoxious confessor, with all his *confrères*, from Lisbon, so that no Jesuit should be seen there unless by express permission received from the crown. This was in September; and in October, as well as in February 1758, formal accusations were laid before his Holiness at Rome, impeaching the entire order "of having sacrificed all Christian, religious, and natural obligations to a blind and insolent usurpation of absolute power; of having frustrated the boundary treaty between Spain and Portugal in South America; of having interfered most disastrously in the Maranhao, Pará, and Oporto companies; and of publicly teaching from the pulpit, that whoever joined in the last of these commercial associations would have no part in the company of our Lord Jesus Christ." It became necessary that Benedict XIV. should act in some way or other, harassed as he was by the menaces of the Bourbon sovereigns from Paris, Madrid, and Parma, and now by the house of Braganza in Portugal. Accordingly, by a Papal mandate, bearing date the 1st April 1758, he appointed Cardinal Saldanha visitor and reformer of the Society of Jesus in all parts of the world subject to the sceptre of his most faithful majesty. But it was a sop thrown quite in vain to the relentless Cerberus. Saldanha became Patriarch in the June following.

Then ensued the celebrated conspiracy of the Duke of Aveiro and the Marquis of Tavora. These noblemen, actuated principally by their own private motives, drew a number of persons, not less disaffected than themselves to the existing government, towards a common centre of political intrigue and treason. It was felt throughout a large section of the realm that its sovereign, in supporting Pombal, had compromised the best interests of the Church of Almighty God. On the night of the 3d of September 1758, Don Joseph, with a single attendant, was returning home from a wicked amour, when his carriage was fired upon, about eleven o'clock, by two assassins, each discharging a heavy blunderbuss. The vehicle was struck, but neither of its occupants, by this volley. The postilion hurried forwards, and lashed his animals, as a couple of fresh horsemen appeared on the road. These latter aimed their weapons with more fatal effect, his majesty being severely wounded by slugs in several places. Roaring to the driver with fright and agony, Don Joseph ordered the man to make the best of his way to the residence of a royal surgeon; which saved him from some other ambuscades, and probably preserved his life. Such was the state of public opinion, that for nearly three months the minister dared not take any steps to

avenge the outrage. The queen was appointed regent until her consort should be better; for it was given out that, in passing through a gallery to her bed-room, he had fallen down in the dark, and received many bruises: rather dangerous to a corpulent patient; that the operation of phlebotomy had been performed sundry times, and that the greatest quiet was necessary. At length, towards the close of the year, all the guilty parties were arrested; four convents belonging to the Jesuits were surrounded, and eight of the fathers taken into custody upon bare suspicion. The duke and marquis, after a brief and private trial, were broken alive on the wheel, and their bodies burnt to ashes. Six accomplices underwent similar punishments, with the merciful exception of previous strangulation. Antonio Alvares Ferreira suffered at the stake, and the Marchioness of Tavora was beheaded. The name of her very family was to be abolished; and the patrimonial stream from whence the title of the house had been taken came under the absurd sentence that thenceforward "it should be styled the River of Death." The minister perpetrating these fearful executions received for his reward the dignity of a count, with the rich commandery of St. Miguel, besides having his younger brother Francisco associated with him as joint secretary in the home-department. Two hundred and fifty individuals were more or less involved in the Aveiro conspiracy, and had to endure greater or smaller degrees of governmental vengeance and indignation either in purse or person. Protracted imprisonment seems to have formed the lot of by far the larger number; but Pombal hoped now to realise the grand object of his aspirations:

At the head of the eight Jesuit ecclesiastics accused of being implicated in the plot, was the celebrated enthusiast Gabriel Malagrida, who was said to have affirmed, as a spiritual director, that in the removal of such a sovereign as then reigned in Portugal regicide would be scarcely a venial sin. No adequate proofs were ever adduced of this grave offence against sound doctrine and morals: the unhappy fanatic himself fell subsequently under the condemnation of the Holy Inquisition for foul heresy altogether upon different grounds. His seven companions, and particularly two or three of them, had heavily smarted through the persecuting oppressions of the minister who so intensely hated their society; but nothing ever really occurred to fasten the calumnious insinuations of Pombal upon the followers of St. Ignatius in general. However, the parable of the wolf and the lamb had to be realised somehow or other; and the government, therefore, loudly asserted before the whole European world, that the Aveiro

conspiracy not only had been the special offspring of the obnoxious order, but that its discovery had enabled the friends of humanity to unravel and unveil the entire principles of a system which would be found radically inconsistent and incompatible with both religion and morals. Advantage, in fact, was taken of the temper peculiar to the times; just as in this country the Popish plot of Lord Shaftesbury, at an earlier period, enabled Protestantism to cram down the public throat its *plaustra mendaciorum*, and glut unnumbered gibbets with their innocent victims. Don Joseph, on the 19th of January 1759, at once sequestrated all the vast property, real and personal, belonging to the Society of Jesus; and Pombal, not satisfied with the plunder, determined on its total expulsion from the dominions of Portugal. Its colleges were everywhere suppressed. Pope Clement XIII., on being bullied in the rudest manner for a letter of faculty to sanction the ecclesiastical investigation, replied, with equal firmness and moderation, that he would never perpetrate an act of injustice, but that the royal courts might proceed to try such clergy as had been really implicated in the late conspiracy; whilst his Holiness also trusted that at least mercy, to say nothing of equity, would prevent them from shedding the blood of those who were not guilty, and whose lives had been hitherto devoted to the service of the sanctuary. Instead of feeling soothed by such pontifical and paternal cautions, the incensed monarch and minister insisted upon a grant from Rome of perpetual jurisdiction over the entire clerical body in cases of treason and sedition. The Pontiff promised to accede, provided some prelate, nominated by himself or successors, might preside on such occasions; although subsequently he consented that the crown should appoint the bishop. Meantime Pombal pushed on the prosecution; the best subjects of the kingdom came to be declared outlaws in their native land; some were incarcerated in dungeons upon various political or personal charges; and the remainder, deported in vessels prepared for the purpose to the port of Civita Vecchia, were thus thrown upon the hospitality of Clement, without means or resources of any kind. The next step, of course, was to pick a quarrel with the Pope upon as many collateral pretences as possible. Saldanha, as cardinal patriarch, acting by royal authority alone, had pronounced for the expulsion of the Jesuits on the 5th of October 1759; nor was it long before something like a secular supremacy was attempted with regard to the Portuguese and Brazilian hierarchies. The treasury ventured to draw some revenue from the sales of indulgences, certificates of which might be purchased of the state at a

given price, and which during six months were imagined to be equally valid with the absolution of a Roman year of jubilee. An open rupture soon broke off all amicable intercourse between Clement XIII. and Joseph, for the disastrous consequences of which Pombal had principally to answer.

His ostensible notion was to support the dignity of the crown, by rescuing it from what he called the thralldom of the tiara; his private motives were the possession of power, the subjugation of the royal mind through the combined action of indulged voluptuousness and alternations of fear from invisible enemies, as well as the suppression of the higher ranks of the nobility, hateful at once to his private jealousy, and opposed to his official pretensions. They had murmured at his recently-earned honours. The late Duke of Aveiro had provoked his bitterest animosity, by attempting to secure the marriage of an only son of his now fallen house with the wealthy heiress of Cadoval,—a noble lady whom the minister had long set his mind upon for one of the members of his own family. It is not improbable that a Jesuit confessor had interfered in the matter, through a natural dread of additional weight being thrown into the scale of so potent an enemy to the Society. That enemy wreaked his revenge in return with almost Satanic malice. Eight hundred Jesuits had been transported into Italy under circumstances of extreme harshness and cruelty, even upon the evidence of Protestant witnesses. His agents and abettors were stirring up Spain, France, Germany, and other countries of Christendom, to imitate his example; which they soon did, in rolling down fresh rocks of ruin upon that mighty association, whose principal crime was an unflinching fidelity to the Church in a lukewarm and rationalistic age. Vainly had its members protested, explained, repudiated the false principles with which they were charged, and then manifested the most Christian meekness in taking up the cross which it might seem that Providence had appointed them to bear. In vain the Pope issued his bull, *Apostolicum pascendi munus*, confirming the institution of St. Ignatius, and confronting the rage of politicians and philosophers in the parliaments of Paris, or the courts of Turin, Madrid, and Vienna, as also at Lisbon and Oporto, where, notwithstanding every effort of Pombal, several copies found their way. The Portuguese premier only raged the more as fuel got heaped upon the fire. He threatened the Holy See with fresh thunderbolts. Pontifical rescripts were no longer to circulate from the *Tras os Montes* to the Algarves. The attorney-general demonstrated to his most faithful majesty that the infallibility of the successor of

St. Peter was a fallacy, only tolerated when unexamined. Father Ferreira followed up the game, by his hopeless endeavours to prove, in a set thesis, that such a doctrine had never been considered an article of faith. The rights of the metropolitans in Portugal to confirm and consecrate their suffragan bishops *nominated by the king*, and the power of these latter prelates to confirm and consecrate their metropolitans, *also named by his majesty, independently of the apostolic centre of unity*, found many avowed adherents and defenders. Such advocates had resolved to render the crown as absolute in ecclesiastical matters as in civil ones; nor did the lesser clergy fail to participate more or less in analogous sympathies, when they beheld the Archbishop of Evora granting dispensations for marriage without the concurrence of the Court of Rome. All the other bishops soon imitated so baneful an example; the British envoy exulted at the prospect of another ecclesiastical revolt; and had the lunacy of Exeter Hall raged in those halcyon days, our ancestors would have heard then about Portugal precisely the hallucinations and predictions in which Dr. Cumming now rejoices about Piedmont.

It is observed by Von Müller, an author not generally favourable to the interests of religious truth, that when the great bell of the Capitol announced to the inhabitants of the Eternal City the death of Clement XIII., there was scarcely an individual to be seen who was not in tears. As a Pontiff, he had manfully striven to protect his sacred charge from the assaults and cruel encroachments of the princes of the earth. But his own countrymen, the Venetians, instigated by the Portuguese minister, were already casting a covetous eye upon the revenues of nearly fifty thousand ecclesiastics. Parma, Corsica, and Naples, actuated by similar influences, were ready to range themselves with France and Spain, whose statesmen, borrowing their precedents from Lisbon, had expatriated to the patrimony of St. Peter nearly a myriad of Jesuits, the friends of the sick and the poor, and the instructors of the ignorant wherever they might be discovered. Gallicanism seemed triumphing from the Rhine to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The sceptre of temporal sovereignty had risen in its pride against the pastoral staff of spiritual authority; or what error has always been too willing to falsify as the usurpation of ecclesiastical pretension. And yet it was quickly found that barracks increased as convents diminished; the bayonet glittered as the crozier withdrew; and the disciples of the Encyclopædia sang pæans over every blow levelled at the children of Loyola. When the College of Cardinals assembled to elect a new Pope, the Duke de Choi-

seul, in the true Bourbon spirit, menaced them with fearful consequences, exactly as Philip de Valois treated Boniface four centuries and three-quarters before: and when Ganganelli had a majority of suffrages, on the 1st of May 1769, Pombal remarked to the Nuncio announcing the news, that had the choice fallen upon a prelate favourable to the Jesuits, he should possibly have lapsed into Lutheranism. As things turned out, he condescended to remain nominally a good Catholic. A sort of reconciliation was patched up between Joseph and Clement XIV. The minister was advanced to his marquisate: a ring was sent him from his Holiness, with his own likeness cut upon an agate, as well as the pontifical miniature in oil-colours, curiously framed; two small silver sculptures, with the entire bodies of four saints; and an appointment to the cardinalate for a brother of the new marquis; while illuminations both at Rome and Lisbon attested the general joy. These last were repeated three years later on the banks of the Tagus, with *Te Deums* and solemn jubilatons at all the churches, on the reception of the bull *Dominus ac Redemptor noster Jesus Christus*, which appeared to extinguish for ever the marvellous association of St. Ignatius. Pombal had at length won his victory.

And with what did he present his country in return? It will be answered, that he procured for her a transient gleam of material and secular prosperity; in other words, it was the old exchange of Glaucus and Tydides over again, only upon a larger scale than the folly before the walls of Troy: *χρύσεια χαλκείων, ἐκατόμβοι ἔννεαβοίων*:

“For Diomed’s brass arms of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid the vulgar price,
He gave a suit of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the matchless mail had bought.”

The metropolis rose rapidly and magnificently from its ruins. Commerce, which had been all but prostrated by bad management, under a new junta developed to a wonderful extent, and frequently produced large profits. The nobles were permitted to take and hold shares in the great mercantile companies; manufactories were established for silk, calico, and cotton fabrics, as well as for hats and paper. Pombal, moreover, had the honour of introducing the use of forks into Portugal, illustrating thereby the wisdom of an almost obsolete proverb as to the greater antiquity of fingers! He also gave an impetus to maritime enterprise; fostering the trade with Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and Morocco, in many regulations sufficiently sagacious, when we remember the age in which he lived. He

patronised the enfranchisement and civilisation of slaves and Indians; wrote and spoke about various liberal plans of education; so that, had he only been a British subject under Queen Victoria, he might have made a tolerable member for Manchester. His mouth and mind, moreover, overflowed with schemes and visions in the way of conventual and ecclesiastical reform, rich in verbal promises for the public advantage, and substantial in the pecuniary benefits which quite accidentally accrued to his own private property. The army demanded and received considerable attention. It had shrunk to a mob of about 8000 men, no better accoutred than the ragged regiment of Falstaff. Pombal perceived, that in the famous family compact between Spain and France, in 1761, the policy of Philip II. might be imitated under Charles III., and the inheritance of the Braganzas swallowed up in that of the Bourbons. He threw himself, therefore, in foreign affairs, under the protection of Great Britain, and boldly prepared for war. The fortifications on the frontiers underwent repairs; 36,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 5000 artillery were raised, and placed under the able command of the Count La Lippe and Prince Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; whilst England sent as an auxiliary contingent 10,000 soldiers. The navy had fallen to a couple of ships: but the active minister lost no time in hiring 300 shipwrights from the dockyards at Plymouth and Portsmouth; so that within a few years he could muster beneath the national flag ten sail of the line, and ultimately thirteen, with a proportionable number of frigates, besides guarding the coasts, and despatching vessels with engineers, workmen, and materials for the erection of forts and arsenals in Mozambique and the Brazils. As to the finances, he discovered on his accession to power no less than 22,000 tax-gatherers,—regular vultures of the right strength and stomach, with wings of watchfulness that never wearied, eyes that could discern their prey from Alpine altitudes, nostrils that snuffed it as they descended, and appetites greedy as the grave. He swept them all away; and, by an entirely novel system, contrived to collect the revenue at an expense of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the gross total. Economy was carried even into the royal kitchens, where eighty male cooks were reduced to twenty. Without imposing any fresh imposts, the taxes, through merely honest management, rose to their present amount—upwards of 3,000,000*l.* sterling—of which more than a third, in the former state of things, became the spoil of plunderers and harpies. The population of Portugal must then have been about that of Holland or Scotland in our own times. He simplified the mode of keeping the public accounts; fostered the cultivation of ce-

reals in some of the provinces where the vine could scarcely be grown with advantage; established a sort of royal press under a censorship; founded the *Collegio dos Nobres*, or College of Nobles, to improve the literary tastes of that class; promoted every where the acquisition of modern languages; prohibited a custom in schools of communicating all instruction in Latin; encouraged many ingenious inventions; regulated the testamentary, sumptuary, and retail arrangements of the middle orders; reformed the university at Coimbra; befriended the study of mathematics and natural history; formed several museums, besides endowing nearly a thousand professorships and masterships throughout the kingdom; carried on successfully two wars with Spain; favoured the arts with considerate liberality; and, finally, escaped assassination from the explosion of an infernal machine. We have deliberately sketched in this sentence the general outlines of his triumphant administration, down to the grand jubilee of 1775, when, on the royal birthday, a colossal equestrian statue of Don Joseph was unveiled to the public gaze, amidst an expenditure of 200,000*l.* sterling.

On that memorable day, the 6th of June, his Most Faithful Majesty received from his minister a written glorification of their joint reign. The marquis magniloquently enumerates the nine steps of advancement which Portugal had taken in the last quarter of a century under their united auspices: respectable persons had learned to write legibly; the mechanical arts of handicraft in gold, silver, wools, silks, steel, mercery, millinery, furniture, and carriages, were flourishing; painting, sculpture, and architecture lifted up their heads; the *belles-lettres*, introduced by the Jesuits, as was admitted, had survived their expulsion; the higher sciences were making progress; domestic trade and industry filled the window-shops of the metropolis with the produce of the national manufactories; foreign commerce had dispersed the diamonds of Brazil over the east and west, in exchange for sugars, tobacco, salt, cocoa, coffee, cotton, rice, and spices; the vintages and fruits of the six Lusitanian provinces now poured into their laps a cornucopia of plenty and variety; while such was the wealth of the people, that strangers almost lost their admiration of it in the envy which it universally excited. Certain it is, that externally the picture thus delineated by the elated marquis may not be said to have been overdrawn. A treasury which he found empty was now full to overflowing; credit, which had vanished, was now apparently restored. If Augustus had boasted that he first beheld Rome a city of brick, but that he left it marble, Pombal might say of Lisbon, that he had seen it

a heap of ruins, and that he rendered it, for local beauty and magnificence, unparalleled in the Peninsula. All this might seem to be true, whilst in reality a more visionary mirage of prosperity never deluded the eyes of man. It is one of the dissolving-views of history. Don Joseph expired on the 24th of February 1777; the Marquis of Pombal fell like a meteor from the political firmament; and the prosperity of Portugal, based upon no foundation of religious principles, passed away with him. There were 78,000,000 of cruzados at that moment accumulated in the royal exchequer, besides jewels of inestimable value. But what people upon earth became poorer, or more wretched, or what court more degraded and impoverished, dragging forward the miserable existence they did, without faith, or morals, or intelligence, until the military volcano of the French swallowed them up, and again had to disgorge them? Pombal retired to the city after which he is called in Lusitanian and European annals, laden with years, wealth, and honours; but also amidst the hisses of an aristocracy whom he had never failed to mortify, the groans of multitudes whom he had done his best to demoralise, the scorn of a profligate court which he had so long terrified, and the murmured maledictions of a Church from whose fold, although he had not openly apostatised, he had driven away its noblest defenders. Such religion as he had was latitudinarian, attired by accident in the costume of Catholicity. In a conversation with the Sardinian envoy, on the death of Clement XIII., he expressed the most cordial wish that a Pope might be chosen of such a character and temper *as to form a system for approximating the Romish to the Protestant profession.* His ideas about the matter were plainly those of the notable Anthony Foster in Kenilworth, whose creed would bear pulling off and on, like an easy glove, at the varying suggestions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. His health, which had been often tried, held out better as he grew older. Wraxall describes him as full of vigour and activity, though then having attained his seventy-third year; "in person he seemed very tall and slender, with a face long, pale, meagre, and rife with intelligence." His vindication of his actions, written in his retirement, was followed up by a defence, which annoyed the court, and was ordered to be burnt in disgrace. His enemies multiplied their assaults upon his reputation and past conduct; nor perhaps will the mystery ever be removed in this world hanging over several of the details relative to the Aveiro conspiracy. In 1780-1, a judicial inquiry, conducted by eighteen judges, reversed every thing that Pombal had done with regard to the parties accused,

and by a majority of fifteen to three acquitted them all, the dead as well as the survivors. Government even issued a decree against the marquis himself; yet no one actually molested him. He expired in his rural palace on the 5th of May 1782, supported, as we are informed by the foolish author of the worthless memoirs before us, "with that inward sunshine of the soul which a good conscience can always bestow on itself." His friends, who would fain refine upon the pious prayer of Catholics, substituted on his tomb an "improvement" of the devout *Requiescat in pace*, and wrote over his body, "May the earth repose lightly upon him;" a worthy epitaph for such a man and such a minister.

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Fourth Article.)

By a series of rapid and violent operations, a mere handful of insurgents had now made themselves masters of the strongest fortified town in Scotland; and, marching without opposition to Edinburgh, were in temporary possession of the capital. Distrusting their cause, and unable to reckon on any sufficient support of their own countrymen, they immediately opened negotiations with England. But here a curious difficulty presented itself. Knox, whose ferocity of temper sometimes outran his cunning, had issued to the world a fierce philippic against "*the monstrous regiment of women.*" The prophetic spirit with which, upon convenient occasions, Knox pretended to be gifted, failed to anticipate the accession of a Protestant princess to the English throne by the unexpected death of Queen Mary; and as Mary of England, Mary Guise, and Mary his youthful sovereign, were all alike objects of his intense and vindictive personal animosity, he had involved all three, with all contingent female sovereigns, in one sweeping

tirade against the principle of a female succession. But no sooner did a female sovereign become likely to aid him in his designs, than he was eager to eat his own words, and act in unblushing defiance of his own avowed principles.

At the gathering summonsed to St. Andrew's by the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle, on their first desertion from their sovereign, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange arrived, and openly espoused their cause. This man had in March 1557 offered his services, for a consideration, to the English Queen to assist in expelling altogether French influence from Scotland. In November of the same year, he, in company of the Lord James, the Earl of Glencairn, and others, were on the side of the Regent, receiving money from the French King, and stipulating for the sending of French auxiliaries into Scotland. Now, again, he is in arms against the Regent and the French, and eager for fresh treasonable correspondence with the English government.

On the 1st July (1559) he addressed a letter from Edinburgh to Sir Henry Percy. What is remarkable in it is as follows. He asserts that

“They (the congregation) mean nothing but reformation of religion. The manner of their proceeding in reformation is this; they pull down all manner of friaries, and some abbeys, which willingly receive not the Reformation. As to parish-churches, they cleanse them of images and all other monuments of idolatry, and *command* that no masses be said in them; in place thereof, the book set forth by godly King Edward is read in the same churches. Some suppose the queen, seeing no other remedy, will follow their desires, which is, a general reformation throughout the whole realm conform to the pure word of God, and the Frenchmen to be sent away. If her grace will do so, they will obey her and serve her, and annex the whole revenues of the abbeys to the crown. If her grace will not be content with this, they are determined to hear of no agreement.”

Knox was at this time in close and daily communication with Kirkaldy, and was cognisant of the contents of his correspondence with Sir Henry Percy, if indeed the letter be not from his own pen; yet, on the same day, he addresses a letter to Sir Henry, in which occur the following passages amongst others:

“Persuade yourself, and assure others, that we mean neither sedition, neither yet rebellion against any just and lawful authority; but only the advancement of Christ's religion, and the liberty of this poor realm. If we can have one with the other, it will fare better with England; which, if we lack, although we mourn and smart, England will not escape without worse trouble. But all this had I

rather communicate face to face, than commit to paper and ink. This other letter I have direct to Mr. Secretary, which, if your honour will cause to be delivered, I suppose you shall not offend him. Other things I have, which now I cannot write for continual trouble hanging on my wicked carcass, by reason of this tumult raised against Christ Jesus in his (members). I pray you, seek to know the mind of the queen, and of the council, touching our support if we be pursued by an army of Frenchmen, and let me be assured by advertisement reasonably."

The date and address of this letter is Edinburgh, 1st July, —precisely the same as those of Kirkaldy's letter to the same person. Some days before the 24th June, Kirkaldy joined the insurgents at St. Andrew's. On or before the 23d occurred the conversation betwixt him and Knox, in which "it was concluded betwix theame two that support sould be craved of England."

In pursuance of this, Kirkaldy wrote on the 23d June to Sir W. Cecil. On the 25th Perth was taken; and Knox's letter to the same was written from that place on the 28th. On the 29th the rebels were in possession of Edinburgh. And no sooner are the two confederates arrived at Edinburgh than both write on the 1st July to Sir Harry Percy, with whom Kirkaldy appears to have been on some terms of intimacy. Knox takes that occasion to introduce himself to Sir Harry through his friend, and at the same time prepares a letter, which he requests him to transmit to Sir W. Cecil.

The following quotations form the gist of this production:

"If the most parte of women be wicked, and suche as willingly we wald not sould regne over us; and if the maist godly, and suche as have rare graces, be yit mortall, we ought to take heid, leist in establischeing one judged godly and profitable to hir cuntrey, we mak ane entres and titill to many, of quhome not only sall the truthe be impugned, bot also sall the cuntray be brocht in bondage. * * * By divers letteris I have required license to have visite the north partis of England, bot as yit I hav received no favourable answer. The longer, sir, that it be delayed, the less comfort sall the faythfull there receive, the weaker sall the queen's grace be. If I war not to her grace ane unfayned friend, I wald not instantly beg suche liberty," &c. (*Knox*, lib. iii. p. 209.)

From some cause or other Knox's letter was delayed. In the mean time, Mr. Whitlaw had arrived with a verbal message from Cecil; and a servant came from Sir Harry Percy appointing Sir W. Kirkaldy to meet him for the purpose of an oral communication at Norham; after which, Knox added the following postscript to his former letter, dated 12th July:

"After the scribbling of these former lines came Mr. Whitlaw,

&c. * * * * Immediately after Mr. Whitlaw, came a servant from Sir Harry Percy to Mr. Kirkaldy, who, departing from us at Edinburgh to speak the said Sir Harry, brought news to the hearts of all joyful, whensoever they shall be divulged. It was thought expedient to communicate the matter only with those that are strongest, till farther knowledge of the queen's majesty's good mind towards this action. We doubt not the good mind of the whole Congregation, which is great, as I doubt not but by others you will understand; but it is not thought expedient that so weighty a matter be untimeously disclosed. True and faithful preachers in the north parts cannot but greatly advance this cause. If a learned and godly man might be appointed to Berwick with license also to preach within Scotland, I doubt not but to obtain unto him the hands of the most part of the gentlemen of the borders. Advert one thing, sir, that if the hearts of the borderers of both parts can be united together in God's fear, our victory shall be easy."

The private interview between Kirkaldy and Sir Harry Percy, to which Knox alludes, took place at Norham; and what was the weighty matter not to be "untimeously disclosed," which when divulged would be to the hearts of all those "who did not, neither did intend to, usurp any thing against the authorities," is disclosed in the following extract from the original instructions sent by Secretary Cecil to Sir James Croft, the governor of Berwick:

"In any wise do you endeavour to kindle the fire, for if it should quench, the opportunity thereof will not arise in our lives; and that the Protestants mean to do woud be done with all speed, for it will be too late when the French power cometh. To a wise man few words serve." (18th July 1559. Ms. State-Paper Office.)

So that these instructions were despatched eight days after the date of Kirkaldy's letter to Sir Harry Percy, and within two or three days of the interview held at Norham between the two latter individuals under the directions of Cecil.

"The learned and godly man" whom Knox advises should be "appointed to Berwick, with license also to preach within Scotland," is no other than himself. "The continual trouble hanging on his wicked carcass," of which he writes in his previous letter to Sir Harry Percy, had been a source of irrepressible uneasiness to him ever since his return from the continent. From before he left Dieppe up to the date of these letters, he had unceasingly laboured to procure this favourable appointment to the border-town of Berwick. He thought he saw in it a spot of safety, from which he might issue, ever as opportunity offered, to prosecute his evil designs in his native country; and which would at the same time afford him a secure retreat in the event of failure. It was with this view

that he lingered so long at Dieppe before he ventured into his native country; and it was with this view that he wrote from thence one of the longest of his long canting letters to Cecil, in which, by alternate intimidation and flattery, he tries to conciliate that minister's support, so far as to procure him a license to visit England. Want of space alone forbids our quoting it.

Knox, however, was at that time an unimportant refugee; Cecil was secretary of state to the Queen of England; and accordingly, as might be expected, no answer was returned. Knox was not, however, discouraged by the contempt of the English minister. In various ways, and with urgent importunity, he pressed his favourite point; and at length, in a letter, which, although signed by the six chief conspirators, is in Knox's own handwriting, he addresses his suit, backed by the authority of their names, to the English Queen herself. We quote one, and but one paragraph from this letter, as illustrative at once of the entire dependence of this revolution for its success upon English aid, its deep unpopularity in Scotland, and the cowardly terror of impending danger which incessantly harassed and tormented the Scottish reformer: "If in this battle we shall be overthrown (as that we stand in great danger, as well by domestical enemies as by the great preparation which we hear to be sent against us by France), we fear that our ruin shall be but an increase to a greater difficulty."

For a long while no answer whatever was returned to his several importunities; and when at length Cecil replied to him, it was in a tone of the most bitter and mocking irony conceivable. It is addressed to "Maister Knox."

In reply to his attempted exculpation of himself to Elizabeth, the secretary imitates his ridiculous application of Scripture text: "*Non est masculus neque fœmina, omnes enim (ut ait Paulus) unum sumus in Christo Jesu.*" In the same mocking tone he answers his repeated entreaties for license to visit the north parts of England: "*Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino, et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.* I need to wish you no more prudence than God's grace, whereof God send you plenty. And so I end." (*Knox*, lib. iii. p. 213.)

The Regent was at a great disadvantage in the contest to which she was committed. Her generous disposition was no match for the dissimulation of her adversaries. It was a long while before she would permit herself to believe that the youthful Earl of Argyle, who was as much a simpleton as knave, and her husband's son, then only twenty-five years of age, upon whom herself, as well as the Queen her daughter, had lavished

the greatest favours, really meditated the deep treachery of which subsequent events revealed him to be guilty. But the robbing of the Mint, and the seizure of the coining-irons, was such an extreme and undisguised assault upon the rights of the crown, that it appears to have opened her eyes to the sinister and ambitious projects of the young commandator of St. Andrew's. Her proclamation, in which she appealed to the loyalty of her subjects against the designs of the rebels, produced a prodigious effect.

After two unsuccessful attempts at negotiation, conducted on the part of the six lords with an insolence that contrasted strongly with her forbearance, the lords of the Congregation returned to Edinburgh, where they resolved to remain throughout the winter, "for the establishing of the Kirk there." (*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 150.)

The issue of money, however, and the appointment of a "secret council" in the capital, constituted so undeniable a justification of the Regent's accusation, that a usurpation of the authority of the crown was contemplated under the plea of reformation of religion, that the Congregation was abandoned by all who were not yet prepared to commit open treason.

The Regent quickly took advantage of their defection; and on Saturday, 24th July, her forces marched from Dunbar towards the capital. The men of Leith received her joyfully; and as Lord Erskine, who was in command of the castle, signified to the rebels that he would fire upon any force that should attempt to obstruct the entrance of the Queen Regent into her capital, they thought it better to come to an accommodation. With her usual forbearance, she permitted them to withdraw, upon conditions precisely the same, or even more favourable ones than she had all along offered them.

They were as follows, as given by Leslie (p. 276):

"First, That the lordis of the Congregatione and all thair hoill cumpanie, sauffing onlie the indwellers of the toun of Edinburghe, should pas furth of the toun, and leafe the samyn voyd without any men of war, at the quenis regentis pleasour.

"That the lordis of the Congregatione should rander all the conyeit money taiken be thame, with the conye' irins, and deliver the samyn into thair handis quha had the charge thairof be the quene. And lykwyse the palice of Halierudhouse should be left and randered to the keper thairof, or to any utlier having sufficient pouer of the quene, in the same estait as it was received, and that befoir thay depart of the toun of Edinburgh: and for keping of the twa foirsaidis articles, the Lord Ruthven and the Lorde of Pettarro was delivered as pledges be thame to the loirdis commissioneris for the

quenis pairt. The saidis lordis of the Congregatione, and all those that dependis apoun thame, shall remane subjectis and obedient to the authoritie of the king and quene thair soveranis, and to the quene regent, and shall obey all lawis and customis of the realme, as evir thay war wount befor this truble and controversie, except in that quhilk concernis the religeone, as shal be heireaftir specificit.

“The saidis lordis of the Congregatione shall not truble nor molest any prellattis or kirkmen be way of deid in thair persones, nor shall make any impediment to thame to jois thair rentis, proffittis, and dewtes of thair benefices, swa that thay shall use frelie and dispone thairupoun, conforme to the lawis and customes of the realme, quhill the x. day of Januar nixt following.

“That none of the Congregatione shall use any force or violence upoun kirkis or religeous places, bot thay shall remane in thair integritie and estait as thay war at that present, quhill the said day.

“The toun of Edinburgh shall cheis without compulsione, and use sic forme of religeone as shall please thame, to the end that the inhabitantis thair of may leve in libertie of conscience quhill the said day.

“That the quene regent sall not interpone hir authoritie to molest or truble the prechers, or impeshe or truble any of the Congregatione in thair bodeis, landis, guidis, possessionis, or pensionis; sall not suffer the charge having spirituall or temporall jurisdictione, to truble thame in ony wayis for the effares of the religeoun, or any thing depending thairupoun, unto the said day; and that everie one be suffered to leaf in particular, in the meintyme, conforme to his conscience.”

But they had nothing less in their hearts than the intention of observing this agreement. Before they quitted the town, they had the effrontery to issue the following manifesto:

“For alsmuche as it hath pleisit God, that apointment is maid betwix the quein regent and us the lordis and haill Protestantis of this realme, we have thocht gud to signifie unto yow the cheif heidis of the sam, quhilke be these.

“First, That no member of the Congregatioun sall be trubled in life, landis, guds, or possessionis be the quein, or be hir authoritie, nor be ony uther justice within this realme, for ony thing done in this laite innovatioun, till that a parliament hath desydit things that be in contraversie.

“Secoundlie, That idolatrie sall not be erected, quhair it is now at this day suppressed.

“Thirdlie, That the preichours and ministeris sall not be trubled in the ministratioun, quhair they ar alreadie establischid, neyther yit stopped to preiche quhairsoevir they sall happin to travell within this realme.

“Fortlie, That na bands of men of weir sall be laid in garisonis within the toun of Edinburghe.

“These cheif heidis of apointment, concerning the libertie of religioun, and conservatioun of our brethrein, we thocht gude to notifie unto yow, by this our proclamatioun, that in cais wrang or injurie be done be ony of the contrair factioun to ony member of our bodie, complaint may be maid to us, to quhome we promeis, as we will answer to God, our faythfull supporte to the uttermost of our powers.”

In this lying document no notice whatever is taken of the five first articles; whilst the last, according to Knox the last two, are spun out into five distinct articles, with conditions added which do not occur in the actual agreement.

The first is so altered from the one which it professes to correspond with, as to make it quite a different stipulation.

The second is an entire forgery. Here is the account of this iniquitous proceeding, as we get it from Knox's own pen. If we turn back, we find precisely the same articles of agreement,—with one addition, to wit, “Fifthly, that the Frenche men should be sent away at a ressonabill day; and that none uther suld be brocht in the cuntry without the consent of the haill nobilitie and parliament,”—as those which the insurgents at first proposed to the Regent. “Bot these our artikles (such are his own words) wer altered, and in ane uther forme disposed as aftir follows” (lib. ii. p. 152). And he then proceeds to give the articles actually agreed to, just as Leslie gives them, with the single addition we have named. So that these men did not scruple, not only to publish to the burgesses of Edinburgh a false account of the agreement concluded betwixt the Regent and themselves, but actually issued forth as genuinè the very terms which they had originally proposed, and had been rejected. Knox, who a few months afterwards proposed to Sir James Crofts an act of even baser treachery and more cunning falsehood, scarcely attempts to conceal the motives of the “Congregation of the Lord” in this honest proceeding:

“This alteratioun in wordis and ordour,” he says, speaking of the terms actually agreed to, “was maid without knowledge and consent of thois quhois counsail we had used in all suche caises befoir; for sum of thame perceaving we began to faint, and that we wald appoint with unequall conditiouns, said, God has wonderfullie assistit us in our grittest dangeris; He has stricken feir in the hairtis of our enemies quhen thay supposed thameselfs most assured of victory. Our case is not yet so desperate, that we neid to grant to thingis unressonabill and ungodlie; quhilk if we do, it is to be feirit that thingis sall not so prosperously succeid as they have done heretofore.”

Before they left Edinburgh, the Congregation provided a nucleus for the keeping together of their few favourers in that

city. And the circumstance is so characteristic of Knox, that it will be as well to let him be his own witness against himself:

“For the comforte of the brethren, and continowance of the kirk in Edinburgh, was left thare our deir brother Johne Willock, quho, for his faythfull labours and bauld courage in that battell, deserved immortall prays; for quhen it was found dangerous that Johne Knox, quho before was elected minister to that church, sould continow thare, the brethren requestit the said Johne Willock to remane with thame, leist that, for lack of ministaris, idolatrie sould be erected up e agane.”

Indeed, at this juncture of affairs, Knox appears to have become almost reckless with fear. He scarcely retained the thinnest disguise of religion, and addicted himself exclusively to secular affairs.

Instead of retiring peaceably to their homes, his party retreated to Stirling,—a royal residence, it must be remembered,—where they installed themselves as a secret council of state. And, from that moment until they openly renewed hostilities, they never ceased the most vigorous preparations for the collision they were finally resolved should not be avoided. They issued counter-proclamations to the Regent's; they (or rather the Lord James, for this duty was discharged almost exclusively by his indefatigable personal exertions) provided victual and material for the approaching war; they issued commands to certain boroughs to elect for provost persons of their own nomination; they laboured unceasingly, through their preachers, who scrupled at no falsehood, to inflame the feelings of the people against the Regent personally, as well as the French soldiery; and they renewed with increased vigour their negotiations with England.

Shortly after their departure from Edinburgh, they received a letter from the English Secretary Cecil, dated July 28th, 1559, “in which,” says Tytler, “he incited them to continue the struggle, and to weaken their principal enemies, the popish clergy, by despoiling them of their riches.” (Vol. vi. pp. 123-4.)

This was a very violent intervention at such an early stage of the revolution for the cold and cautious Cecil and his dissimulating and parsimonious mistress. But there were good reasons for it: Elizabeth's predicament was peculiar. The necessities of her political position—if she would retain her crown—committed her to hostility to the Church, to whose faith she was by no means opposed. The same necessities made the revolutionary excesses, which formed the most con-

spicuous feature of the proceedings of the Scottish "saints," peculiarly obnoxious to her.

Until, however, the death of Henry II. of France, she does not appear to have meditated any very energetic support of the Scottish rebels. But the accident which suddenly terminated the career of that monarch rendered the situation of the tenant of the English crown more perilous than before. The object of her inextinguishable jealousy now occupied the brilliant position of actual Queen of Scotland and France; and her great personal charms and eminent virtues threw an additional splendour around her throne. Her husband had now the absolute disposal of the vast resources of a French monarchy wherewith to assert the claims of his queen. The sympathies of the whole Catholic world, and of Elizabeth's Catholic subjects, were naturally arrayed on her side. And the Scotch malcontents took good care, throughout their correspondence with Elizabeth, that she should not lose sight of her own peril, if the final triumph of authority in Scotland should place the resources of that kingdom also at the disposal of the French monarch. Without a doubt, the policy to which Elizabeth's position compelled her was as intricate as hazardous. Any tangible intervention in behalf of the Scottish rebels would have been fatal to her, in the event of their defeat. What were the secret views of Elizabeth and her cabinet may be collected from the following extract from certain Minutes for restoring the Realm of Scotland to the ancient Weale, written by Cecil, and dated 5th August 1559:

"Finally, if the queen be unwilling to this, as it is likely she will, in respect of the greedy and tyrannous [affliction?] of France, then is it apparent that Almighty God is pleased to transfer from her the rule of the kingdom, for the weale of it; and in this time great circumspection is to be used, to avoid the deceits and trumperies of the French." (*Keith*, Appendix to book i. p. 25.)

Accordingly, at the same time that she was urging the conspirators to persevere in their enterprise, she was writing to the Regent to protest her earnest desire for the maintenance of strict peace and amity between the two nations.

Cecil's letter, however, was not by any means what "the godly" wanted. Of incitements to disturb the realm, dispossess the ecclesiastics, and spoil the Church, they stood in no need whatsoever. But of the means to enable them to effect those objects with impunity they just then happened to stand in the utmost need. They did not require the English secretary to point out to them their victims and their spoil, but they wanted money and troops for the overcoming the one and

appropriating the other. Wherefore Knox was despatched immediately after the receipt of Cecil's letter from Stirling to Berwick, to seek a private interview with Sir James Crofts, the governor of the Castle. In one of the apartments of that fortress, on the 1st August 1559, behold the degraded priest, now professing a zeal for the reformation of religion, closeted with the English general, and earnestly negotiating with him the following propositions:

"It appears," writes Tytler, "from the original instructions committed to this indefatigable reformer, that his mission was almost warlike. He proposed to seize and garrison Stirling, provided the English would send money for the payment of the troops, describing it as 'the key and principal place' which might separate the northern part of the kingdom from the south; he represented that some assistance by sea would be required for the safety of Dundee and Perth, and suggested the fortification of Broughty Craig, to which work the barons in its neighbourhood, who were zealous for the cause, would give every assistance; he pointed out the necessity of the fort of Eyemouth being seized by England, to prevent its occupation by the French; and he required the Queen's Majesty to influence the Kers, Homes, and other borderers, in favour of their party. Under the term 'comfortable support,' which the Congregation looked for from Elizabeth, he explained, that not only soldiers must be sent, and men and ships be ready to assist them if assaulted, but 'that some respect must be had to some of the nobility, who were not able to sustain such households as now, in the beginning of these troubles, were requisite; the practice of the Queen Regent being to stir up enemies against every nobleman, even in the parts where he remaineth.' In plainer terms, the Scottish nobility who had joined the cause of the Congregation were anxious, like their predecessors under Henry VIII., to receive pensions from England. On such conditions the Reformers, Knox declares, were ready to enter into a strict league with Elizabeth to bind themselves to be enemies to her enemies, and friends to her friends, and never to agree with France without the consent of that princess. He lastly observed, that although the league was as yet only proposed to the Privy Council of Scotland, so anxiously was it desired by the whole barons, that they accused the Council of negligence for having so long delayed it." (Ms. Instructions, State-Paper Office, 31st July 1559, in the hand of Knox. *Tytler*, vol. vi. pp. 127, 128.)

And yet this very man was, for several weeks immediately succeeding this negotiation, writing, with his own hand, documents containing the most solemn asseverations of the sincerity and loyalty of himself and the men with whom he acted, and labouring to fasten upon the Regent the charge of breaking the agreement made at the Links of Leith, and to bring her into odium with her people.

On the night of the interview in question he returned to Stirling, bearing no more valuable succour than fair words. The English Queen, however, shortly afterwards despatched Sir Ralph Sadler to Berwick, to conduct the negotiations with "the godly" of Scotland. His instructions, in Cecil's handwriting, are dated 8th Aug. (1559). The following extracts from them are not uninformative:

"Item: The principal scope shall be to nourish the faction betwixt the Scots and the French, so that the French may be better occupied with them, and less busy with England.

"Item: The Duke [Chastelherault] may pretend as good cause to arrest Mons. d'Oysell, or some other of the French . . . as the French have done in driving away the one [of his sons], and imprisoning the other. . . .

"Item: It shall do well to explore the very truth, whether the Lord James do mean any enterprize towards the crown of Scotland for himself or no; and if he do, and the duke be found very cold in his own causes, it shall not be amiss to let the Lord James follow his own device therein, and without dissuading or persuading him any thing therein.

"Item: Finally, if he shall find any disposition in any of them to rid away the French there, he may well accelerate the same, with this persuasion, that if they tarry until the aid come out of France, they shall find these to abide longer than they would." (*Tytler, Proofs and Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 387, 388.*)

The affairs of the "Congregation of the Lord" were just now in such a strait, that unless they could extort some positive aid, both in men and money, from the English Queen, their cause was hopeless. The failure of Knox's mission, therefore, only induced them to renew their application in a more importunate manner than before. A letter, signed by the two leaders of the rebellion, Argyle and the Prior of St. Andrew's, and in Knox's handwriting, was immediately sent to Sir James Crofts; in which occurs the following remarkable passage: "Ye are not ignorant, sir, how difficult it is to *persuade* a multitude to the revolt of an authority established." (*Tytler, vol. vi. p. 129.*)

Knox sent another on his own account to Crofts, in his own forward pushing style:

"I must signify to you," he writes, "that unless the Council be more forward in this common action, ye will utterly discourage the hearts of all here; for they cannot abide the crime of suspicion. They will not trifle; but if they cannot have present support of them, they will seek the next remedy,—not that I mean that ever they intend to return to France,—to preserve their own bodies, whatsoever become of the country, which our enemies may easily occupy;

and when they have done so, make your account what may ensue towards yourself." (Knox to Sir James Crofts, 6th August 1559. No. 1 Letter, State-Paper Office. *Tytler*, vol. vi. p. 130.)

And from Glasgow, whither they had summoned another rebellious convention of their favourers on 28th August (1559), the Prior of St. Andrew's, and the Earl of Argyle, in the name of the rest, addressed a letter to Sir W. Cecil, in reply to that which they had received from him at Stirling, dated 28th July. It is dated 13th August, and contains the following admissions amongst others :

"We are not ignorant that our enemies, the Popish kirkmen, are crafty, rich, malicious, and bloodthirsty, and most gladly would we have their riches otherwise bestowed ; but consider, sir, that we have against us the established authority"—(yet with the same false hands they wrote, both before and after this, the most solemn asseverations that "they usurped nothing against the established authority")—"which did ever favour you and Denmark both in all your reformation ; and, therefore, that without support we cannot bring them to such obedience as we desire. . . . We have tempted the duke by all means possible, but as yet of him have no certainty other than a general promise that he will not be our enemy. We cease not to provoke all men to favour our cause, and of our nobility we have established a council ; but suddenly to discharge this authority" (against which they were not usurping any thing !) "till that ye and we be fully accorded, it is not thought expedient."

Two days after the date of this letter, Knox wrote again to the same distinguished individual from St. Andrew's, whither he had probably betaken himself after the convention at Glasgow under the protection of the Prior. It contained a pressing application for succours from England, chiefly on the ground of the danger to that country if the Congregation were worsted. The following quotation from it is important, as showing the insignificant numbers of the party which originated a movement that eventually was so successful :

"The case of these gentlemen," he writes, "standeth thus : that unless, without delay, money be furnished to pay their soldiers, who in number are now but 500, for their service by past, and to retain another 1000 footmen, with 300 horsemen, for a time, they will be compelled every man to seek the next way for his own safety." (Original Ms. Letter, State-Paper Office, St. Andrew's, 15th August 1559 ; backed in Cecil's hand, "Mr. Knox." *Tytler*, vol. vi. p. 138.)

But the importunities of "the godly" were not limited to letters. Balnaves, whose talents for intrigue had been matured in the service of the murderers of Cardinal Beaton, was

this time despatched to Berwick upon a similar mission to that from which Knox had returned unsuccessful. His instructions from the five barons "who professed Jesus Christ" in Scotland, to wit, the Lord James, Argyle, Glencairn, Boyd, and Ochiltree, were, as Tytler informs us, to

"Assure him that the breach between them and the Queen Regent was now incurable; that having advanced so far in their resistance, they must go forward with the matter, or lose their lives; that whatever pretence they made, the principal mark they shot at was, to introduce an alteration of the state and authority, to depose the Regent, place the supreme power in the hands of the Duke, or his son the Earl of Arran, and then enter into open treaty with England, according to the exigency of the case."

The conference at which this black intrigue was negotiated took place at the appropriate hour of midnight. The conclave consisted of Sir Ralph Sadler, Elizabeth's agent; Sir James Crofts, the governor of the castle; and Balnaves: and the result was that Balnaves carried back with him to the Congregation 2000*l.* for the maintenance of their troops, and promises of advances of money to Sir William Kirkaldy, Crichton, the Laird of Ormistoun, and Whitlaw, all Knox's chief and most intimate confederates, and men of ruined fortunes. Whilst these conspirators were in conclave, the Earl of Arran, the Duke of Chastelherault's eldest son, arrived at the castle, under the assumed name of Monsieur de Beaufort. Causes which we have no space to detail, had compromised him with the Huguenot party, and he had fled in disgrace from France. The Duke, always as weak as vain, and more vacillating than the wind, swayed immediately to his son's bias. As soon as the Regent was informed of the desertion of the Duke of Chastelherault and the Earl his son, and that a convention of the revolted barons and their supporters was summoned to be held at Gowan Muir, beside Glasgow, she addressed to the Duke a letter, to which, because, it must be supposed, of its gentleness and moderation of tone, Knox applies the epithets of "*false and flattering*." She wrote also to the barons, and issued a general proclamation to the people.

Knox thus describes the effect of these measures: "Bot the grittest parte of the nobilitie, and mony of the pepill, war so enchanted by hir *tressonabill* solistaries, that they culd not heir, nor credite the truth plainlie spokin." (Lib. xi. p. 161.) Her proclamation the Congregation thought proper to answer by a counter manifesto, the excessive length of which, its turbid wordiness, its cant and falsehood, stamp it as Knox's composition. Its entire aim appears to be, by every artful appeal, to arouse the animosity of the people against the few

French troops in the service of the Regent. And what is chiefly remarkable in this document is, that in spite of its tedious length, there is not to be found throughout it one *direct* allusion to any religious motives as the cause of their turbulence. Taxes, the debasement of the current coin, oppressive tyranny, and the usual topics of demagogues, are dwelt upon with methodistical unction. But not such an expression as reformation of religion occurs throughout.

A stronger incidental evidence of the unpopularity of the "new evangel" than the omission of all mention of it in a popular appeal of this nature it would be impossible to find. Here, however, we must for the present conclude. In one more paper we shall bring the whole narrative to a conclusion.

CORSICA.

Corsica, in its Picturesque, Social, and Historical Aspects: the Record of a Tour in the Summer of 1852. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the German, by Russell Martineau, M.A. Longmans.

THERE are few things more interesting to the thoughtful observer than those rare spots of the earth in which old modes of thought and feeling, and old habits of life, still survive in the very midst of our modern civilisation. It is not, indeed, easy to believe that such things actually exist in all the vigour of energetic vitality. One can readily fancy a country where the men have pigtailed and chew opium, and the women squeeze their feet into little round nobs, if only it is understood that they are relegated to the other side—that is, in our judgment, the wrong side—of the globe. What better can be expected of a Chinaman, unblest as he is by railroads, parliaments, the penny-post, and the Thirty-nine Articles? But it really is astonishing to stumble upon a people, almost within sight of France, whose notions are about as incomprehensible to the London cockney and the country squire as those which reign in the Celestial Empire itself.

Such a people are the Corsicans, of whom it may truly be said that we know about as little of them as they know of us. The average Englishman is, of course, aware that there is such an island as Corsica, somewhere in the Mediterranean; for he learnt its name and whereabouts when he was taught "geography" at school. He is aware, also, that Napoleon Bonaparte was born there; and if he is familiar with Boswell, his

talk and his books, he has been bored by the Boswellian adoration of the Corsican Paoli, almost as much as Boswell's own friends were bored by his worship of the same insular hero. But of the past history and present condition of the island,—of its religion, morals, and daily customs,—we are most of us even more ignorant than we are of those of the generality of our continental neighbours; and that is saying a great deal.

Ferdinand Gregorovius's record of his tour in Corsica will accordingly be acceptable to the reading public, both on account of the novelty of the subject, and for its intrinsic interest, and the agreeable, lively, and intelligent way in which he communicates the large amount of information which he gathered together. He has the further advantage, that though a German—we had almost said—he writes English. To speak plainly, his German is free from those peculiarities of the style of his countrymen which make so many of their books, if not untranslatable, at least unreadable when they are translated. His style is straightforward, sufficiently terse, and has more vivacity than is usual with German writers. He is, moreover, a man of classical tastes and much general information,—two qualifications especially necessary for fair observation and just criticism of an island and a people so ancient and so singular as Corsica and its inhabitants. The result is a book of travels more entertaining and instructive than nine-tenths of those which every year sees issuing from the press. We must add, that though the writer does not appear to be troubled with any particular religious doctrines of his own, he does not, though a Prussian, write in an irreligious tone, and has sufficiently clear ideas of right and wrong, and sufficient gravity of mind, to constitute him a by no means incompetent judge of the character of a people like the Corsicans.

And a very remarkable race he describes them. Comparatively softened and civilised in the towns, but more than mediæval—almost primitive—in the mountains, the whole life of the island bears the deepest traces of those ideas which characterise the transition period between the patriarchal and the national states of society. The entire heroic history of the Corsicans, he says, springs purely and singly from the natural law of the sacredness and inviolability of the family; and even their free constitution, which they gave themselves in the course of time, is only a further development of the "family." All their virtues spring from this spirit; and even the dreadful night-sides of their life, such as their blood-revenge, belong to the same root.

Gregorovius carefully collected all the statistics of the island, and some of them are sufficiently remarkable. In a

population of a quarter of a million, all but about fifty individuals are Catholics. Here are a few facts on which the devotees of our home civilisation might profitably ponder. The Corsicans have nearly one thousand clergy; that is, about one to every *two hundred and fifty* souls. What a frightful amount of priestcraft! exclaims the enlightened Bull. Why, allowing for women and children, this makes one priest to every fifty grown-up men; the very land must be stifled with ecclesiastical laziness! And as for the vice, it must be imagined, not described! But mark the *fact*. The number of women of immoral life in London is as nearly as possible ninety times as great, by the Protestant Colquhoun's calculation, in proportion to the population, as it is in Corsica. There are actually more *artists* in the island than women of bad life. The bodily health is proportionate to the spiritual; only about one person in every hundred being set down as an *invalid*, in the census of 1851. But then, *pace medicorum nostrorum*, they have only one-third as many doctors as priests; consequently health is good and life is long. As to lawyers, they are at a worse discount than doctors; there being only about one lawyer to every five priests. The only set-off to this last fact, is the circumstance that there are just about as many banditti as lawyers in the island, namely, about two hundred of each.

The existence of these banditti in the mountains, and the partial prevalence of the old horrible *vendetta*, or blood-revenge, are the two striking features which mark out Corsica as a land where modern life is yet in its infancy. The first of these evils partly results from the facility with which refugees from other countries have always found refuge in the island, fostering not only the spirit of lawlessness which exists among the mountaineers, but actually adding to the number of the wildest outlaws themselves. The political exiles of revolutionised Europe are tolerated by the French government in Corsica, severely as they are driven from France itself. It is, however, the absence of roads and of general intercourse which permits the banditti still to defy the arm of the law, and makes Corsica now what the Scotch Highlands were a hundred years ago. Their conflicts with the police and military are often sanguinary and frightful. Gregorovius has many stories about the banditti; one of the most characteristic is the account of the termination of the career of one of the most bloodthirsty of their number. On the second day after arriving at Bastia, he says:

“ I crossed the square of San Nicolao, the public promenade of the Bastinese, in the early morning, to take a bathe in the sea. The hangmen were just erecting the guillotine close to the tribunal, not

exactly in the middle of the square, but yet within its bounds. Carabineers and people surrounded this horrid scene, to which the bright sea and the peaceful olive-groves formed the sharpest contrast. The atmosphere was dull and heavy with the scirocco. On the quay stood mariners and workmen in groups, smoking their clay pipes in silence, and gazing at the red post; and many a one in his pointed *baretto*, with his brown jacket thrown over him, and his brown breast open, and a red neckerchief negligently tied, looked as if he might have more to do with the guillotine than as a mere spectator. And, in truth, there may have been none among the crowd who was secured from the fate that awaited this bandit, if he chanced to be driven by the hallowed custom of revenge for blood to murder, and from murder to the life of a bandit.

“ ‘Who is to be executed?’

“ ‘Bracciamozzo (the cripple-arm). He is only twenty-three years old. The *sbirri* caught him on the mountains; he defended himself like a devil; they shot away one of his arms, and it was taken off; but he recovered.’

“ ‘What is his offence?’

“ ‘*Dio mio!* He killed ten men!’

“ ‘Ten men! and what for?’

“ ‘For *capriccio!*’

“ ‘I hastened to the sea to enjoy my bathing, and then back to my *locanda*, not to meet the procession. The impressions were so frightful, that a cold shudder came over me in this wild solitude. I took out my *Dante*; I felt as if I must read one of the wild fantasies of his *Inferno*, where the pitch-devils push down the poor souls with harpoons as often as they try to rise to snatch a breath of air. My *locanda* was in the narrow and gloomy Jesuit-street. An hour elapsed, and I was called to the window by a hollow murmur and trotting of horses; Bracciamozzo was led past the house, escorted by the Capuchins in their hooded cloaks, that leave no part of the face free but the eyes, which peer out in a most ghostly fashion—corporeal demon forms, gloomily murmuring to themselves, and awful, seeming as if they had sprung into life from *Dante's Hell*. The bandit walked with a firm step between two priests, one of whom held a crucifix before him. He was a young man of middle stature, with a fine bronzed head, and curly raven locks, and a pallor on his cheek, which was still further heightened by the blackness of his whiskers. His left arm was bound on his back, and the other was a stump. His eye, which must have been fiery as a tiger's when the passion of murder thrilled through him, was now still and tranquil. He was muttering prayers, as it seemed, as he went. His step was firm and his carriage erect. At the head of the procession rode *gens-d'armes* with naked swords; behind the bandit followed the Capuchins in pairs; the procession was closed by the black coffin—a white cross and a death's head were delineated upon it. It was carried by four merciful brothers. Slowly the procession passed through the Jesuit-street, followed by the

muttering crowd ; and thus they led the vampire with the maimed wing to the gallows. I never saw a more awful scene, nor any whose smallest features have so daguerreotyped themselves in my memory against my will.

“I was told afterwards that the bandit had died without flinching, and that his last words were, ‘I pray God and the world for forgiveness, for I acknowledge that I have done much evil.’

“This young man, I was told, was not an avenger of blood for personal reasons, but a bandit from ambition. His story casts much light upon the terrible state of the island. At the time of the fame of Massoni, who had avenged a kinsman’s blood and then become bandit, Bracciamozzo, as the young Giacomino was called after the mutilation of his arm, used to bring him his food ; for these banditti have always an understanding with their friends and the goat-herds, who bring them their provisions in their hiding-places, and receive pay whenever money is to be had. Giacomino, intoxicated by the renown of the brave bandit Massoni, got into his head that he would play a similar part, and gain the admiration of all Corsica. So he killed a man, and then escaped to the bush and became a bandit. One by one he killed ten men, and was called by the people *Vecchio*, the old one ; probably because, though a young man, he had already spilt as much blood as an old hand. This *Vecchio* one day shot the universally beloved physician Malaspina, the uncle of a gentleman in the Balagna who was very hospitable to me ; he took up his position in a bush, and fired right into the diligence as it came along from Bastia. The wild devil then escaped again to the mountains till he was overtaken by justice.

“So fearful a life’s history may a man have in Corsica. There no one despises the bandit, who is neither thief nor robber, but only a warrior and avenger, and free as the eagle on the mountain-tops. Men with fantastical aspirations are excited by the idea of reaping glory by deeds of arms, and living in the popular ballads. The fiery temperament of these men, who are softened by no culture, who shirk labour as a dishonour, and who, thirsting for great actions, know nothing of the world but the wild mountains in which nature has confined them in the midst of the sea, seems, like a volcano, to demand an eruption. On another and a wider field, and in different circumstances, the same men who lurk for years in mountain caverns, and fight with the *sbirri* in the forests, would be mighty warriors, like Sampiero and Gaffori. The nature of the Corsicans is a warrior nature ; and I can find no more suitable description of it than that which Plato applies to his class of warriors, namely, ‘full of passion’ (*θυμοειδής*). The Corsicans are *passionate* creatures ; jealousy, glory, ambition, vengeance—all these consuming passions are theirs, and they are born warriors in every sense of the term.

“I was curious to learn whether, after Bracciamozzo’s execution, the ladies would take their usual evening promenade on the square of San Nicolao, and I failed not to make my appearance there. And, behold, some Bastinese belles were walking in the square

where the bandit's blood had flowed in the morning. Nothing betrayed the event of the morning, and it was as though nothing remarkable had occurred. I also took a few turns there, for the sea was most luxuriously tinted. The fishing-boats then began to sail with their lights, and the fishermen to sing the beautiful fishing-song—*O pescator dell' onde*.

“There are in Corsica nerves of granite, and no smelling-bottles at all.”

The *vendetta* is just what it is, or has been, elsewhere; in Europe, America, or wherever the non-existence or weakness of law has left it to private persons to exact justice on evil-doers. What ought to be punishment becomes revenge, and the chastisement inflicted on the perpetrator of a crime becomes the fruitful parent of unnumbered horrors. In Corsica, as in other countries, this very vengeance is, except by men of practical religiousness, regarded not only with toleration, but even with honour, by persons of otherwise humane dispositions. In the avenger of blood, the wild Corsican sees only the brother exacting justice on the murderer of his nearest kinsman:

“Wo, then, to him who has slain a Corsican's brother or kinsman! The deed is done, the murderer flies, in double fear, of justice which punishes murder, and of the deceased's kindred, who will avenge it. For no sooner has the deed become known, than the fallen man's relations seize their arms and hasten to find the murderer. He has escaped to the bush, and is perhaps scrambling up there to the eternal snows, and living with the wild sheep; his track is lost. But the murderer has relatives—brothers, cousins, a father; these know that they must answer for the deed with their blood. So they arm, and are on their guard. The life of those who suffer the *vendetta* is extremely miserable. Whoever has cause to fear the *vendetta*, shuts himself up in the house, and barricades the doors and windows, in which he leaves only loopholes open. The windows are stopped up with straw and mattresses—a proceeding which is called *inceppar le fenestre*. A Corsican house in the mountains, naturally high and narrow, almost like a tower, and with a very high flight of stone steps, is easily converted into a fortress. In this castle the Corsican always keeps on his guard, lest a ball through the windows should hit him. His kinsmen till the ground in arms; they set a watch, and are not sure of a single step in the fields. Cases were told me in which Corsicans had not left their fortified dwellings for ten or fifteen years, and had passed so large a part of their life under siege and in constant fear of death. For Corsican revenge never sleeps, and the Corsican never forgets. It happened a short time ago in Ajaccio, that a man who had lived ten years in his chamber and ventured at last into the road, fell down dead on his return before the threshold of his house. The bullet of the

man who had watched for him ten years long had pierced his heart!"

The very national songs are full of these terrible ideas:

"To take no revenge is deemed dishonourable by the genuine Corsicans. The feeling of revenge is with them a natural sentiment, a consecrated passion. Revenge has in their songs become a worship, which is celebrated as a religion of natural affection. But a sentiment which the people have taken into their songs as a national and an essential one is ineradicable; most of all when woman has ennobled it as *her* feeling. Most of the Corsican songs of vengeance are composed by girls and women, and are sung from the mountains to the sea-shore. This produces a perfect atmosphere of revenge, in which the people live and their children grow up; and thus they drink in the savage idea of vendetta with their very mother's milk. In one of these songs they sing, 'Twelve souls are not enough even to avenge the deceased's—boots!' That is Corsican! A man like Hamlet, who strives, and is unable, to fill himself with the spirit of vengeance for blood, the Corsicans would account the meanest of mortals. Perhaps nowhere in the world is human life and human blood worth so little as in Corsica. The Corsican is ready to shed blood; but he is also ready to die."

The laws are extremely severe against the crimes thus perpetrated; and though they cannot extirpate them, no doubt they considerably diminish them. The very use of angry and irritating words is punishable; and no where is the spirit of Christian forgiveness displayed more strikingly in exercise. Mediators also, termed *parolanti*, often interpose between the hostile parties, and induce them to take an oath of reconciliation—a pledge very rarely broken; while he who does break it is regarded as infamous, and as proscribed by God and man.

But Corsica possesses other features of old times besides those that are wild and lawless. Our traveller found a real hermit living at Stretta; and what was more, he was actually a Prussian by birth, and originally a Protestant. The picture of his life is too interesting to be omitted:

"They told me at Stretta that a countryman of mine, a Prussian, was settled there, an old eccentric man on crutches; and they had told him also that a countryman of his had arrived. So as I was returning from Clement Paoli's death-chamber, absorbed in thoughts of this old religious hero, my old countryman came hobbling up on crutches, and gave me a German shake of the hand. I ordered breakfast, and we sat down to it; and I listened for hours to the extraordinary stories of old Augustine of Nordhausen.

"'My father,' he said, 'was a Protestant clergyman, who wished to educate me in Lutheranism; but even as a child I could not like

the Protestant church, and I soon discovered that Lutheranism was a blaspheming of the sole true Church, as it exists in spirit and in truth. The idea of turning missionary passed through my head. I attended the Latin school at Nordhausen, and got as far as logic and rhetoric. And when I had learned rhetoric, I went to the beautiful land of Italy, to the Trappists at Casamari, and was silent for eleven years.'

" ' But, friend Augustine, how could you keep that up ?'

" ' Why, to be sure, any one who is not cheerful cannot stand it long ; a melancholy person becomes crazy among the Trappists. I could joiner ; and I joinered the whole day, and secretly hummed a tune to my work.'

" ' What had you to eat ?'

" ' Vegetable soup two plates full, bread as much as we would, and half a bottle of wine. I used to eat little, but I never left a drop in the bottle. God be praised for the good wine ! My brother on the right was always hungry ; he always ate two plates of soup and five pieces of bread to it.'

" ' Have you ever seen Pope Pio Nono ?'

" ' Yes, and spoken to him as a friend. He was at Rieti in the capacity of bishop, and I went there in my cowl, when I was in another convent, to fetch the consecrated oil on Good Friday. I was then very ill. The Pope kissed my cowl when I came to him in the evening ; and on taking leave of me he said, " Fra Agostino, you are ill ; you must eat something." " Sir Bishop," I said, " I have never seen a brother eat any thing on Good Friday." " No matter ; you are absolved, for you are ill." Then he sent to the first hotel for half a fowl, some meat-broth, preserve, and wine, and I sat at his table.'

" ' What, did the Holy Father eat too ?'

" ' He ate only three nuts and three figs.—I now became more and more ill, and I went to Tuscany. Suddenly I took a dislike to the works of men, and abominated them fundamentally. I resolved to turn hermit. So, taking my tools with me, and buying what I needed, I sailed to the little island of Monte Cristo. It is a little island of nine miles in circuit, uninhabited but by wild-goats, snakes, and rats. In ancient times the Emperor Diocletian kept St. Mamilian, Archbishop of Palermo, in exile there ; the saint built himself a church upon the heights, where a convent was subsequently founded. There were once fifty monks there, first Benedictines, then Cistercians, and then the Carthusians of St. Bruno. The monks of Monte Cristo erected many hospitals in Tuscany, and did much good ; they founded the hospital of Maria Novella at Florence. Now the Saracens carried off the monks of Monte Cristo, with all their servants and oxen ; but the goats climbed up the rocks and could not be caught, and so they became wild.'

" ' Did you live in the old convent ?'

" ' No, it is in ruins. I lived in a cave, which I fitted up with my tools, and closed up by a wall in front.'

“ ‘How did you pass your long days? I suppose you were always praying?’

“ ‘O no! I am no Pharisee. One cannot pray much. What is God’s will happens. I had my flute. I went out to shoot the wild-goats, or sought for stones and plants, or watched how the sea came up against the rocks. I had also books to read.’

“ ‘What sort of books?’

“ ‘The whole works of the Jesuit, Paul Pater Segneri.’

“ ‘What grows upon the island?’

“ ‘Nothing but heath and wild-cherries. There are some little dells that are pretty and green; all the rest is rock. A Sardinian came to the island and gave me some seed, so I got vegetables, and even planted trees.’

“ ‘Is there good stone upon the island?’

“ ‘Yes, fine granite and black tourmalin, which is found in the white stone; and of black garnets I discovered three kinds. At last I fell dreadfully ill in Monte Cristo; and luckily some Tuscans came and brought me away. Now I have been here eleven years on this accursed island among its rogues; for they are all rogues alike. The physicians sent me here; but when a year is over I hope to see the land of Italy again. Such a life as that in Italy there is not in all the world besides: and the people are agreeable. I am getting old, and walk with crutches; and being old, and having thought to myself, “I shall soon have to give up my joinering, and yet desire not to go a-begging,” I went to the mountains and discovered the Negroponte.’

“ ‘What is Negroponte?’

“ ‘It is the earth of which they make tobacco-pipes in Negroponte; at home they call it Meerschaum. It is a perfect flower of a stone. This Negroponte is as good as that in Turkey; and, when I have brought it out, I shall be the only Christian that has manufactured it.’

“ ‘Old Augustine would have me go into his workshop. He has fitted it up in the convent, underneath the rooms of poor Clement; there he showed me with delight his Negroponte, and the pipe-bowls he had already made and laid out in the sun to dry.’

“ ‘I fancy every one has once in his life a time when he would be glad to go into the green-wood and turn hermit; and every one has once in his life a time when he would like to keep silence like a Trappist.’

“ ‘This picture of old Augustine’s life I have recorded because it made such an impression on my imagination; and I think it is a genuine piece of German nature.’”

There is not much that is interesting in what the traveller saw and learnt of the Bonapartes and their possessions. The family house lay desolate and deserted. Contrast this sketch of its condition with what we all know of the palaces now inhabited by Napoleon the Third.

“ From the street of St. Charles you emerge on a small rectangular place. An elm-tree stands before an old-fashioned, yellowish-grey, stuccoed, three storied-house, with a flat roof, and a gallery on the roof, with six windows to the front, and worn-out looking doors. On the corner of this house you read the inscription, ‘ Place Létitia.’

“ No marble tablet tells the stranger who comes from Italy, where the houses of great men announce themselves by inscriptions, that he stands before the house of Bonaparte. He knocks in vain at the door ; no voice answers, and all the windows are fast closed with grey Venetian shutters, as if the house was in the state of siege of the vendetta. Not a creature appears in the square. Every thing around appears dead, as if really extinct or scared away by the name of Napoleon.

“ At last an old man appeared at a window in the neighbourhood, and told me to come again in two hours, when he would procure the key for me.

“ Bonaparte's house, but little altered since his time, as they assured me, is, if not a palace, yet at any rate the dwelling of a family of rank and consequence. This is declared by its exterior ; and it may be called really a palace, in comparison with the village-cabin in which Pasquale Paoli was born. It is roomy, comfortable, and cleanly. But all furniture has disappeared from the rooms, the tapestry alone being left upon the walls, and that is worn out. The floor, which is inlaid with small red hexagonal flags in the Corsican fashion, shows itself injured in places. The rooms were rendered quite dreary and uncomfortable-looking by their bareness, and the darkness occasioned by the closed shutters.

“ This dwelling-house was brightened up of old, in the time of the fair Létitia, by the life of a large family and cheerful hospitality ; now it looks like a burial-vault, and one searches in vain for any object on which imagination might seize, to fill up the picture of the history of its mysterious inhabitants. The bare walls tell no tales.”

BALMEZ' MISCELLANIES.

Mélanges, &c. :—*Miscellanies, Religious, Philosophical, Political, and Literary.* By J. Balmez. Translated into French by J. Bareille. 3 vols. Paris : L. Vivès.

BALMEZ' great work on the comparative influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on the civilisation of Europe has been long known to English readers ; and his still greater work, the *Fundamental Philosophy*, is promised to us, under the supervision of Dr. Brownson, whose knowledge of this kind of

literature is, perhaps, more profound than that of any of our contemporaries. The present book completes our view of the man, and tells us what he thought of contemporary events, and the views that he took of the politics of Europe. It consists chiefly of reprints of his contributions to the three reviews with which he was successively connected, under the titles of "Civilisation," "Society," and "The National Idea." In such fragmentary essays we must not look for the finish and development of his more systematic works; but still, with much that is inferior, there is a vast quantity of most interesting matter, quite up to the level of what his reputation would lead us to expect. The papers on social questions are beyond comparison the best; and those which treat these points abstractedly are better than the papers on the special politics of Spain. The essays on speculative philosophy are not so numerous, and are of inferior value; those on the existence of God seem to us quite poor, rather mathematical than ontological, and as applicable to the idea of an *anima mundi*, or of a primeval unconscious law, as to the idea of a personal deity. The papers on religion are remarkably simple; indeed some of them appear to have been written for children. The literary essays are of various degrees of merit, the best being always those which treat the subject in a philosophical point of view. Philosophical thought is the real domain of Balmez; and when he attempts fine writing, he does not appear in our eyes, as he does to M. Bareille, a poet. The fragments on which his translator founds this claim are rather premeditated attempts at fine writing than real pieces of inspiration; and Balmez himself seems to have had this idea of them, or he probably would not have left them all in so very fragmentary a state.

In social and political questions Balmez appears to have kept his eye on France, "the heart of Europe" as he calls it, and to have generalised his ideas of French history into a philosophy of society;—or rather (for, as we have put it, we have not done justice to our author's logic), to have used French social progress as the type of the progress to be looked for in other European nations. If he contrasts the present scepticism of Europe with that of the last century, it is from its character in France that he draws a favourable augury for the resurrection of faith and confidence throughout the entire continent. "France," he says—

"France doubted in the time of Louis XV.; she still doubts in the reign of Louis Philippe. The two situations offer numerous points of resemblance, but in a different order; then it was a man educated in sound ideas perverted with doubt; now it is a man

tired of errors and follies, who doubts the very doctrines he had embraced with enthusiasm, and who seeks instinctively in the truth a sure ground where his soul, worn out with so many deceptions, may rest. Then society was slipping down a gentle but dangerous incline, which was leading it to immorality, to atheism, and to all the horrors of the Convention; now it is still moving, slowly enough indeed, but towards religion, towards morality, and therefore towards public and private happiness."

Again, if he is tempted to despair when he sees to what hands the revolutions of Spain commit the guidance of that unhappy country, and the principles which such men are likely to introduce into the government, it is from the contemporary state of France under the despicable administration of Louis Philippe that his forebodings take their shape and colour. His prognostications of the evils of Spain are mental photographs of the then actual evils of France, which he in an eloquent passage declares to be greater than even those of the first revolution:

"It is not the greatest misfortune of a nation to see the blood of her sons flow on the field of battle nor to behold a political system stumble, and the mechanism of the state fall to pieces; and to be thus obliged to organise a system more in conformity to its needs, more proper to consolidate its powers. God has not left human society in such a state of sterility, that it has but one means of maintaining itself, one plan on which it can be governed. . . . Nor is it its greatest misfortune, if amidst the shocks and disorganisation of a stormy period, serious attempts have been made against material interests, however respectable they may be. . . . These misfortunes are doubtless great and lamentable; they imply crying injustice, shameful scandals, disgusting immorality, baseness, intrigues, corruption of the heart and degradation of the intellect; but still these calamities are not the greatest that the spirit of evil can pour on the earth; beyond these there are still more terrible evils. These are realised when the intellectual and moral existence of society is attacked in its source; when, in the midst of the comforts of peace, amidst material progress, even by the very means of the development of public prosperity and national well-being, religious faith is mined and destroyed, ideas of morality perverted, minds enervated by sensual pleasures, pride and luxury excited beyond all bounds; when by these means social and domestic ties are relaxed and often broken; when the worship of gold is publicly established; when the most shameful vices have also their apotheosis in the prostitution of the fine arts, and the abominations of literature; when selfishness takes the place of virtue; when littleness, cowardice, *ruse*, and flattery have succeeded the noble and generous sentiments."

Balmez fears that the Spanish revolution may be followed by such a period—

“ Which men will doubtless call the era of regeneration ; when, on the one hand, there will be shown a hypocritical cleverness in avoiding all contact and compromise with the popular doctrines ; but where, on the other hand, every effort tending to resuscitate good principles and ancient institutions will be repressed with blind prejudice. The alliance of order and liberty will become the magnificent formula of the new social system. No more anarchy, they will say, nothing that smells of democratic exaggeration ; but also, no more despotism, no more superstition, no more of any thing inspired by intolerance and fanaticism. A strong power, a vigorous administration, the centralisation of all the forces of the nation ; but liberty for ideas, and a complete indulgence for morals. An active superintendence of education, and encouragement for light and for progress. Protection for the Church ; but a protection without confidence, full of suspicion, which excludes neither anger nor fear in the presence of a noble sacerdotal character, or of a bishop's pastoral characterised by a holy independence ; a protection which makes the churches respected, but yet confines religion to them, so that she cannot show her face outside, to pour out her saving influences into the bosom of society ; a protection which permits her to defend her dogma and her discipline against her enemies, on condition that she shall never expose the fatal tendencies of the government, the mischievous acts of the magistrates, the dangerous results of a system of education, the conduct of professors who sow in the minds of their pupils the seeds of corruption and error. A few years of order and peace would thus utterly change the ideas, the manners, the character of a nation.” (Vol. iii. p. 63.)

And again, when his prophetic spirit would know the end of these things, it is still the history of France, England, and Rome that he consults. In Bonaparte, Cromwell, and Cæsar, he sees that the establishment of a dictatorship marks the close of an era of revolution, the forcible repression of an outrageous democracy, and at the same time the consolidation of society on the line of its own natural progress—“ though the revolution had exhausted its elements, it would still prolong its existence ; and yet order had become an irresistible necessity : and these great men were nothing but the personification of this social necessity : their iron hands worked out the transition between two situations which seemed separated by an abyss.”

The present state of France is the best comment on Balmez' sagacity ; and we cannot find a better vindication of the great man who in saving France has saved Europe, than the sentences written by the profound Spaniard years before his prognostications were accomplished. It has been the fashion to call Louis Napoleon a despot. Balmez well shows that he cannot be a despot unless his subjects are slaves. Despot is

a relative term; its complement is nothing else but slave; where the people are not slaves, their ruler, whatever the form of government may be, is not a real despot. The distinction does not depend on any such material thing as his election once for all by universal suffrage; for a nation of slaves might elect their own despot; but on the government resting on public opinion, not once for all declared and then silent for ever, but continually manifested in the manners and character of a nation. The master of slaves is a despot; the master of men with a will of their own is a prince. But we will let Balmez speak for himself:

“The cruelty and other vices which disfigure the sovereign power (in despotic governments) do not proceed so much from its excess of power, as from the ideas and manners of the society which it governs. Such society has no real knowledge of the dignity of man, nor of the rights which he has as man, nor of the relations which he should have with his fellow-men. Such society has only very false ideas on the origin and object of all authority. When the sovereign ill-treats his subjects, when he abuses his power against their persons or their possessions, which he ought to be the first to protect and respect, he applies to the sphere of his action the rules which he sees established around him for all other kinds of authority. In such countries the power of fathers is usually excessive and tyrannical; children are subjects to their father as slaves to their master; and the wife herself, instead of being, as she ought, the companion of man, is but one of his slaves. These men are not led by reason and persuasion; force is the only means yet discovered; it is employed on every occasion, and the only idea of a strong government is that it should accomplish its ends by violence. The obedience of the subject not being founded on high motives only degrades him; he trembles and submits, like a domestic animal when he hears his master's whip, or else he flies at him and tears him, like a wild-beast.” “The ideas, the manners, the rules of government which kings follow, spring from the society which they govern.”

It is the organic life of the civilised nations of Europe which not only renders real despotism impossible, but also in a great measure counteracts and neutralises the base attempts of immoral and material governments to recast society on their own chosen model. Such attempts do not arise only from despotic power; it is not to the *form* of government that they are due, but to the personal views of the men in power; they are now more fatal in the hands of constitutional authorities, such as the cabinet of Louis Philippe and the radical Swiss, than in monarchies like Prussia and Baden. Balmez is convinced that any similar attempt in Spain, however trying it may be, will be ultimately unsuccessful:

“ The idea of throwing a whole nation into the crucible to recast it in another mould is one that has shipwrecked many a revolution. If the enterprise were undertaken by a regular government, solidly established, placed in fortunate circumstances, having many elements of strength at its command, its action would certainly be more terrible than that of a revolution; yet we are convinced that it would fail before the obstacles raised against such an idea by the manners of the people, their faith, their received ideas, and their good sense.”

One thing, however, is necessary for repelling the insidious assaults of our modern charlatans against the old faith and foundations of society: which is, that society should be enabled to see through the hollowness of their pretensions. The practical mind of Balmez did not overlook this fact, and nowhere is he more earnest and eloquent than when enforcing the necessity of the clergy, and, as far as possible, all Catholics according to their station, being educated at least up to the level of the age. We do not pretend that this is any new idea; it is one that is pretty strongly felt among us, or we should not be now making such endeavours (whether adequate or inadequate we will not inquire) to improve popular education by the arrangements of our Poor-school Committee, and liberal education by the Irish University. The necessity of the clergy's being able to take rank with the highest in the literary and scientific circles of the day has often been expressed before, and perhaps by no one more clearly than by a quaint and fanciful English philosopher in the beginning of the eighteenth century—Hutchinson. He says:

“ Whenever the clergy of the true or false religion . . . were philosophers, and maintained that the knowledge of natural things was consonant to the foundation of the religion they professed, the body of the people followed them; but whenever any set of divines of either religion cannot make philosophy, or the account of natural things, consonant with what they teach for sacred truths; or whenever any other set of men have been able to show really or to appearance that such knowledge was inconsistent with their religion, or have proved, or been suffered to contradict, or to pretend to prove the tradition false on these points, so that the clergy could not disprove, gainsay, or hinder them,—those clergy have been in danger of falling into contempt; their scripture or tradition has not been believed; their opponents have carried away the body of the people into such notions, even in religion, as they thought fit to propagate.”

The result of the attacks of Voltaire and the Cyclopædist on the science of the clergy in France is a commentary on this text; it is a lesson which has impressed itself on the

mind of Balmez, and which draws from him the following remarks, which, as coming from the mouth of one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the present century, may earnestly be recommended to the serious consideration of our own theological students :

“ When it is required to defend the truth, we must fight on the field which our enemies occupy, unless we like to be called friends of darkness and exclusiveness, and to have it said of us that we can never overcome except we are allowed to trace the lists, and dispose them in such a way as to insure to ourselves the advantage of the *mêlée*, and the honours of the triumph. Our adversaries employ different modes of attack, according to circumstances and times; and this not so much on premeditated system, as under the influence of the spirit of the age; they make use of the arguments that are most conformable to the intellectual state of the epoch.

“ From these considerations it follows, that it is indispensably necessary for the Catholic clergy to be educated to the level of their time, so that the cause of falsehood may not possess advantages which that of truth is without. The ministers of religion ought to be penetrated with the importance and gravity of this duty; they ought, while they live separated from the world by their purity of life and austerity of manners, not to remain immovable in the midst of the movement that is taking place around them; they should engrave this truth deeply on their hearts, that there is no real repugnance between the light of the intellect and rectitude of heart, that science is not the enemy of virtue, and that ecclesiastics may have their eyes fixed on the progress of the age, without allowing themselves to be defiled by the corruption which too often accompanies it.

“ The man who is charged to teach his fellows the most important truths ought not to be a stranger to any branch of knowledge; for as he is obliged to offer the model of all virtues in his conduct, so is he obliged to hold the sceptre of knowledge. Indeed it must be owned that the union of sanctity, science, and the priesthood, forms so sublime a whole, that the most incredulous succumb, sooner or later, to its influence. Only observe what passes in the world, and you will see, that where these three powers are found in union, there also all sympathies and all homage are directed.

“ Since the members of the clergy, by the very nature of their institute, must live separate from the world, especially while they are being educated in the seminaries, they run the risk of being habituated to ideas, feelings, and usages which have nothing in common with those which are current in society. This inconvenience, which springs from the very nature of things, can only be corrected by a felicitously combined system of education, which, while it causes the young clergy to be penetrated with the spirit of the Gospel, by which they should regulate their lives, causes them also to know the spirit of the age, so that they may be able to direct

successfully those for whom they may be called to exercise their ministerial functions. And let no one think that such a system is at all impossible. . . . Such a result cannot perhaps be attained by long dissertations; there are things which the feelings can appreciate better than the intellect; and often a stroke, an anecdote, a pertinent reflection, a picture of manners, will teach more of the spirit of the age than a thick volume.

“Two things are necessary for the success of this system: books and professors; and, above all, a good selection of them. . . .

“When religion completely ruled society, and kept it in tutelage; when the clergy was the first order, exercising in different ways a real political power, and keeping the pre-eminence in science and literature,—the scholar of the sanctuary acquired even there a certain knowledge of the spirit of the age. The literature, the philosophy, and the other higher subjects which he learned in his school, were the same as those taught in the universities and other public establishments. But now, when religion is divorced from politics, when scepticism is rife in society, when the ecclesiastical sciences are despised, and all that savours of scholastic discussion is disdained, the young man who comes forth from the seminary where these facts have not been taken into account finds himself in a world which he understands not, and which does not understand him. He meets scientific men who speak a language quite different from that of the men of science of another epoch, which is the only one that our novice is acquainted with. If he attacks an adversary, he starts from principles which his adversary does not admit; if he is attacked, and has to defend himself, he uses expressions very scientific doubtless, but whose drift is not comprehended by the speaker who hears them for the first time: so that it may easily happen that a young man of good talents, of much learning, even of profound science, may find himself embarrassed by an ignoramus: not because he has not very excellent arms, but because he cannot use them in the fashion of the day. It is, then, most urgently necessary, that all who take a share in the direction of studies in ecclesiastical establishments should employ every means of presenting their teaching and their science to the world in acceptable form, without allowing them to lose any of their exactness and solidity, without contracting any of that levity and indecision which form one of the dangers of our epoch. It is not impossible, we repeat, to render the teaching of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Bellarmine, Suarez, and Melchior Canus, accessible to the spirit of our age. It is only requisite that the same ideas should be clothed in a different form, that the reasoning should be conducted by the new method, and that the principles of the argument, when natural reason is appealed to, should be adapted to the taste of contemporary science. This taste is perhaps capricious, light, inferior to that of former ages; but what matter? we cannot alter it,—it is a fact: and disapprove it as we may, we must know it, and act according to the conditions it imposes on us. To protest against this fact, to be obstinate in

maintaining that it is not real, to reason as if it did not exist,—is to strive against the power of nature, to condemn oneself to live in isolation, to deprive oneself of a means of acting on society, to refuse to employ in defence of religion arms that might be extremely useful for her, to forget the conduct which all the doctors of the Church have always followed, in applying to science the rule of the Apostle, ‘to make oneself all things to all men, to gain them all to Jesus Christ.’”

In another article the writer goes on to propose that the clergy should be the instructors of the people in the improvements of agriculture and the arts, and the organs of government for the collection of all kinds of statistical information.

But it is time that we should give a specimen of Balmez' powers in his more exclusively literary papers. If in our selection we should fall on passages which are as much social and philosophical as literary, it is because, as we said before, it is here that Balmez' strength lies; he is before all things a philosopher, and his best passages are all invested with this character. The following extract connects itself naturally enough with what has gone before, by the thought, that whatever we do to withstand or to guide the rushing torrent of society, the result does not depend on our genius or talent, but on the designs of the providence of God: society finds its expression in the man who, though he appears to guide it, is merely pushed on by the mass which he seems to draw. We have, then, only to do our duty, and leave the result in the hands of God. It proves no default in us, even of strength and talent, if we cannot mould society to our will. When it feels in its inmost heart that the form we would give it is necessary to it, it will run into our mould; though we shall have none of the merit of moulding it:

“ We do not mean to say that poets form society, that they hold in their hands the destinies of the human race. On the contrary, it is society which forms poets; it inspires them, informs them of its needs, fills them with its ideas and its sentiments; and when you think they are abandoning themselves to their imagination and their enthusiasm; when you see in their ideal creations only the work of their own hands, and in the various forms with which they embellish them only the impression of their own genius, of their own character, of their own fancy,—yet be sure that they have simply expressed the ideas, the sentiments, the different types of the society in which they live.

“ A man can no more withdraw himself from the influence of the society in which he lives than he can refrain from breathing the air that surrounds him. The most eminent geniuses are no exceptions to this rule; and even when they react on society, and give

it an impulse contrary to its tendencies, they are then only the living expression of a social necessity; they become the organ by which this reveals itself, the providential means of securing its development, an instrument to supply the new demand of society. Men have said that great geniuses have sometimes changed the direction of human progress, and thus immense events have been attributed to the action of a single man. This is not my idea; without denying the influence which genius may have had in the most important religious and political events, I am still persuaded that on this point there has been much exaggeration, and I think that the advent of such geniuses is due in great part to the extraordinary circumstances in which society is placed: they are put there to develop its ideas and its sentiments, and to realise its aspirations and its efforts. The truth of this observation may be shown from history: if we can read it with attention and discernment, we shall see how too often inferior men have sufficed to change the social aspect of a people, or even sometimes of many nations. Let us come to fact. Luther, a single man, a man who certainly was not a genius, but in whom extraordinary talents were united with a boundless enthusiasm, an insatiable pride, and a bitter and cruel eloquence; well, this man, with his strange aberrations, his insane declamations, made such a vast and profound revolution in Europe, that it would be difficult to find in any history a fact of the like nature, whose results have been so great, either in the political, or in the religious and moral order. How is it, then, that the enterprise of Luther had such an extraordinary success, so far surpassing even the dreams of his imagination? Because the occasion was so favourable, because there was a fatal concurrence of the most unfortunate circumstances, because the germs of the most frightful evils were sprouting in the womb of Europe; and Luther was nothing else than the spark thrown into this frightful mass of explosive substances. . . . Long before the birth of Luther, Cardinal Julian wrote to Pope Eugenius IV. to forewarn him of this long series of calamities which was to fall on the earth. . . . Voltaire himself, whose copious and versatile pen so powerfully served the progress of unbelief, was but in a manner the complement of the causes of disorder which were heaped up before him; he thought that all was due to his pen, all to his talent; and yet this man was but the product of the fatal circumstances of his epoch. Leibnitz prognosticated the religious and political revolution with which the world was threatened, assuredly without thinking of Voltaire, before the philosopher of Ferney was born. It is necessary to destroy false notions. We should attribute much to the series of events, to the chain of causes, and little, very little, to the action of man, or to his talents; it is Providence that directs society, in the ways traced in His eternal designs. . . ."

It is exactly into the mistake against which Balmez argues that the popular hero-worship of the day falls. It worships success, and calls it genius. Or rather, perhaps, it is a subtle

self-worship; it knows that individual genius is but the expression of society, as the *Times* newspaper represents the changing opinion of the hour; and so, in honouring genius it feels that it is in reality honouring simply the human race, an imaginary entity whose material progress it has erected into the *summum bonum* of all our aspirations, religious or secular.

Not that Balmez despises genius; on the contrary, we know of no more beautiful tribute to it than he has paid in comparing it to the creative power of God. Originality, the direct insight into nature, and power to imitate her operations, is somehow always to be preferred to laborious talent, which only imitates at second-hand, imitates art instead of nature, and reproduces for a succeeding age the direct imitations which charmed a former one. Only let us not measure genius by that vulgar standard, success; by success in the long-run, if you like, but never by the present appreciation: the real literary and scientific genius is not so much the man who is the expression of the present wants of society, as he who has an eye that sees deeper into nature than those of his contemporaries. The comparatively vulgar mind may ride the storm and appear to guide it, but he will open out no new views, and leave no impression behind him:

. "Read the most beautiful book you can imagine,—one in which talent, imagination, and sensibility abound; nevertheless if, in spite of the colouring with which the skill of the writer has succeeded in veiling his model, you make the discovery that it was not in his mind that the idea of the work first budded, its best recommendation is gone: it may deserve your esteem, never your admiration; you may read it with pleasure, never with enthusiasm.

"Our nature forces us to admire genius, which intoxicates us with delight at the sight of its incommunicable beauty, which astounds and confounds us in the presence of creative power. It is wonderful that labour, the thing which really belongs to us, which is an act of our will, in which alone we have any merit, which is not a mere gift of nature—labour, however useful, however meritorious it may be, never extorts the same admiration as the fertility of natural talent. This child, we say, is very forward, very diligent, very studious—but that one is endowed with an extraordinary talent—if he chose he might soon eclipse all his school-fellows. The first sentence is a panegyric given to application, the second a homage paid to nature; yet which of the two children is most flattered? Man would willingly sacrifice laborious merit for the brilliancy of a talent without labour and without merit. Doubtless this is unreasonable and capricious, full of pride and vanity; but still it shows the grandeur of our soul. We are all inclined to hide from others the pains and the labour

which our productions have cost us; we have all of us at the bottom of our heart the mysterious ambition of resembling in some sort that creative Power which said, 'Be light made, and light was made.' "

He describes originality to be the direct imitation of nature, not a second-hand imitation of classical models.

Here we must conclude. We feel confident that our readers will be so pleased with the extracts we have furnished, that they will desire to read the book itself. We should like to see selections from it published in English. We say selections; for many of the papers are, in our opinion, scarcely worth the trouble of translation.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent; translated into English, with Notes, by the Very Rev. J. Donovan, D.D., E. Professor, Maynooth. (Dolman.) Some time ago, in noticing a translation of the Tridentine Catechism by a Mr. Buckley, we expressed our hope that his fellow-Protestants would take the opportunity of making themselves a little acquainted with the real doctrines of the Church against which they profess to "protest." We were not aware at the time that Mr. Buckley was a convicted literary plagiarist, and that in a former book he had stolen from Mr. Waterworth's *Council of Trent* to such an extent as to compel his publisher to make commercial satisfaction to Mr. Waterworth's publisher. On comparing his later performance with Dr. Donovan's translation of the Catechism of Trent (which we should remind our non-Catholic readers is quite a distinct thing from the Decrees of Trent), we find that Mr. Buckley has been at his old work again, though he has endeavoured to follow Pope's advice "to steal judiciously." He seems to have been at the pains of copying out the learned Doctor's translation, instead of handing it over almost *en masse* to the compositor; but the "adaptation" of his predecessor's version to his own purposes is as palpable as his former "adoption." Thus, if Donovan translates an active verb actively, Buckley usually gives it a passive form; if Donovan places the first member of a sentence first in order, Buckley pushes it on to the end, not a little to the damage of its construction. But his coolness appears coolest when he stumbles upon a tough passage which he feels himself unable to master. He then quietly gives us Donovan's version, word for word, adding "so Donovan," thus implying that in other instances his own version is a distinct and independent translation. We have not space to compare the two versions as to their grammatical and doctrinal correctness; but we have said enough to induce the reader to withdraw any good-will he may have felt towards Mr. Buckley for his literary adventures.

Dr. Donovan's version is already well known for its fidelity and the high ecclesiastical sanction it has received, and has a special claim on our readers. The importance of a more general study of the whole work cannot be too highly estimated. We state but a too well-known

fact, when we say that it is not studied by the Catholic laity to any thing like the extent which is desirable. Many hardly know that, though a "Catechism" in name, it is not written in the common form of question and answer, what are called the "questions" being merely the heads of the subjects expounded in each section. It was composed by decree of the Council of Trent, which also enjoined its translation into the vernacular, as a manual of theology for popular use. It has not, of course, the same binding obligation on the conscience as the Decrees of the Council; but short of this, its authority is unquestionable. The Protestant reader will probably be surprised at finding the immense extent of Scriptural quotation which runs through it from beginning to end. We should regard it as a healthy sign of the times, both as regards Catholics and Protestants, if the present edition of Dr. Donovan's version was speedily found insufficient for the demand. We may add, that the original Roman edition was revised by Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Cullen.

Experimental Researches in Electricity. By M. Faraday. Vol. III. (Taylor and Francis.) This third volume of Dr. Faraday's researches is especially interesting, as containing some approximations to a proof of the convertibility of all the forces of nature into each other, and of their rise from a common origin. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other forces, are already shown to be mutually related; and philosophers now begin to reckon gravitation as another form of the same power: the sun is supposed to be a magnet, radiating not only light and heat and chemical rays, but also lines of physical force, which whirl the planets in their orbits. No experimental proof of this idea has yet been successful; but probabilities in its favour seem to be accumulating.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Life of Napoleon III. illustrated from his Letters and Speeches. By F. Greenwood. (London, Partridge and Oakey.) A short and rather clever biography, in which the author takes the safe middle course. He treats his subject with great suspicion, and finds him guilty of breaking his oath: but he owns that it was for the good of France; that by doing so he saved his country; and that his government has since been all that the friend of France could desire. He explains the Emperor's conduct, from the adventure of Strasbourg to the *coup-d'état*, as the steady and fanatical pursuit of the fixed idea of Napoleonism, which is his religious as well as political faith. We do not think that Mr. Greenwood's line is long enough to fathom the depths of the most remarkable man of his day.

Willie Reilly and his dear Coleen Bawn: a Tale founded upon fact. By W. Carleton. 3 vols. (London, Hope.) The "fact" on which this tale is founded is one full of dramatic interest; but Mr. Carleton does not seem to have been aware of its termination. For according to the legend, as it was recounted to us by a peasant authority, the heroine, instead of going mad for the period of the hero's transportation, went up to Dublin, and by her beauty and eloquence succeeded in obtaining from the Lord Lieutenant his release from the hulk in which he was awaiting the time of his deportation. The story is dramatic, and the action is energetic; but it hangs-fire in the telling, and is certainly heavy. It is useful for giving Protestants an idea of the consequences of the penal laws upon Irish society.

Scutari and its Hospitals. By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne. (London, Dickinson.) We know well enough the sickening details of the idleness, stupidity, mismanagement, and incompetence of the authorities to whom the care of our sick soldiers was so unhappily confided; in this book they are collected, and furnish argument enough to put a stop to our boasting, if any thing can open our eyes to our humiliation in the sight of Europe. As yet, in Mr. Osborne's opinion, we are "chastised, but not corrected."

Whatever good has been done in the hospitals at Scutari is attributed by our author to Miss Nightingale and her "sisters;" and yet he thinks that it is very problematical whether they will supersede the hired professional nurses. "There are many offices about the sick and wounded which the surgeons would at once require, and with reason, of a hired hospital nurse, which nothing could induce them to ask of a sister. I am also quite satisfied this is no field of usefulness proper for young English women." They are not to be confounded with Sisters of Charity, whose training and vow put them quite in another category.

An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis. 2 vols. (London, J. W. Parker.) The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is even more strictly a literary man than his predecessor; as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and as one of the best scholars in England, he is a man of letters rather than a politician. The present work demolishes all the *positive* history of the early ages of Rome, which Niebuhr had extracted from the materials whose legendary character he had demonstrated. If they are legends, unsupported by external testimony, it is mere divination and guesswork to attempt to construct a history from them; each historian will make up a different account, and all will be equally uncertain. The Roman history is therefore restored to its old form; but the reader is advised, that the annals of the first four centuries of the city rest on no credible testimony, and must be received as merely legendary, the probability of their accuracy increasing as they approach the times of the first historical writers. We agree in the main with the author; but he seems to us to undervalue the accuracy of oral tradition in a powerful and civilised state, prior to the general use of writing; and to overvalue the objections against the substantial truth of a tradition drawn from the variations in details of its several reporters. The volumes will only be reaped by the scholar, but to him they are very valuable.

History of Modern Italy, from the first French Revolution to 1850. By R. H. Wrightson. (London, Bentley.) The author is a Protestant and a constitutionalist, and therefore we need not say what his views are. But he is a philosophical writer, a man of good principles, and a gentleman, and writes in a way at which no one ought to take offence. He is very severe on the secret societies and on young Italy; but the clerical government of the Roman States by no means escapes its share of blame. He thinks that the position of the Pope as head of the Catholic Church is inconsistent with his duties as an independent Italian prince, and calls on the Catholic nations of Europe to devise some other means to ensure the freedom of his ecclesiastical authority. Notwithstanding these and other opinions which few Catholics will approve, the book is well worth reading.

The Angler and his Friend, or Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions. By J. Davy, M.D., F.R.S. (London, Longmans.) A quiet, meditative, practical, and descriptive series of conversations on fishing-

tackle and fishing, with accounts of fishing excursions, intermixed with observations on natural history, scenery, poetry, and other subjects, much in the manner of old Isaac Walton. A very nice little book for those who love the gentle sport.

A Tar of the last War, being the Services and Anecdotes of Admiral Sir C. Richardson. By the Rev. C. E. Armstrong, Master of Hems-worth Hospital. (London, Longmans.) When a gentleman is taken from school at fifteen and sent to sea, and never has any supplementary education except what he can pick up among sailors (such as they were half-a-century ago), it is not surprising that he should view the world through the spectacles of wonder, and drink in opinions of things in general worthy of Mrs. Malaprop or Baron Munchausen. But that a parson, who has received a university education, should collect these anecdotes, and give them to the world, not for its amusement, but for its instruction; and should doctor them up so as to be in places hits at things as serious as Popery and Irish nationality, and should preface them with an introduction offering them to mankind as apothegms of political wisdom,—is a piece of weakness of which perhaps none but a parson would be guilty. Not but that some amusement may be gained from the perusal of the simple old admiral's self-glorification and absurd prejudices; and in this light we can recommend Mr. Armstrong's book to those in whose way it may happen to fall.

A Journey through the United States and part of Canada. By the Rev. R. Everest, M.A. (London, John Chapman.) Mr. Chapman is the well-known publisher of the Universalists, Socialists, Positivists, and authors of kindred opinions. The rev. author of this book (an ex-chaplain of the East India Company) does not seem to come under any of these classes; he is simply a fanatic for republicanism and cheap government, and as such can see in American institutions all possible good, and no evil save slavery. The poor emigrant is received there in a manner that wins his affections; people meet him on the pier where he lands, and shake his hand, and say, "Come, cheer up, we have no masters here; we are all brothers and friends. Welcome, brother citizen, welcome." Surely Mr. Everest must be such a know-nothing, that he ignores even his own principles. He is, of course, spiteful against Catholicity, which, however, he says, is dwindling to nothing in the States; thanks to the system of education, which, though not openly proselyting, by leaving the Catholic children to play with the rest, soon teaches them to "regard with contempt the artifices of the priests." The author also tells us, that the population of the States will soon amount to 300,000,000; and this is a fair specimen of the exaggeration and bombast into which he is betrayed by looking at things through the medium of his peculiar convictions.

Modern Jesuitism; or, the Movements and Vicissitudes of the Jesuits in the Nineteenth Century, in Russia, England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and other parts. By Dr. E. Michelsen. (London, Darton.) Dr. Michelsen is known by some laborious and dry statistical works on the Ottoman empire, Nicholas I., and other subjects of present interest. He now turns his attention to the modern Jesuits, whose movements he recounts in the same colourless and dry style which he has adopted in his other books. He is a cold-blooded antagonist; and democrat though he be, always believes every insinuation and accusation which its imperial and royal enemies bring against the order, and discredits, though he does not attempt to deny, the ardent devotion and esteem with which it is always regarded by the masses of the population with which it

comes in contact. We know of nothing more calculated to inspire the thinking Catholic with admiration and affection for the Society of Jesus than the stupid, senseless, illogical, ignorant, cold, scandalous, heartless series of charges brought against it by literary grubs like Dr. Michelsen. The book is full of Germanisms, the author not being yet able to write like an Englishman. We annex a specimen of his venom: "In Ireland, Jesuitism stalks abroad almost unmasked; and it has become, with its daylight assassinations and wholesale murders, almost a disgrace to civilised nations, while even England suffers under the infliction of more than one establishment of this moral pest."

Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, &c. By Charles Kingsley. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) We have always professed the greatest repugnance to the false liberalism of Mr. Kingsley and his school. Here is our full justification; it is a novel, elaborated with the greatest pains, and all for one purpose, which is thus described in a contemporary whose sympathies are decidedly not with us: "Mr. Kingsley uses his power over the feelings and the sympathies to excite a hatred of Catholicism. He may intend nothing but Christian love and charity; but the actual effect is to rouse a spirit of religious hatred and bitter intolerance; against which the reader may protest if he pleases, but he is none the less carried away."

Hellas; or, the Home, History, Literature, and Art of the Greeks. Translated from the German of F. Jacobs, by J. Oxenford. (London, J. W. Parker.) A short and excellent compendium, composed, like Bossuet's "Sketch of Universal History," for the scanty leisure and scantier application of a royal prince. A man may read it through in one sitting, and rise from its perusal with a consistent view of the organic connection of all parts of the Greek culture. Professor Jacobs' simple enthusiasm about all things Greek leads us to suppose that he was an Hegelian; but his views do not obtrude themselves. The translation is very good and flowing, though we have remarked a few blunders, as when the method of cure employed in the Temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus is said to have been "an incubation, during which the patients heard the voice of the god prescribing remedies." Perhaps the Temple in question was a kind of mare's-nest.

Chaucer's Poems. Vols. 3 and 4. (J. W. Parker.) These are the last published volumes of Mr. Bell's well-edited Annotated Edition of the English Poets. They complete the Canterbury Tales, and include "The Court of Love," "The Assembly of Fowles," "The Cuckow and the Nightingale," and "The Flower and the Leaf."

Masses for Four and Five Voices, by Cherubini, Haydn, Drobisch, Witska, Hummel, and Righini. Arranged by John Richardson. (Burns and Lambert.) A serviceable selection of Masses of the orchestral school, all good, and in the case of Cherubini, of unusual excellence. They are not extravagantly long, nor very difficult; and Mr. Richardson's arrangements are as musician-like as usual. Cherubini's Mass, of which the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, and *Agnus Dei*, are here given, was lately performed at Exeter Hall, to the surprise and delight of all musical critics not previously acquainted with the grace and skill of that accomplished composer.

